# Collier's

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March 31, 1928

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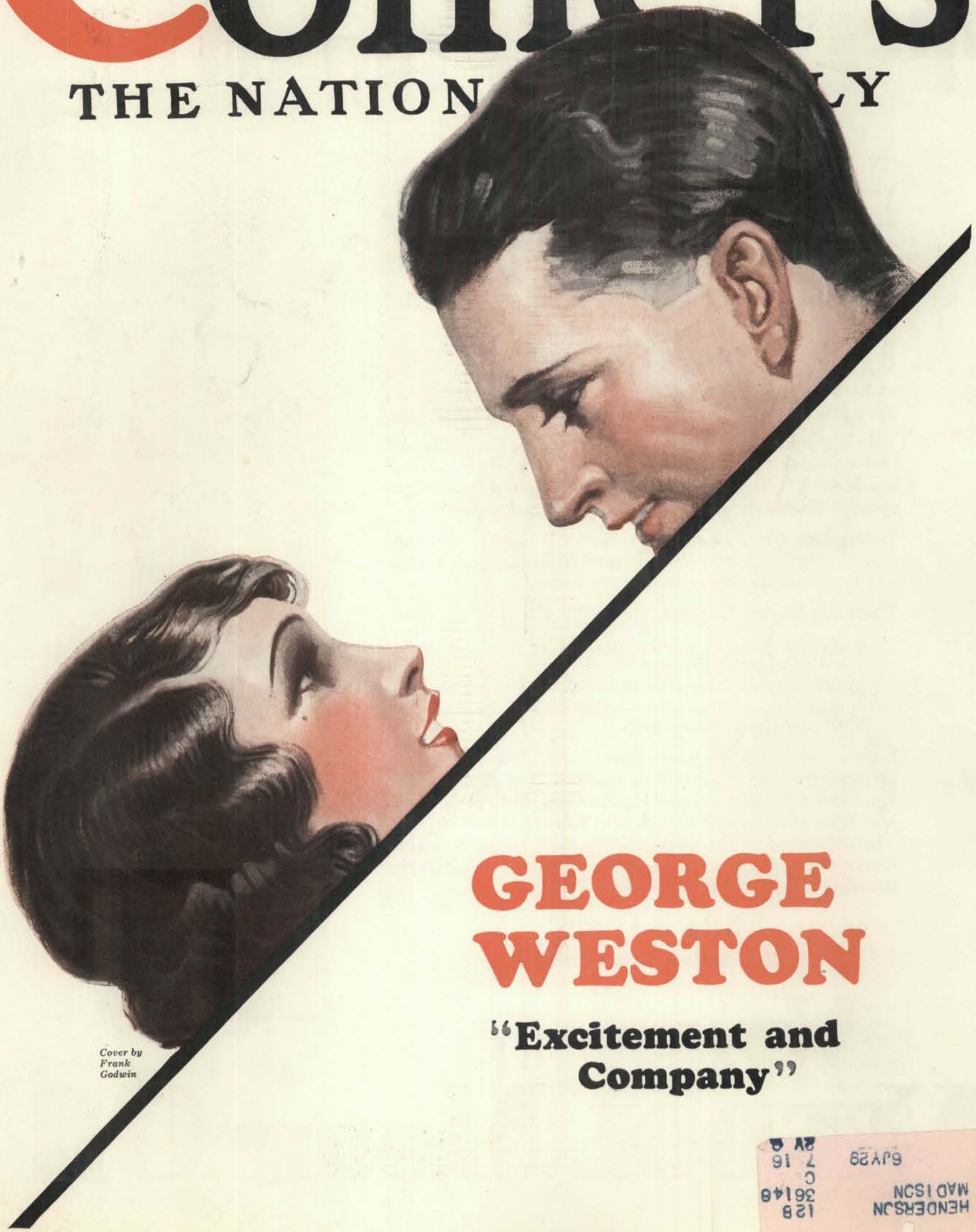
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



*Cover by Frank Godwin*

## GEORGE WESTON

**"Excitement and Company"**

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MARCH 31, 1928

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# *Now*- the Fightingest Oil that ever tamed Heat

## –announcing the new line of Veedol Motor Oils. Heavier bodied –longer lived–super heat-resisting

MOTOR design changed radically in the past year. The new high compression motors arrived. These motors operate at higher speeds, but also develop more heat and friction. They present a new and more difficult problem in lubrication.

Tide Water has met this problem. The entire line of Veedol Motor Oils, that give the famous fighting "film of protection," has been definitely re-formulated to lubricate the new high-speed, high-compression motors safely and correctly.

Today, Tide Water announces this new line of Veedol Oils. Heavier, tougher, longer-lived than ever. The best oils for the new type motors—better oils for *any* motor.

These new Veedol Oils give:

1. Greater motor protection (because of heavier body and added heat resistance).
2. Greater mileage (being heavier-bodied, they last longer).
3. Greater economy (they cut operating costs and reduce wear, tear and repair on the engine).

Let the new Veedol Oils prove these claims. Match Veedol on performance against the oil you now use. Today, stop at the first orange and black Veedol sign you see. Have your crankcase filled with the new Veedol. Let this super heat-resisting oil give your motor the extra protection that it requires. Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, 11 Broadway, New York. Branches or warehouses in principal cities.

## 30c a Quart

(35c in Rockies and far West)

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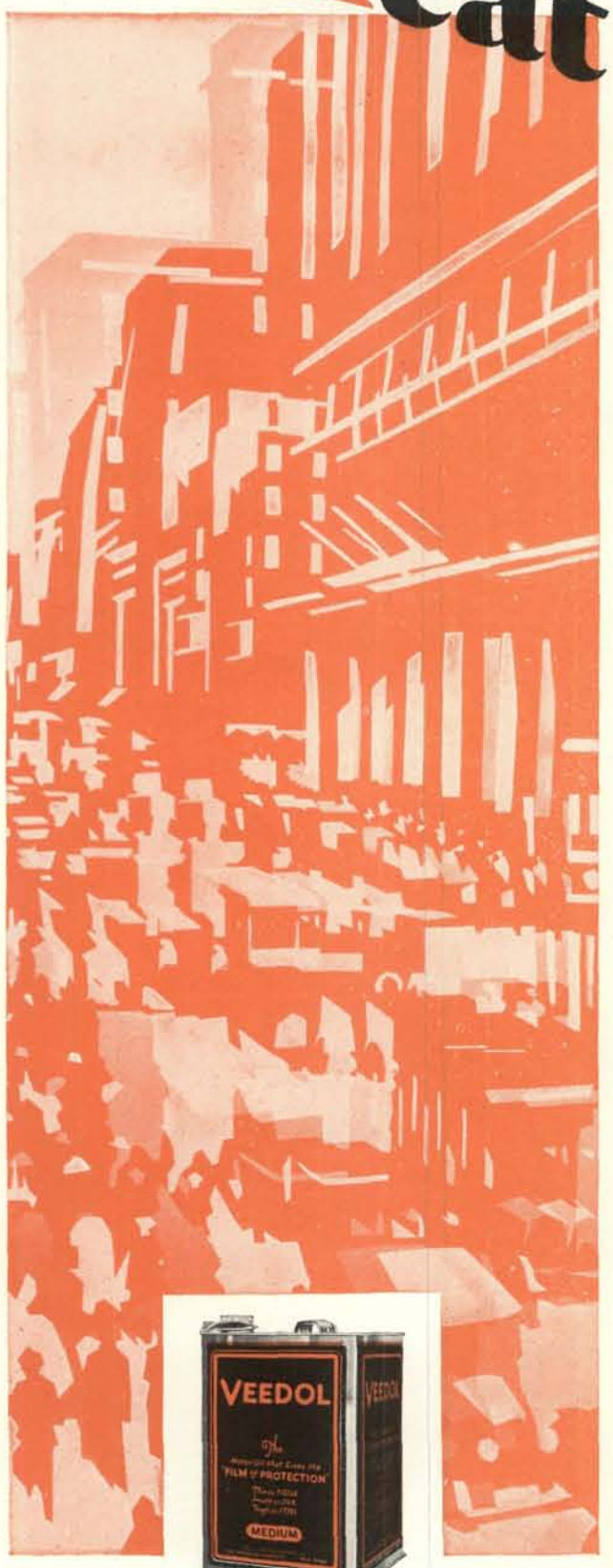


# *New* VEEDOL Motor Oils

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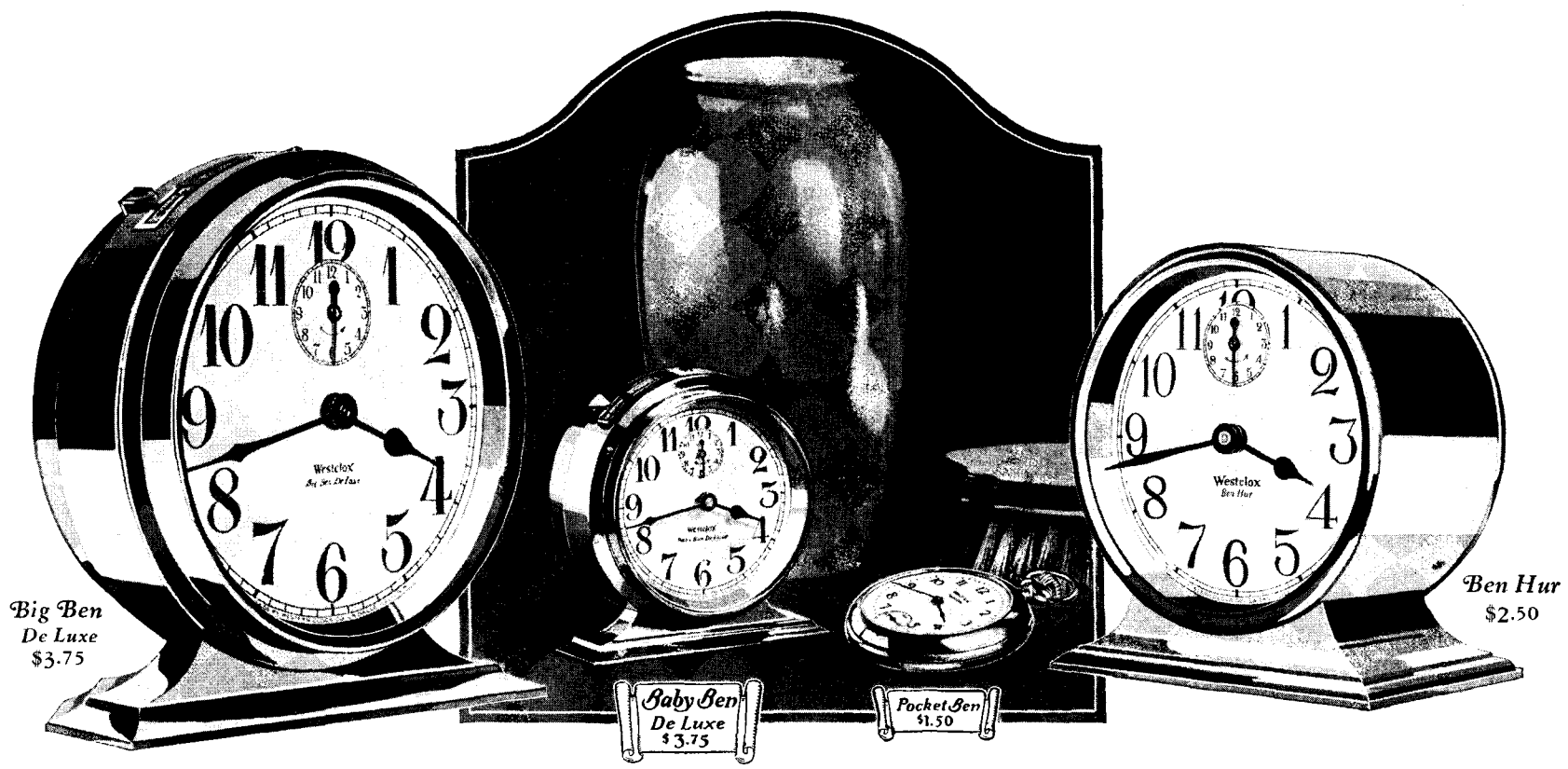
# Westclox




## Time-keepers with personality

SOMETHING more than merely fine materials and precise workmanship goes into the making of Westclox. That "something more" is the personality of an enterprise with traditions and a high purpose that date back more than forty years.

The builders of Westclox produce thousands and thousands of reliable alarm clocks, pocket watches and popular priced auto clocks every day —all time-keepers of personality and distinction. The devotion of these competent workmen to their task is what makes Westclox thoroughly dependable.

These unusually attractive new models are splendid examples of Westclox sturdiness and reliability. You can depend on the alarm clocks to wake you on the dot—and on all of them for long life and faithful time-keeping, day in and day out.

You'll find a variety of models wherever reliable time-pieces are sold. Some have plain dials, others night-and-day dials. Prices range from $1.50 to $5.00.

*Quickly attached on dash or above windshield Fits any car*

*Prices slightly higher in Canada*

WESTERN CLOCK COMPANY, LA SALLE, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.

*Factory:* Peru, Illinois. *In Canada:* Western Clock Company, Limited, Peterborough, Ont.

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*Detector Amplifier*

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*Voltage Regulator Tube*

**RADIOTRON UV-876**
*Ballast Tube*

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*Ballast Tube*

*The standard by which other vacuum tubes are rated*

*Look for this mark on every Radiotron*

# RCA Radiotrons have been imitated in appearance, shape and size—in everything but the main thing—dependable performance.

Every Radiotron is made and tested by the engineers of RCA, Westinghouse and General Electric, in the same great laboratories where the principles of modern broadcasting were developed. You can rely on Radiotrons. Never use new tubes with old ones that have been in use a year or more. See that your set is completely equipped with RCA Radiotrons once a year at least.

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| Kansas City | WDAF |
| Omaha | WOW |
| Louisville | WHAS |
| Nashville | WSM |
| Memphis | WMC |
| Atlanta | WSB |

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| Portland, Ore. | KGW |
| Seattle | KFOA-KOMO |
| Spokane | KHQ |

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*March 31, 1928*

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# Excitement and Company

## *Provide a lonely man with thrills at ten dollars an evening plus expenses—which everyone knows is very cheap*

## *By* GEORGE WESTON

AS MILT SEIFERT sat in the reception-room of the International's purchasing department awaiting his turn before the unknown man of destiny inside, and knowing that impatience would hurt no one but himself, a cheerful young man came breezing out of the inside offices—a cheerful, sunburnt young man who looked as though he might have been sired by Phœbus, mothered by Fortuna and had often been visited by the golden fairies while still in his cradle days.

Milt noticed, for instance, that he was wearing a double-breasted suit of blue flannel—blue flannel with purple stripes: lines, it might be said, of chromatic music which were not without concerted harmonies. His shirt and collar were Variations of a Theme—sky blue with a double white stripe—while his handkerchief and tie were of that deep indigo which Mr. Parrish mixes so well when he wishes to give us the proper background for midsummer starlight and dreams.

"I ought to get me a suit like that," thought Milt, sitting there and watching in his rather heavy way, "and I ought to get me some colored shirts with collars attached."

He knew, though—even while he was thinking this—that double-breasted suits were more suitable for Fifth Avenue than a small-town factory office; that colored collars might raise a question in the minds of the directors of the First National Bank of Plimpton Falls.

"They still believe that story about the ant and the cricket back home," thought Milt. "They've no idea the way the crickets have been doing business lately. Me—I don't blame them for chirping. And it isn't only his clothes—"

The smiling young man had stopped in the reception-room to make a memorandum in a purple morocco notebook; this finished, he turned to the girl at the desk.

"Thank you, Miss Loewenberger, for phoning me," he said.

"How well he knows her name!" thought Milt.

"Oh, that's all right, Mr. Pendleton," said the girl, blushing a little. "Any time you let me know—like that—"

"Hello!" thought Milt, sitting there in his rather heavy way, but missing none of this. "Pendleton Manufacturing Company—that's one of my competitors. I wonder if he's been in to see McNaughton."

He was still watching the pair at the desk—the son of Fortuna leaning over, the girl laughing beneath her breath—when the telephone rang. . . .

"Mr. McNaughton

*Illustrated by* R. F. JAMES

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*Just as the clock struck, a soft voice asked, "Are you looking for someone who looks like me?"*



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will see you now," said the girl, turning to Milt with an expression which had suddenly become as businesslike as an adding machine.

Milt Seifert arose and picked up his satchel.

"I may not have the looks," he thought, "but I've got a set of samples here that aren't so homely. . . ."

Mr. McNaughton, the purchasing agent, however, didn't seem to think much of the beauty of Milt's samples—not even of the Self-Locking Folding Box, Patented—the leader of the line.

"You seem to be very sure about the quality of your goods and the service you can give us," said Mr. McNaughton at last, "but I must confess you haven't made me share your confidence."

"I'm sorry," said Milt in his rather tongue-tied way.

"You are staying in the city?" McNaughton asked.

"Yes," said Milt; and added, not without a certain pride—partly perhaps because he had prepared himself for the question—"at the Schuyler Arms."

"Then suppose you give my secretary a ring tomorrow afternoon. There's one more tender still to come in, so I can't place the order yet. Meanwhile, Mr.—Mr. Seifert, I'm glad you dropped in, but there's nothing more I can do for you at present."

"That tender he's waiting for—I'll bet it's young Pendleton's," Milt told himself as he made his way along the corridor. And then, with a sigh, "It's the cricket, I guess, who wins again. . . . It's the ant who is going to starve to death before this winter's over. . . ."

THE clock in the lobby pointed to ten past five when Milt walked up the steps of the Schuyler Arms.

"I might have stopped at some cheaper place, for all the good it did me," he thought. And, looking at the crowd in the lobby, he added, "Looks more like a dance hall than a hotel."

And yet there was something almost wistfully studious in the manner in which he watched the young men who lounged around the foyer—a sleek-headed, well-dressed crowd—nearly all with an air of waiting for someone who would bring them to life and laughter. While under the shaded lights and palms sat Beauty Expectant—romantic, slightly mysterious figures who looked as though they had never yet waited in vain.

"I guess I'll go to my room," he thought. "Funny how lonesome it makes you feel when you're all by yourself in a city."

But his room seemed deadly quiet after the pleasant liveliness downstairs.

"I've worked so hard all my life, and especially since Uncle Ed died, that I wouldn't be surprised if I've gone stale," he thought. "Maybe if I went to a show tonight, it would do me good."

He was glad to get down in the lobby again—glad to make his way to the theatre ticket office and study the attractions listed on the wall. He finally decided on a mystery melodrama—a red-headed girl behind the counter helping him make his choice: a red-headed girl with a knowing eye and now and then a fleeting touch of Zaza.

The business concluded, Milt was in no hurry to return to his room. So for an excuse he bought a paper at the newsstand and didn't go upstairs again till a quarter to seven.

"If I start dinner by seven," he thought, "and make it last till eight—"

It was then that he saw the letter on his dresser—a large square envelope fashioned of noble paper.

"No stamp on it; must have been delivered while I sat downstairs," he thought. And, carefully opening the envelope, he was soon staring at a letterhead with a single red line of engraving across the top: "Excitement & Company."

*Helen threw off her cape, and brought it down on the second man's head*

*Dear Mr. Seifert:*

What is more lonely than a lonely man in New York?

Yet in this city there is good company enough—and excitement enough—to suit the most fastidious.

If you would like us to prove this, you have only to appear in the lobby downstairs near the clock any time this evening between 7 and 7:15.

Informal or semiformal dress, please.

Sincerely,
EXCITEMENT & COMPANY.

P. S. Our charge for services—ten dollars per evening plus expenses. This, however, with the understanding that you pay nothing unless you are satisfied. E. & Co.

Milt's first reaction was a tribute to the sober training of his elders.

"Crazy!" he scoffed. "Though who it could be—" he more slowly continued. The only ones in New York who knew of his presence in the city were Mr. McNaughton and the girl in McNaughton's office. It certainly wouldn't be Mr. McNaughton! And as for the girl—

He presently found himself walking to the window and back, a pleasant warmth upon him—if not exactly excitement, at least the stimulation of a mystery which had excitement as one of its possibilities.

"And when you think of it, it's not such a bad idea," he told himself. "Some bright young cricket, probably, who knows where to go and what to do, and is capitalizing his ability to show the town. Something like a travel bureau, I suppose—only instead of a foreign country, they show New York. . . ."

And so, at ten minutes past seven, Milt was in the lobby of the Schuyler Arms, standing near the clock, a new straw hat on his head and in his hand a stout but jaunty walking stick—two items which he had just bought at the Toggery Shop downstairs.

For nearly two minutes the pendulum by his side solemnly sliced off seconds from eternity.

"I'll wait till a quarter past," thought Milt, beginning to wish that he hadn't bought the stick, "and then if nobody comes—"

He needn't have worried. Just as the clock was striking the quarter he became conscious that someone had stepped behind him, and a quiet voice spoke over his shoulder, "Pardon me, but is this Mr. Milton Seifert, and are you looking for someone who looks like me?"

Milt had turned at the first word and was now staring at the girl who was speaking to him.

THE first arresting circumstance was the fact that she had no hat—which called attention at once to her dark hair and long earrings; and the second was that she was wearing a Spanish shawl in lieu of an evening cape—a shawl which might have made you think of Carmen or the divine Raquel or even of moonlight in old Seville. But Milt didn't consciously notice her clothes—although, of course, they made their due impression on his mind. He was more

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*Milt felt himself slipping down . . . down . . .*

interested in the piquant, eager little face which was looking up at him; at the deep eyes and curly lashes; at the cleft chin and elusively smiling lips.

"Pardon me," he said, starting to take off his hat with the hand which had the stick in it, but catching himself in time. "Er—yes; I'm Milton Seifert."

"My business name is Miss Manners. Shall we walk around a few minutes before going out?" she said. "Perhaps by that time we shall feel better acquainted. I know, myself, whenever I meet anyone like this for Excitement & Company, I'm always quiet and shy at first."

"She means that I'm quiet and shy," thought Milt in a flash of divination. "And darn it, she's right; I've got to say something." And, casting his eye more or less hopefully around the lobby, he caught sight of the theatre ticket office.

"Wait a minute," he said. "I've a ticket for Fingerprints tonight. Would you like to go? Shall I see if I can get another?"

"Lovely!" she said. "I'll wait for you here, if you like."

Zaza found him two seats in exchange for his single one, and he returned to Miss Manners with an air of growing confidence.

"Were you able to do it?" she asked as they fell in step again.

"Yes," said Milt. "I was able to do it." But realizing, with increasing distress, that this would win no prize for conversation, he desperately tried again.

"You haven't dined yet—er—I hope?" he asked, gesturing toward the hotel restaurant.

"Not yet," she said, her earrings shaking.

"Then what do you say if we get that out of the way first?"

But the earrings hadn't stopped shaking.

"I don't think you'll find much excitement here," demurred Miss Manners. "No, listen; you come with me. I know a place."

So almost before he knew it they were out on the sidewalk, walking toward a taxi which was evidently waiting for them near the corner. At least the chauffeur had jumped out and was standing partly hidden behind the door which he was holding open.

"Funny, she kept the taxi," thought Milt, getting in.

But when the door closed, and Milt caught a look at the chauffeur's face through the glass—a face which might have served Cellini as a model for Original Sin—he didn't think it so funny.

He recalled a story which he had read years before—of travelers chloroformed and robbed in innocent-looking taxis—and, suddenly turning, he tried to open the window by his side, Miss Manners watching him from her corner with her elusive smile.

"I don't think you'll be able to do much with it," she said. "You see? The strap's cut off."

"It's very close in here," Milt heard himself saying. "Perhaps if I held the door open a few inches."

The latch, however, turned loosely in his hand.

"I'm afraid the handle's a dummy on that side," she said. "I think it's to keep passengers from popping out on the wrong side without paying their fares."

"As soon as we're clear of the machines, I'll make an excuse and get out," he thought, looking at the closely moving fleet of cars on either side.

"Don't you love New York at night?" asked the girl, still sitting comfortably back in her corner, and, looking through the window at the beacons of Broadway ahead, she added, "night always seems so thrilling to me. You can't help wondering what queer things are happening around you in the dark. And when you see these wonderful lights, like some tremendous piece of stage setting—"

"What's she feeling under her shawl for?" Milt asked himself uneasily. "A gun?"

But it was only for a handkerchief. And when it appeared—an innocent, ridiculous wisp of lace—Milt had such a revulsion of feeling that he wasn't far from being ashamed of himself.

"No, sir!" he thought, "if she was a crook, she wouldn't look the way she does. She'd look hard and wise."

A few moments later the taxi stopped in front of a dark brick house which had a pawnshop for a neighbor on the left and an undertaking establishment on the right.

"Here we are," said Miss Manners, gracefully jumping out.

"What is it?" asked Milt, somewhat uncertainly following as he noticed the ferns in the window.

"You mustn't ask that," she told him. "You must always take excitement as it comes."

"I know," Milt suddenly told himself, drawing on his reading again as he paid Original Sin, "we're probably somewhere in Greenwich Village."

So he wasn't surprised when they went in the basement entrance—the spirit of his sober forbears uneasily following, with its hair rising, so to speak—but instead of finding a restaurant there they began walking down a dimly lighted hall.

"Do you know," whispered the girl, her hand now frankly resting on Milt's arm, "this place always gives me the creeps. Here's a switch on the wall. Let's see if I can get more light."

DISENGAGING her hand, she pressed the button, and the next moment Milt found himself standing alone in darkness. His heart beating like a young drum, he cautiously began exploring for the switch. . . .

As suddenly as the darkness had fallen the light reappeared and showed Miss Manners standing by Milt's side, her hand still raised to the switch.

"That was stupid of me," she said. "I pressed the wrong button."

Milt tried to laugh, but if you had been there you might have caught a note of breathlessness in his mirth.

"You did that on purpose," he said.

Instead of replying, she smilingly led the way through a rear door—into a yard set with tables and chairs—and here and there a trellised vine with a lantern shining through it.

Nearly all the tables were filled, but they found one unoccupied, close to the entrance which led to the kitchen. On the other side of the doorway two men were playing guitars: deep, slurring notes of melody and passionate, choky little chords of throbbing accompaniment.

"Maffians," whispered Miss Manners. "A knifing lot, as a rule, but they keep that to themselves, and you can get heavenly native dishes here. Wine too, if you want it."

Milt looked around him, and the more he looked the more he wanted to see. Bits of sculpture stood out against the wall—terra-cotta ornaments which might have found their mates on many a proud office building downtown; horned satyrs; an elderly Jupiter after the manner of Michelangelo; Minerva with a long nose and visored helmet. But better than these were the faces of the living sculptures which sat at the table under the uncertain light of the lanterns—dark, mobile faces which might once have been seen flitting around at twilight on the wooded slopes of Olympus.

"Do you like it?" asked Miss Manners, looking brightly over her soup.

Milt's reply almost surprised himself. "I love it," he said. "You wouldn't think there were places like this hidden away in New York." And, instead of stopping there—his tongue loosened, perhaps, partly by the thrills which Excitement & Company had brought him that evening, partly perhaps by the example of those who were chatting so volubly around him—he surprised himself still more by continuing: "Away back, a hundred years and more ago, my mother's people in Massachusetts followed the sea. There was no money in the country then, you know, so they had to go out and get it.

"I think it's bred in me, away down deep, to want to travel and see the world. But I can't do that—at least I can't do it yet—so the next best thing is a place like this—a little bit of foreign country right here at home."

The guitar players had started a tango, and some of the diners were dancing. Milt turned to watch them and found that he himself was being watched by two frowning dark young men at a neighboring table who were drinking more than they ate.

One of the frowning young men arose and approached their table, lurching slightly, but altogether on his dignity. As he drew near the spirit of his sober forbears whispered to Milt, "Look out now! It's starting!"

To which Milt nodded and wisely thought to himself, "This is part of the show. This is some of the excitement mentioned in their letter."

"You will dance a tango with me again, mees," said the dark young man to Miss Manners.

"No, thank you," she said, smiling up at him. "I don't know the tango very well, and, besides, I'm not dancing this evening."

"A tango or the foxtrot: it is all the same," persisted the dark young man.

"Some other evening, perhaps," she said, her smile as bright as ever.

"You think maybe I am dronk," still persisted the other. "I show you I am not dronk!" And, suddenly bending forward, he seized her wrists and tried to pull her to her feet.

"Oh!" she gasped. "Stop! You're hurting me!"

Whereupon, just as suddenly, Milt found himself rising to his feet, and with a swinging blow which seemed to start of its own volition he caught the dark young man by the side of his head and laid him neatly down between the tables. Simultaneously the latter's companion flourished his arm and rushed forward, a rush which was met by a brigandlike waiter who threw his arms around the second young man and braced himself at an angle.

"Queeck, mees!" he exclaimed over his shoulder. "Get your friend away or he feel somet'ing sharp in a horry."

"This way!" whispered the girl, clutching at her shawl; and the next moment they were running along the dimly lighted hall.

OUT in the street Milt made a discovery.

"I left my hat and stick in there."

"Oh, but you mustn't go back!" she exclaimed, and tried to hurry him on again.

"Why not?" he asked. "It was part of the show, wasn't it?"

"It was not!" she almost sobbed. "I danced with that man last week, though—to avoid a scene—and—and I'm glad you hit him. But if they should come out and catch us—"

Fortunately a taxi was cruising along under the shadows of the L.

"You know," said Milt as she looked through the window at the rear for the third time, "I can't get it out of my head that the fight back there was staged to give me a thrill."

"It was not!" she said again; and this time there was no mistaking her sincerity. "The other taxi—the chauffeur; the door that wouldn't open; the light going out in the hall—I don't mind telling you now that those things were for effect. But (*Continued on page 50*)

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# Turntable *By* WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD

**YEARS ago we saw red when railroads whispered "merger." Such schemes, we felt, benefited only the moguls—and we passed laws to thwart them. Along came the war and Woodrow Wilson's successful unified control. That opened our eyes. Today we shout "merge!"—and pass laws to compel it. For consolidation brings reduced operating expenses and benefits everyone, as Mr. Shepherd here explains.**

NEWSPAPER reporters stood with their feet in the hallways and their heads in the courtroom.

"This petition is allowed," read the federal judge quietly.

The words had the effect on the reporters of a starter's pistol in a foot race. They sped over the marble floors to telephones. "Jim Hill loses!" they shouted to their offices.

Extra editions throughout the land told the story shortly. For days a large element of our American citizenry rejoiced; newspaper editorials commended the wise judge.

"Jim Hill, president of the Great Northern road," these ran, in gist, "was fooled when he tried to swallow the Northern Pacific road. He boosted the price of Northern Pacific to $1,000 a share one mad day on the New York Stock Exchange. But he failed. This business of making big trusts out of railroads has been nipped in the bud, thank goodness."

The Northern Securities Company, which had been formed to buy and pool the stock of the two great railroads, was dissolved two years later when the United States Supreme Court upheld the decision. All this happened in St. Paul, Minn., a quarter century ago.

As I write these words in a certain hotel in the city of St. Paul, two city blocks removed from the federal building where the Northern Securities decision was rendered that day, members of the Interstate Commerce Commission are considering an attempt to achieve the very effort which stumped the great railroad builder of the Northwest.

Mr. Hill, if he could hear the evidence pro and con concerning the new plan for putting his Great Northern and the Northern Pacific under one management, would be utterly bewildered. He wouldn't hear the term NORTHERN SECURITIES COMPANY. He would discover that the basket in which it is planned to place the two roads is called THE GREAT NORTHERN PACIFIC.

He would learn that the new company, The Great Northern Pacific, to become a railroad owner, is asking permission of the Interstate Commerce Commission to lease a little railroad called the Spokane, Portland & Seattle. Having leased this little line—if the commission assents—the plan of the new company provides further for permission to lease the lines of both the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern and to buy a controlling interest in them.

## 20 Super-trusts Forming

LASTLY, going Mr. Hill and his old plan one better, the control of 97 per cent of the stock of the great Burlington system, which is now jointly owned by the two lines, would go to the new Great Northern Pacific.

"Twenty-five thousand miles in all!" gruff old Jim Hill might exclaim. "Almost 7,000 more miles than I planned to consolidate."

But this isn't all that would amaze and bewilder Mr. Hill.

He would look about the land and discover that almost all the railroads of the country are at present in one great dog fight—to pool, merge, consolidate—or what have you? His bewilderment would be complete when he discovered that:

THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT TODAY IS KNOWINGLY AND PURPOSELY DOING ALL IN ITS POWER TO ENCOURAGE BY LAW THE RAILROADS OF THE UNITED STATES TO FORM THEMSELVES INTO ABOUT TWENTY GIGANTIC RAILROAD SYSTEMS, EACH UNDER THE CONTROL OF ONE COMPANY.

However this particular effort of The Great Northern Pacific may turn out—I have mentioned it only for illustration and not to enter into the merits of the case—the fact remains that Congress, so far as the consolidation of the railroads is concerned, has by actual law knocked a huge gateway through the Sherman Anti-Trust Law and the Clayton Anti-Trust Law. Wherefore in one vast, shifting, nation-wide game of "pussy wants a corner" the railroads are duly trying to merge.

## Right-About-Face

PERHAPS you have a little railroad merger excitement in your own locality, with shippers, railroad men, traffic clubs and others in strenuous debate. There are few communities today where such tempests are not raging more or less fiercely.

You've noticed, perhaps, how the stocks of small railroads have risen on the markets during the past two years. This is because great railroads have been buying part of the stocks of small lines. The stocks of great railroads, in turn, have been purchased in part by still greater railroads.

"About 40 centers of ownership direct or control our 180 great railroad systems today," one of America's great railroad leaders told me recently.

About 30 great railroad systems already control about 75 per cent of the nation's mileage. But no merging is permitted, even after controlling stock in one company has been purchased by another carrying company, without permission of the Interstate Commerce Commission—which, at the moment of writing, means that the railroad world, so far as consolidation is concerned, is at sixes and sevens. No one knows exactly who owns what, and the facts never come out until railroad men appear before the Interstate Commerce Commission in Washington, point to their quiet purchase of stock on other lines and then wait to hear whether or not the government will permit them to control these other lines. But whatever their worries—and who ever worries about the worries of a railroad?—the railroads must unify, merge, con-

*Uncle Sam (1904): "Stay in your own back yard; don't bother with anyone else"*

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solidate, get together, or something, by some method, means or other into a series of systems. However matters stood in the past, everything is changed now. The about-face in official and even public opinion concerning railroad mergers has been sudden. While the United States Supreme Court, for example, was ordering the Southern Pacific to cease its control of the Central Pacific, the Interstate Commerce Commission, under a new transportation act passed in 1920, was preparing to permit the Southern Pacific to continue the control.

The law of 1920 knocked a great divide through the anti-trust laws not only of the federal government but of the various states. This, in the words of the law, is the hole through which railroads, at the present time, may pass into Mergerland:

"Whenever the commission is of opinion that the acquisition by one of such carriers of the control of any other such carrier or carriers EITHER UNDER A LEASE OR BY THE PURCHASE OF STOCK . . .WILL BE IN THE PUBLIC INTEREST THE COMMISSION SHALL HAVE AUTHORITY TO AUTHORIZE SUCH ACQUISITION . . . ON TERMS JUST AND REASONABLE. . . .

"Corporations affected by the order are hereby relieved from the operations of 'anti-trust laws' and of ALL OTHER RESTRAINTS OR PROHIBITIONS BY LAW, STATE OR FEDERAL, IN SO FAR AS MAY BE NECESSARY IN ORDER TO COMPLY WITH SUCH ORDERS."

The late Albert B. Cummins, once the bitterest railroad critic in the United States Senate, put this measure through the Senate.

Technically speaking, this law does not provide for consolidation—which in a special sense means actual disappearance of railroad companies by absorption into a newly created company. Such technical "consolidation" is supposed to wait until the Interstate Commerce Commission can "prepare," as the law provides, "a plan for the consolidation of the railway properties of the continental United States."

"But hurry your voluntary merging," is the government's order to the railroads, in effect, "or the government may force you into involuntary consolidations."

## Wilson Ushered in Unity

WHO first turned Washington government opinion—and also general public opinion—upside down concerning railroad mergers? The answer is: Woodrow Wilson. He was the first official publicly to suggest some sort of unification.

Before the beginning of the World War he communicated to Congress his opinion that some "constructive legislation" might be passed on behalf of the railroads. President Wilson's attitude, as expressed later to his associates and Congress, was that the repression of railroads by law was not helpful to public welfare.

Mr. Wilson could not endure the thought of returning the railroads to their owners without in some way improving the situation. He had seen at first hand the plight of the roads: laws to hold them back; no laws to help them.

"It would be disservice alike to the country and to the railroads," he said to Congress a few days before departing for the Paris Peace Conference, "to return to the old conditions unmodified. These are conditions of restraint without development. There is nothing affirmative or helpful about them. The old policy may be changed much or little, but surely it cannot wisely be left as it was. . . .

"We can adopt moderate private control . . . under such alteration of the law as will permit wasteful competition to be avoided and considerable degree of unification to be effected, as, for example, BY REGIONAL CORPORATIONS UNDER WHICH THE RAILROADS OF DEFINABLE AREA WOULD BE IN EFFECT COMBINED IN SINGLE SYSTEMS."

## Railroads Can't Grow on Debts

MR. WILSON'S director general of railroads went about the country in 1918 speaking on behalf of railroad consolidation. In the meantime Senator Albert B. Cummins of Iowa, who had been elected on an anti-railroad platform, was preparing his consolidation bill. "I want to hasten the railroads into consolidations that will give us groups of competing railroad systems," he explained.

Had you asked either of these gentlemen the simple question, "What will railroad consolidations mean to me?" they would have given you the same answer:

"You can't as a private individual expect any immediate lowering of either passenger or freight rates. There will be competition in rates and service between the new great systems because they will be so planned that several different systems will touch each important shipping point, but living costs will not be lowered. The chief improvement, at first, will be to put the railroads on a real business basis. Bankruptcy has been the lot of too many of our roads. Few investors are anxious to buy their stocks and become real partners, though many are willing to buy bonds—to lend. Our railroads must grow or America will suffer. But they can't grow on borrowed money. The more improvements they make on borrowed money, the heavier their debts become.

"However, you can't expect investors to put it into the stocks of debt-ridden railroads that are not safe and that do not pay as good dividends as other industries. The only hope for ultimate lower rates is to improve the business and the credit of all our railroads."

Mr. Wilson's ideas as to the need of helping the roads were followed by his successors.

President Warren G. Harding asked Herbert Hoover, his Secretary of Commerce, to study the question of consolidations. Hoover reported in favor of them.

President Coolidge took the same stand for the same reasons. In four successive messages to Congress he has urged that consolidation of railroads be hastened.

This Presidential trio has sung a tune far different from that which grated on the eardrums of grim old Jim Hill and his railroad-building associates. Why? Score one more unexpected achievement of war.

'Way back in the Civil War our railroads fell down. And little wonder. There were no large railroad companies; only swarms of little ones, with their lines laid end to end. No company would permit another to use its cars. Freight was changed seven times, from one car to another, in a trip from New York to the Mississippi River. The carrying of troops and of the wounded was a difficult task. Wherefore Congress, as soon as peace prevailed, passed this law in 1866:

"Every railroad company of the United States is hereby authorized to carry . . . all passengers and freight from one state to another and to connect with the railroads of other states . . . so as to form continuous lines. . . ."

Again in 1917 war disclosed the true railroad situation. This time, because the government itself took over the roads, ran them, handled the earnings and conducted the bookkeeping and the finances, our federal officials got an opportunity to make studies of railroad problems behind the scenes.

The most important thing they discovered was this:

## Deadheading, Scalping, Rebating

THE government, through the Interstate Commerce Commission, throughout the past twenty years had really been effectively clubbing the railroads. Regulation had really regulated; repression had repressed. The railroads, once suspected, had truly obeyed Uncle Sam's policeman. This was a fortunate discovery because governmental suspicion was well enough grounded—practices on most of the lines had once been very bad.

"I used to have a pad of printed rebate forms on my desk," an old-time railroad official told me not long ago, speaking of the wild nineties. "We used to charge all shippers the same rates, of course, but once a month I would send checks for secret rebates to various freight customers."

"There was a time," said another old-timer, "when ticket scalpers sold at low rates tickets that railroads had given free of charge to shippers, or the return half of round-trip tickets, which, in passenger-rate fights, the roads sold at very low prices."

Such irregularities and many others of earlier days had been wiped out.

But this discovery was also made that rate fixing, even by a daring and powerful commission, had not been fair to the public. Here's an example:

The (*Continued on page 40*)

*Illustrated by* FRANK GODWIN

*Uncle Sam (1928): "You've been doing well, boys; but hurry: I'm helping you tear down the fences"*

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# The best Way Out

## *The mysterious Gimp plays Providence in the life of a wayward but likable boy*

*He lifted them out of the narrow room into a world of sunlight, trees and surf*

PAST the rather shabby brick hotel on West Forty-seventh trucks jounced and thundered on their way to the wharves. Hokey-pokey men shooed flies from their carts and gave vent to inviting squalls. Roller skates whirred on the uneven sidewalks, mingling with shrill young voices. But the bedlam—ever punctuated by the recurrent crescendo of the elevated trains—failed to disturb the young man in Room 4 A.

He lay abed, though the afternoon was far gone, sleeping, one arm thrown across the pillow above the tangle of dark curls. Faint shadows beneath the blur of his lashes served only to accentuate the fresh coloring. Lying so, the slim young body—with its hint of wire and rubber—scarcely ridged the smooth sweep of the gray blanket.

Presently, in the hall, a slight noise became audible—a faint tap-tap, a subdued scraping: a minor note in the pandemonium of outdoors. But the boy heard. In a flash he was wide-awake. Tensed on one elbow, brown eyes watchful, slowly his right hand crept beneath the pillow. For a breathless moment silence reigned, while two blue-pajamaed legs slid stealthily out and touched the floor.

"Hello?" inquired a voice, accompanied by a knock. "You in there, Danny?"

"All right," yawned Danny. He stretched, flexing his arms in a smooth, catlike movement which drew him lightly to his feet. "Just a second."

Stuffing his bare feet into worn leather slippers, he crossed the room, still rubbing his eyes, and unlocked the door.

"Wake you up?" inquired the intruder.

HE WAS tall, or would have been save for the one leg which he threw out and ahead when he walked, supporting himself by the rubber-tipped cane. The square face above the dark suit was seamed and kindly, with deepset blue eyes.

"No," lied the boy. "I was awake—got in earlier than I expected."

"No luck?"

"N-no," yawned Danny, frowning. "Looked like a tip-off to me. Joe Malone no sooner got his torch on the end warehouse than two dicks jumped us. Dark as sin too."

"Anybody nicked?" The big man lighted a cigarette after waving the pack at the boy, who shook his head.

"Don't think so. I dusted pretty fast. Me"—he grinned almost apologetically—"I couldn't pot a feller 'less it was him or me."

"Not even a dick?" scowled the older man, his eyes losing their geniality. He blew a cloud of smoke like an incensed dragon, and Danny wondered, for the hundredth time, at the bitterness of the lodger across the hall. Himself, he didn't hate policemen, even after they had done in his cousin Ed, who had first introduced him to Butch Pelton and the gang. For he knew, now that he was older, that Ed had been pretty bad—not at all, in fact, the romantic Robin Hood sort of person he had painted himself while inveigling Danny in as lookout and general handy man. Two years ago—and now he was in for keeps.

Yet the game had its points. Show him, for example, the earnest clerk or plodder who could exhibit a bank balance of five figures for little better than a year's work! Five figures, and still a month shy of voting age! Besides that, there was the thrill of it: the delicious tingle of matching wits with the world. All to gain, nothing to lose, save . . . Danny frowned momentarily as he thought of Ed and Nig Ellis and Swede Sibberson, twitching so grotesquely on the sidewalk that raw December night. Nothing to lose, save . . . but he was lucky, quick-witted and cool with the fresh impudence of youth: the gang giving him a grudging respect heady to taste, hard to hold. . . . The older man's voice disrupted his woolgathering.

". . . Well, speakin' for myself, I can stand the sight of anything without spittin', except a dick. Mutts, every damn' one of 'em. Mutts!"

Danny nodded absently at the familiar indictment. He wished that asking questions were a part of the code. For he was still curious about life, about people. Cops and others had not yet twisted his engaging smile into the mirthless grin of a Butch Pelton. His face was still unknown, comparatively. He was free to respond to the sights and sounds and smells of a world which still held a very great glamour for seeking eyes. No doubt cops vented their anger to an unreasonable extent on some they caught. Butch Pelton himself, they said, had spent a month in the hospital after being picked up in suspicious proximity to Patrolman Burke's body, over in Second Avenue. But that was five years ago, and Butch was too smart to be nipped again. He was the brain now, the mysterious power behind the long string of water-front robberies.

"Well," he sighed, heaving himself up from the chair, "guess I'll be moseyin' along to eat, son." He limped slowly to the door, where he paused to inquire, a twinkle beneath the heavy brows, "How's things with your girl?"

Danny's ears turned a delicate cerise, though he still confronted himself in the mirror over the dresser, affecting nonchalance while brushing his hair.

"Aw, shut up," grinned Danny, whirling. "You got me covered, Gimp, but you needn't rub it in. Every fella's got to go off his nut some time, I guess. But"—he shook his head ruefully—"I'll be darned if I thought I would—and like it too."

"She know your line o' business yet?" asked Gimp, slyly rubbing his chin.

"Lord, no," exploded the boy. "She'd fire me out like a shot! She's straight, Gimp—straight's a string. Can y' imagine it—and falling for *me?*"

"Sure," said Gimp, leaning on his stick. "You ain't so bad. But some day, 'less you snap out of it, she's goin' to get on. Ever think of leavin' the easy life and buryin' yourself in an office somewhere?"

Danny nodded slowly, and looked out the window, over the gray housetops.

For the first time, in the weeks that followed, Danny felt the coils of his associations tightening about him. He would leave Milly's snug little parlor, his shoulder numbly thrilling to the pressure of a small, trusting head, his lips quivering to the fresh young passion of her lips.

"Gee, honey," he would complain, brushing her feathery lashes with his cheek—"gee, I don't see what you can see in a guy like me. Honest, I don't. I ain't in your class at all."

MILLY would smile up at his troubled face, mysteriously, gravely sweet. Then she would trace the outlines of his features with a slim finger. First the brows, then the lids, softly patting them shut, then a slow concentric circle on each cheek.

"There," she would say, with an air of solemnity and dab a period in the exact center of his chin, "I think no one in the world's as nice as you, Danny. No one."

Their eyes would cling, then, in a long, moveless embrace which twisted the boy's heart as he thought of what

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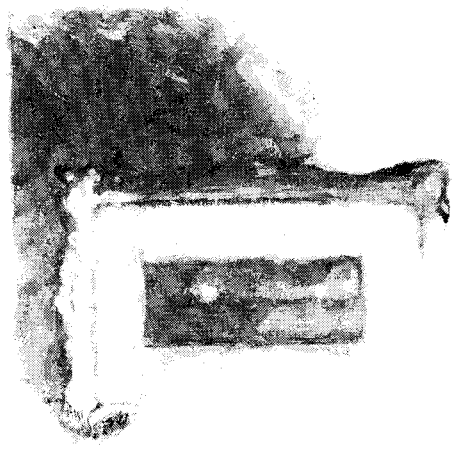

# *By* STANLEY JONES

trembling and incredulous, to his cot in some hospital, guarded by hard-eyed dicks; or, in the evening, to be greeted by Joe Malone, his habitual calm shattered for once, and to learn that her Danny had been bumped off while robbing a warehouse.

"You don't want to marry a guy like me, honey," he would declare, tearing his eyes from the sweet trustfulness of hers.

"But I *do*," Milly would reassure him, "most awfully, Danny, and why —if we're so happy now, seeing only a little of each other—why shouldn't we be twice as happy all the time when we're married, sweetheart?"

*It seemed to Danny and Milly that twelve o'clock was on them in one bound*

In his dilemma Danny had recourse to no understanding soul save his new friend across the hall. The Gimp—for that he had given as his name on that morning when the boy picked him up from a bad fall on the stairs, and rescued his cane—was different from Danny's other companions. He was a silent, thoughtful man, who spent much time in his room. Danny supposed he was reading, though he never intruded. He never recalled clearly just how he had come to confide the dark secrets which made up his life, but the older man had taken them as a matter of course. Undoubtedly his own bitterness against the law had made confidence easy. He gave Danny to understand that a police bullet had crippled his left leg and made his course through life a laborious, swaying mockery of a walk.

At any rate, the older man's calmness —that and his querulous humor—acted as a soothing anodyne to the boy's harried soul.

"Gee," he used to complain, "it ain't myself I'm thinkin' of, Gimp. It's the kid, Milly. Honest, if it would make her happy for keeps, I'd—well, there ain't anything I wouldn't do. It's all wrong, somewhere, that she should have to go through hell for a bum like me!"

The Gimp regarded him thoughtfully, rolling a dark cigar between his lips. "Well," he ventured, after a pause punctuated by the boy's restless stridings, "why don't you just tell Butch Pelton you're through an' that's all there is to it? I can't see what else to do."

"You don't know Butch," retorted Danny, with a hopeless shake of his head.

Still racking his brain for another way out, he perceived that there was none. The issue was clear-cut. He funked it, deliberately, for three days, before he sauntered around to Shea's poolroom, with the L roaring endlessly overhead.

In the rear wall was a narrow door, which Danny unlocked and closed behind him.

Three men, who had half risen, subsided into their chairs, evidently relieved.

"ABOUT time you were showin' up," said Butch Pelton testily. "We got that big job on Sunday night, an' from the looks of it you got a lot more important things occupyin' your mind."

Maxey Hirsch smiled thinly and whittled a sly finger. "We saw you, night before last, bus ridin' up the drive. How about a knockdown—ain't your pals good enough for the new Jane?"

To save his life Danny could not respond in kind. The cold chill which slowed his heart at thought of their nearness to Milly froze his tongue as well. Suppose, for instance, that Butch should fancy her?

"Naw," Danny heard his lips say, and his breath quickened as he sat down. "Naw, neither you nor anybody else I know's good enough for her, Max. That goes for me too—so don't feel slighted."

"W-e-l-l, now," Butch drawled, and looked up from the cards he was lazily riffling—"well, an' what's eatin' you, Romeo?"

"Just got a real girl, that's all, Butch."

"W-e-l-l, now," appealed the purring voice to Maxey and Pete Bardini, "an' what do you think o' that, boys? The youngster's gone an' got himself a girl —a re-al girl. An' a pretty smooth looker too, I'll say, Danny."

"Thanks," said the boy, though the rising anger within trembled ever so slightly in his voice. "Glad you approve, Butch. I sure am glad. An' I guess that about covers th' subject."

Pete and Max exchanged apprehensive glances, and the latter sought to ease the tension by producing a pack of cigarettes. "Here," he laughed nervously, "carbonize your cylinders with one of these. And say, Danny, Joe says you sure had your nerve along with you the other night."

"Yeh," aided Pete, thick fingers fumbling with the match, "he says you wait too long to giva da whistle. Some day —gooda night!" He shook his black curls ominously.

DANNY grinned, and then a faint suspicion which had twitched in the back of his consciousness stirred and directed his level gaze at the coldly cynical face of the leader.

"S-a-a-y," he exclaimed, "an' that reminds me, Butch. I thought you said you had the bird on the warehouse fixed! An' when Joe flashes up—just one flicker on th' lock—wham! comes a broadside so close we felt th' draft."

"Scared, eh?" drawled the silky, contemptuous voice, while the cards clicked softly. "Scared when some dick lets fly in th' dark, eh? How'd you like to be me, heh? Can't show my pan outside in th' light o' day without a fat chance o' bein' bumped off from some window!"

"That's right, Danny," agreed Max, the pacific. "Butch's gotta watch his step. He's worth real jack to his good ole Uncle Sam now."

"On da hoof or on his back," chuckled Pete. "Looka dis, Dan."

A wan, thin smile flickered on Butch's evil face as the big Italian produced a handbill, apparently torn from a nail. He cocked his head sidewise to avoid the swirl of cigarette smoke as the others read:

$5,000 REWARD. DEAD OR ALIVE
*Butch Pelton*

Just beneath was a smudged picture of Butch and the stark details of three daring holdups in which the victims had been ruthlessly shot down while holding their hands above their heads.

"Say, Butch," Danny demanded, leaning forward between Max and Pete, "why can't we still get ours without all this, anyway?" He tapped the handbill with the backs of his fingers. "Seems to me we used to get along without havin' to croak some guy every time we did a job. Seems to me—"

"So," droned (*Continued on page 42*)

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# The Ascending Astaires

## By HUGH LEAMY

*A few turbulent minutes backstage with Brother Fred and Sister Adele who have and are IT on Broadway*

*Yvonne Gregory*
***Mrs. Astaire is a remarkably beautiful woman, as you see***

*White*
***"Whoopee!" whoops Adele, who doesn't care if she is fresh—and then they let 'er rip***

"IT HAPPENED in Detroit—" began Fred Astaire. Then a small and graceful cyclone hit the dressing-room.

"Whoopee!" said the cyclone. "Oh—"

There were introductions.

"Yes," beamed the cyclone, which had settled itself down into Adele Astaire. "I remembered we had an appointment."

"I'm surprised you even remembered it," commented her brother over his shoulder.

"Oh, I remember everything. See you later. Whoopee!"

And she darted down the alley to her own retiring quarters of more feminine appointments.

Behind the footlights there's little to choose between the brother and sister Astaire when it comes to breeziness or juvenility. But offstage you'll find Fred far more serious and much quieter than his care-free, vivacious sister.

He's every bit as slender as he looks in make-up, with an engaging smile and an accent that shows only passing traces of the two just-closed years when he and his sister scored a personal, social and theatrical hit in London.

### They "Get Along Great"

THE brother and sister are apparently quite devoted to one another, and Fred treats Adele with the brotherly tolerance that is the prerogative of brothers the world around. They've "worked" together ever since they were about ten years old, and, although Adele admits that at times her brother must find her a wee bit trying, "and at times I'm afraid he hates me," most of the time "we get along great."

Offstage they retain that youthful enthusiasm and naturalness which are perhaps their greatest professional assets. They might be just a couple of neighbors' kids from across the street.

Still, Fred prefers to do all the formal talking for the team. There was that time in London when Adele graciously told an interviewer that most American servants were not well-trained and she preferred English ones, and the careless cables carried an item in which she was reported as saying all Americans are rude. Not so good.

Their current vehicle, Funny Face (a smashing hit), had many weary, depressing days while it was being dragged around from city to city on the road before it was in shape to bring in. They played everywhere but Union Hill, N. J., before the rough edges were taken off.

"Gee, it was terrible!" said Fred. "In Washington we were playing one version and rehearsing another. Every performance was different from the one before it.

"There were times when I used to carry my lines typed on cards. I'd have to look down into my hand before I dared open my mouth. You know—look at the card—'and so-and-so, and so-and-so, Herbert,' then another look at the card; then, 'and so-and-so-and-so-and-so.' Honest, I never thought we'd make New York. We even asked them to chuck the whole thing, once.

"But that's where Alex Aarons and Vin Freedley were keen managers. They knew, even when we didn't, that we had something, and instead of junking it they kept working over it and over it until—well, you saw how it was received. My sister and I were never so discouraged in our lives—except once.

"That was when we were playing vaudeville. We were on the Keith circuit playing small-time houses. And they always put us in the opening position—about the worst on the bill. Well, we opened more shows for Keith than any other act, until at last we hit the Palace in Chicago and we got over big. After the Monday matinée they moved us up into a better spot. We had arrived. Gee, we felt great!

"The next week we played St. Louis. 'Ha,' we said, 'they'll have heard about Chicago: wait till you see; we'll have a soft spot on this bill.' We opened the show again.

"It was heartbreaking. Especially when we went back to Chicago later—and into the opening spot."

Fred and Adele Astaire were born in Omaha, but their parents moved to New York when they were quite young. They went to dancing school and after a while began to get offers of professional engagements in communities where not even the active arm of the Gerry Society could reach and pluck them from the wings.

Later they were able to accept New York engagements without breaking the law, and it was a big moment when they were booked for the famous old Fifth Avenue Theatre. They played one Monday matinée there. At its close the management decided to shop around a little for a better act, and the Astaires were canceled.

"We were too young to know what it was all about (*Continued on page 38*)

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# The Woman Hunters

## By ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

*The Story Thus Far:*

ALLEN GORHAM, a young New Yorker who earns his living at cards and who left New York in disgrace five years before because of a false accusation of cheating, returns from Europe and lands in the middle of a concerted move against him by a rotter by the name of Runyon, his backer, a man named Calhoun about whom Runyon knows something detrimental, and the gangs at the beck and call of these two men.

Gorham is supposed to be in love with Vonny Candace, the daughter of a new millionaire. Runyon is out for her and her thirty millions and will brook no interference. Gorham has no idea of marrying Vonny but determines that Runyon will not either.

Gorham is taken up again by Erica Loosich, society leader, but he runs into all sorts of difficulties with Runyon, meets him once face to face and knocks him down, and is finally threatened through a lawyer named Mannering with a lawsuit by a man from whom he won $16,000 in France at cards. Gorham feels that Runyon is somehow responsible for this suit, and that his cousin Fred Gorham, who hates Allen and who is married to Anita, the only girl Allen has ever loved, is in it too. Allen goes to see Fred, finds him away and then before he knows it Anita is in his arms and his lips pressed to hers.

On his way home he realizes that Anita set this trap for him knowing Fred was away. He can't understand it all but he feels he loves Anita though his mind keeps reverting to Vonny.

He moves into an apartment and hires a servant, who turns out to be a jailbird but Gorham keeps him.

He goes to see Calhoun, while Morgan, his detective friend, waits for him outside the house. After much conversation, during which Calhoun and Gorham grow to understand each other, Calhoun suggests that Gorham kill Runyon.

I AM rarely stirred into uncalculating rage. If I have any virtue as a companion in a mêlée, it is that the tighter the situation is the cooler I become. Such, at any rate, has always been the perhaps flattering estimate I have had of myself. But never in the past had women, of whatsoever degree, been involved in affairs of mine that skirted the borderland of violence.

These recent events had revolved about a woman, and those rules of conduct which had become ingrained in me had no chapter, paragraph or verse to guide me through these happenings. Rage that banished coolness of thought had swept over me when I had confronted Runyon; another wave of fury submerged me now.

Then, as suddenly as I was white hot, I was icy cold again.

Have you ever seen a blacksmith heating a bit of metal? Just as it seems that the flame will eat through the metal the smith lifts it from the blaze and deposits it in water. There is a cloud of steam that, passing swiftly away, discloses hard, unyielding steel in the water.

Something similar happened to me at Calhoun's question. The white fire of my wrath became a cloud of steam from which I felt myself emerge hard, tempered, keen.

I HAD needed shock to restore my coolness, and I will say that Calhoun had given me that shock. I had met all kinds of men, it seems to me, but never had I met a man who could, like Calhoun, propose deliberate murder. I had known men who, to further their mutual interests, would plot the death of another man. Such men have existed since the dawn of time and probably will continue to exist until eternity. But the man who will propose murder to a stranger is too rare to be classified.

As I looked at Calhoun I had the feeling that I was staring at the embodiment of all evil, that I was looking upon Satan's own worldly regent. Vague warnings seemed to be whispered in my ears, as though another self looked on, beheld matters closed to my consciousness, and tried to save me from dangers unrevealed to me.

As I have said, I don't know whether or not I meant it when I told Calhoun that I intended to kill him, but certainly I had no thought of violence toward him now. That outer self, or inner self, or whatever it was that whispered warnings, was too insistent to be denied. Or perhaps it was nothing appertaining to my own self that warned me; more probably it was the assurance of the man whom I threatened.

It was not simply the fact that he had shown no alarm at my menace. It was quiet certainty on his part that I would not do the thing I intended. Power is an impressive thing, and it was the radiation of power from him that partly cooled me. More than that, however, it was the astounding suggestion he made that somehow made me feel incapable of doing what I had said I would do.

Courage is one thing. But complete absence of alarm is another, and it was this other which I met in Calhoun. Without any word from him I knew that I would be unable to put my threat into execution. There was no one else in the room with us; my hand was in my pocket, gripping the weapon which could end his career; I was younger and quicker than Calhoun. On the face of it, it seemed incredible that any violent act of mine could be forestalled by any defensive measure on his part. And yet I knew absolutely that before I could get the weapon out of my pocket something would happen to me.

I had entered this house using my wits as a latchkey; I would need the same key in order to effect my departure.

"Kill Runyon, eh?" I said.

"Sit down," he invited.

I took the chair which he indicated. He leaned back in his own chair and looked me over speculatively.

"They gave me a wrong impression of you," he remarked.

"Who gave you?" I demanded.

"You wouldn't know them," he replied. "But I had the idea that a card shark, a petty swindler, summed up Mr. Allen Gorham."

"It's always pleasant to learn that a bad impression has been rectified," I told him. "It cheers me immensely to know that you think me a murderer instead of a thief."

"I think I mentioned a while ago that we'd get further if we eliminated sarcasm," he said.

"You've taken the trend of the conversation into your own hands. Go ahead," I told him.

"I dislike impulsive people as completely as I dislike sarcastic persons," he said. "Just now you had an impulse that might have proved embarrassing."

*In her candid gray eyes I saw a contempt that hurt me more than I could say*

"For which one of us?" I asked.

"The answer to that you will know if you decide to be impulsive again."

"Let's assume that I am perfectly calm now," I said.

"I have assumed it. And in a calm frame of mind you will be able to weigh the advantages of my proposal as against the disadvantages of your own suggestion. And we'll take up the latter first. Suppose—it is merely a supposition—that you were able to kill me. You seem a sane man, Mr. Gorham. Despite your long residence abroad, you have not completely lost touch with American institutions. Murder, you realize, is a crime. This house is filled with my servants. In the extremely unlikely event of your killing me, it is hardly probable that you would escape from this house. Many people are engaged with me in many ventures; their pocketbooks would suffer if I passed out of the picture. Their wrath toward you would have that deadliest of inspirations. It would be a quick trial, Mr. Gorham."

"I see the disadvantages clearly," I mocked.

He ignored my tone.

"On the other hand," he went on, "Runyon is a negligible person. Also he is an obnoxious person."

"Is that why you are trying to introduce him into the Candace family?" I asked.

"I'M a busy man and hate to waste time. Please, Mr. Gorham, save the sarcasm for another time. You have it firmly planted in your mind, apparently, that I am interested in Kenneth Runyon's matrimonial prospects. You know Mr. Candace, of course. Does he impress you as the type of man who would permit anyone to take his fortune away from him? Would it be an easy matter for any group to take his business? This is a country governed by laws, Mr. Gorham."

"Those laws have little to do with certain activities," I commented.

"Nevertheless obtaining possession of a man's fortune through the marriage of his daughter is a far-fetched proposition."

"Then why attempt it?" I inquired.

"I'm not. That's what I'm coming to. I don't know what sort of obsession is in your brain, but I hope to clarify it.

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Mr. Gorham, before we can get anywhere, certain things must be understood by you. The first of these is that no matter who marries the charming Miss Candace, I do not expect to profit by the marriage. I am not a schatchen, not a marriage broker of any sort."

"Then your interest in Runyon—"

"Is not financial," he interrupted me. "And a man shrewd enough to discover that I had any interest in the young man should have been shrewd enough to discover what the interest is."

"I think I suggested that Runyon had something on you," I put in.

"Exactly. But you should have realized that that was my sole interest."

"I didn't say that you expected to make money out of it," I told him. Oddly enough, apology crept into my voice.

"You intimated as much by your reference to matchmaking as one of my varied interests. But that doesn't matter. We've wasted enough time in conversation. Let's get down to cases. Runyon has something on me. I see no reason why I should deny your shrewd guess. If you repeated my admission, then I would deny it. But between us two—"

"And you'd like Runyon killed?"

"If you like bald statements, it's all right with me. I suggested that you direct your violence toward him instead of myself. I advanced it as my preference; I'll advance it as my deliberate choice if you wish."

"Runyon is protected by you," I said. "The gunmen who are employed by Runyon are really employed by you. Why ask me to do what one of your own men could do as easily?"

"This young man is not exactly a fool," he said. "If he died in the sort of fashion you suggest, I would find that he had taken certain precautions. My name might be linked with the name of his—shall we call him executioner? On the other hand, if you should kill him, it would be a matter of self-defense. I'll be frank with you, Mr. Gorham. I could not afford, through any of the men with whom I have acquaintance, to take any measure whatsoever against Kenneth Runyon. Your shrewd guess has been duplicated by other people, and if Runyon died at all suspiciously there might be trouble for me."

"AND there would be nothing suspicious in my killing him?" I asked.

"Nothing that would reflect suspicion upon me," he answered.

"And about myself?" I sneered.

"This man Runyon, for reasons unknown to you, assaulted you—or attempted to assault you—last night. It should not be at all difficult for you to invite him to another assault, the result of which might be to eliminate him permanently."

"Two birds with one stone, eh?" I laughed.

"You mean that if you killed Runyon and went to the chair I'd be pleased?"

I smiled at him. "You have arrived at an obvious conclusion as quickly as I would have expected."

He shook his head.

"But, my dear Mr. Gorham, I have nothing in the world against you personally. Self-defense is a sufficient excuse in any court in America."

His black eyes shone, and the tightly drawn skin creased in unexpected merriment.

"You will find that, with Runyon eliminated, there is no possible bar to your alliance with Miss Candace except the lady's wishes in the matter."

"My own wishes enter into the affair," I retorted. "Once again let me assure you that Miss Candace and I are simply friends; no more."

"I'll take your word for it; it's a matter that could have no possible interest for me save as Runyon has interest for me. We'll not discuss that phase of it any longer. What about it?"

I didn't need to ask what he meant by the abrupt question with which he finished his speech. He was asking if I would undertake the task of killing Runyon. And I had sense enough to know, without threat from him, that upon my reply depended my own immediate safety.

Calhoun had gone so far with me that he could not avoid going farther. It was all very well for him to speak of the psycopathic ward in Bellevue and to intimate that if I informed the police about him I would wind up in such a place. Yet he knew that if I could gain the ear of someone opposed to him politically or financially it might not be so easy to have my charges dismissed as the ravings of a maniac.

Men whose power has such subterraneous roots as had Calhoun's are always fearful lest the connection between the high and the low be traced. Unless I professed an acceptance of his suggestion, and convinced him of my sincerity, I'd never leave his house alive.

It might be that I would get him before he or his henchmen got me, but that was slight satisfaction to a man who wished to live. All the heat had gone from my mind and heart. I was studying Calhoun more carefully than ever I had studied an opponent at the poker table.

Bluff! That was my only recourse. But there are many kinds of bluff, and what will serve on one occasion will never do upon another. The essential element of bluff in a poker game depends upon the other man's reading of your character rather than upon your reading of his.

*Illustrated by* R. V. CULTER

*"I'm taking you right home," I said. "I'm never going home," she asserted*

It is well to know that your opponent is cautious or reckless, timorous or brave. But it is better for him to know—rather, to think he knows—that you are something other than your real self. If he believes you to be cautious at heart, then the boisterous manner in which you raise his bet will decide him that you are not bluffing, but are pretending to bluff, and thus you will steal a pot. Involved? Well, poker is no game for simpletons, nor, for that matter, is life a game to be played successfully by fools.

"I'm no hired murderer, Calhoun," I said. "If you think that I'm so afraid of you or anyone else that I'll make any kind of a promise to save my own skin, then you've read me all wrong, my friend. But just get this firmly in your head: whoever bumps into me again is going to meet a quick finish. That goes for you or Runyon or anyone else."

He had ceased smiling, and there was no expression in his eyes to indicate that my bluff had won. But I knew instantly that he was deceived. If he had spread his thoughts out on the table before me, I could have read them no more clearly than I did now. I was a gambler who clung to the remnants of my gentility. I would fight, as I had proved last night to Runyon. But I was not the type to admit frankly that I would murder a man. I would declare that I was no assassin even as I promised to perform the assassination required of me. I had told him that I would kill Runyon if Runyon attempted me harm. Calhoun construed that to mean, as I wanted him to construe it, that I would seek Runyon out to kill him.

HAD I instantly agreed to do what Calhoun wanted, and phrased it without threat toward Calhoun, the man behind the desk would have known me for the liar that I was. But because I clung to principles of outward honor, he was constrained to believe that I lacked all inner honor.

"Is that all you have to say to me, Gorham?" he asked.

"I think it's enough," I replied.

He nodded. "I think so too. Well, I've shown you the way out of your difficulties."

"And I've told you what I think of that way," I retorted.

"Which seems to end the conference, doesn't it?" he said.

"Except for one last word from me," I told him.

"Which is?" He waited for my reply.

"Just a repetition of what I've just told you: what goes for Runyon goes for you."

That was my final word, and he merely nodded gravely in acknowledgment of it. Unmolested I walked from his house. He was certain that I would do the thing he wanted done. If ever I was glad of my profession, I was glad of it now, for it had enabled me to bluff the canniest man I ever met. Surrender in words to his proposal would have aroused his distrust; whereas my indignant dismissal convinced him that I would do his bidding.

Halfway down the block I encountered Morgan. He greeted me almost incoherently.

"Just about ready to bash in the front door and pull you out. What happened?" he cried.

"I refused to murder Runyon, but agreed to kill him," I laughed.

"I can do cross-word puzzles when I'm all alone with a dictionary," he said, "but when I'm excited I'm no good at anything like that. Put it plain for me."

As we walked toward Fifth Avenue I told him in minute detail my conversation with Calhoun.

"I believe him," exclaimed Morgan when I finished.

"Believe what?" I asked.

"He hasn't anything against you. Getting a slice of Candace's money by having Runyon marry his daughter isn't a racket that would interest Calhoun. With Runyon out of the way, Calhoun would have no interest in you. He wants Runyon killed."

"Now that's what I call deduction," I cried. "You're (*Continued on page 48*)

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*He risks being scared by a pin drop or buried by a stampede*

## *It makes our football games and prize fights; but it almost unmakes our championship golf matches*

# *By* GRANTLAND RICE

*Illustrated by* BURRIS JENKINS, Jr.

IN THE last period of the last Yale-Princeton football game a Yale drive had been stopped and it was fourth down with 12 yards to go near the middle of the field.

Some 30,000 Princeton supporters were in the midst of a vocal cataclysm when Hoban, the Yale quarter, dropped back, cut across and then pegged a long diagonal forward in the direction of the flying Fishwick. As the ball rose in air there was a moment's hush and then a still wilder vocal outburst from more than 40,000 Blue camp followers as Fishwick took the ball with a whirl and raced 25 or 30 yards across the line.

The battle howls during the game were deafening. But when, later on, I spoke about the noise to some of the players I found that they had no recollection whatsoever of any such deep-throated thunder on the left and right.

A few months before that game I saw Tommy Armour come to the tenth tee at Oakmont in the open golf championship of the United States. Armour, with only 9 holes left in the long 72-hole grind, had caught Harry Cooper, the leader, and so had a great chance to win. There must have been more than 3,000 spectators and the silence was in the nature of a boding hush.

Just as Armour started his back swing one of the spectators, evidently an ardent lady camera fanatic, started her motion-picture mechanism with a click, less than three feet away. The startled golfer lurched, half lifted his head, and planted a wild hook into a deep bunker far off the line. The incident cost him the loss of two strokes, and only a dramatic finish gave him a chance to tie Cooper and later win the play-off.

The football players in action hadn't heard the verbal cannonade of 75,000 spectators, but to a golfer at the top of his swing a camera click had sounded like an explosion of dynamite.

Crowds in the last few years have become almost as interesting as the competitions they surround.

Take the Tunney-Dempsey meetings at Philadelphia and Chicago. The crowds at those two fights (totaling something like 250,000 spectators, who had paid in about $4,500,000) came nearer representing every form, variety and degree of American life than any other two crowds in our history. They consisted of governors, senators, millionaires, society queens, leading bankers and lawyers and doctors, gunmen, yeggmen, tramps, stevedores, newsboys, college professors, young girls, old women, farmers, gamblers—everybody, anybody.

There was, of course, tremendous excitement around the ring when Dempsey bowled Tunney over. And of the crag climbers (some 900 feet away), about half were certain that Tunney was clear-eyed and alert after 6 had been checked off, and the other half were just as vehement in their declaration that he was still dazed and bewildered.

### The Worst Hazard of All

THE wildest crowd I ever saw at any sporting contest trooped in at the Polo Grounds in 1923 when Dempsey and Firpo met. Here was the ultimate in the way of an emotional frenzy. Women's hats and portions of their dresses were torn away. Benches and seats were overturned. Wild-eyed men and women were clutching at those in front of them, attempting to drag the human stymies out of range.

One bulky citizen had a stroke of epilepsy. As he rolled off the bench three spectators jumped on top of his fallen body to get a better view. About 70 per cent of those holding the first 40 rows saw nothing at all but the backs of other spectators.

The most emotional crowd I ever saw at a ball game packed the park at Washington when Walter Johnson stepped out in the ninth inning of the final contest to roll back the New York Giants. Fully 40,000 spectators, park capacity, rose up with the wildest of all wild roars as Johnson started for the box and for the next 30 minutes this unbroken salvo of triumphant and hysterical sound rolled upon its way.

This Washington cheering, with Johnson mowing down the Giants, had a depth and tone I have never heard before in any massed gathering, lifted to ecstatic heights.

Of all crowds a golf gallery can do the greatest damage to the contestant. I was following a big match in an amateur championship with Clark Griffith, the old-time pitching star and manager. He commented upon the silence imposed upon the galleries.

"It would be far better for the players' nerves," he said, "if they let everybody talk and laugh in a natural way. This unnatural stillness adds to the tenseness which the player must feel. It would take part of the strain from his nerves to let the crowd express itself with greater freedom." And there is something in this.

Woe to the golfer in an open championship who is just in front of or just behind a leading star. I have seen these miserable wretches knocked down and swept into bunkers. I saw one who, when the crowd finally passed on, found his ball buried two inches underground by trampling feet.

When Jess Sweetser played Max Marston in the final at Flossmoor he was knocked flat and came near being badly trampled before he was finally rescued.

It was largely this matter of golf crowds, with the attendant excitement and rush, that caused Joyce Wethered, the greatest woman golf player of all time, to give up the championship side of the game. She hasn't appeared in a British title hunt for several years, although still considered invincible.

### "Thumbs Down" for the Loser

"DON'T cheer the errors," is a slogan at every tennis championship, but big Bill Tilden hasn't used all his glares at tennis in umpiring.

There are thousands upon thousands who attend certain big competitions to see and be part of the assembled multitude. Rickard knows. He knows there is no space limit for seating capacity, provided the seat is in the same state.

There is a big streak of cruelty in any crowd. When some fighter is being battered to the floor there is an exultant whoop from 90 per cent of those present. Once I heard a Pittsburgh crowd boo Hans Wagner for striking out twice against the Giants. And the old battle howl "Take him out!" still rings across the diamond's green.

Fighters, ball players and football players, in the excitement of fast action, are bothered less by vocal demonstrations than golfers and tennis players, and regatta fans are among the fairest. But handling a golf gallery at a big championship is still the leading problem.

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# Ancestors while you Wait

*Even reasonable wives get occasional notions but Louisa Watson wasn't reasonable*

"THERE'S no use in arguing with Louisa when she wants a thing," gloomily confided Mr. Jeremy Watson to his friend John Peter, sitting in the Ritz bar after a hard day of Paris. "She's bound to buy those darned ancestors. What the devil can I do?"

John Peter, thinking of Fanny, his reasonable wife, and her occasional notions, balanced his massive body on a small chair and tasted the first drop of the first drink he had had that day. It was good.

"Do? Nothing," he said. His observant gray eye under the busy brow took in the shifting groups of his compatriots crowding the little room, to return to the lank figure by his side. Jeremy's hand trembled slightly. Jeremy had been doing Paris, and Paris had been undoing Jeremy. And Jeremy felt rather low and mean this afternoon, which was natural enough considering the time he had got to bed.

"It isn't that I mind the price," his friend resumed in a distinctly peevish voice. "But, hang it all, why must we have our walls spoiled by a lot of moldy old pictures? Why, listen, J. P., she wants a whole ready-made family beginning somewhere around the Crusades. She's crazy. Here, you—waiter—two more of these—"

"Women get funny ideas," murmured J. P. His rich color was a trifle richer as he started on his second drink. He thought of the new Watson mansion sprouting in fancy towers from Long Island soil. Ancestors—eh? He was sorry for poor old Jeremy.

"I'M a simple man," stated Jerry, lifting his glass. "You and I, J. P., have earned every penny we've got. No ancestor ever helped *me* to get where I am. Louisa's grandfather," he bitterly pursued, "was a grocer in a small way. And, anyway"—Mr. Watson's expression hardened—"I didn't come over here to acquire an art gallery. I came over here for business.

"Say, J. P." His voice grew brisker. "You don't happen to know of anyone, do you, who could handle my telephones? I want a manager for the Paris office. Murray's no good. I'm beginning to think I'll have to have a Frenchman. You see, I'm up against the telephone people here. They don't want automatic telephones. I ought to have someone who can argue with 'em in their own language. Now, I figure it out this way—"

The petulant note had vanished, and Jeremy's hands no longer trembled. His resemblance to Lincoln, often jokingly remarked upon by his friends, became more marked as the kindled light of enthusiasm took hold of his lean, bony face.

J. P. nodded from time to time. He sat, his knees spread a little apart, his hands lightly resting upon them, a large florid man with a mane of white hair, listening to his friend's crisp summing up of his affairs. But while his trained mind gathered in and sorted the material on the French telephone situation, his attention strayed, aware, as a running accompaniment to solid matters, of bits of talk at neighboring tables, the loosening of tongues and features, the relaxed gestures of mingled races politely drinking, politely smoking. Mostly Americans. He caught himself wondering why these people didn't get more out of Europe than the exchange, visits to battlefields, shops, bars and cathedrals. He wished *he* could be surer of getting more out of it before altering his life as he planned to do; before taking that ultimate holiday which, unaccountably, he kept postponing.

"I WAS half an hour putting a call through at my hotel today."

Mr. Watson had returned to his grievances. "They'll have to come to the automatic system. If only I had a man I could trust here. Louisa's pestering me to take on that Marcu, that Rumanian she's running around to tea dances with." Watson's bony fingers tapped on the table. "A fellow that dances in the afternoon. Pah!"

"Mark—who?" J. P.'s hand crept thoughtfully to his vest pocket, where he kept the small nail file which was his wife's pet horror.

"He's the one who got Louisa started on all this ancestor business. He would. He's in the antique business."

J. P. was a little tired of hearing about Louisa. Dreamily he seesawed the nail file on what was left of his thumb nail. He was thinking of a sword he had seen the other day in the de Jussac château. He wanted that sword, and he wasn't sure he could get it. And that was a very, very unusual sensation for J. P. He thought of it now with an actual craving. A man his Paris representative, Greenleaf, had introduced him to at Henri's had heard about his collection of weapons, and given him a card to the de Jussacs. It had been an interesting experience motoring out there and meeting a real old French family. Hard up, of course. Well, why wouldn't they sell then? The sword was a beauty—a genuine thirteenth-century one with a relic in the hilt. It was because of the relic, they said, that they wouldn't part with the thing. And he'd been looking for something like it to complete a suit of armor he'd picked up last year. Why, he'd be willing to give them twice what it was worth. Why, that sword—

The hum of voices went on around him. High stringy voices with knots in them. Drawly voices. "My dear, it's a bargain at two thousand. And she's got the loveliest bead—" "I never dreamed he was drunk till we got outside, and then he—" "Yeah, it's pretty good. For two dollars you can get—" Blurred voices and faces and glasses blending in sound and color as his mind wandered secretly, boyishly afield. For there was a picture of a man in armor on a great horse riding in the sunlight, riding in hot lands among the fierce glitter of steel. And the sword was in his hand, and the Cross was before him. Those de Jussacs must have been fine old boys. In those days you went out and fought for what you believed in. It was your business to fight. It was—

"How about another drink, J. P.?" His friend was watching the nail file at play now on his forefinger.

*"Mr. Watson never drinks lemonade in Paris"*

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# *By* MARYSE RUTLEDGE

*Illustrated by* REGINALD BIRCH

"No, thanks." He'd drop in again on the de Jussacs before he sailed. Have another try.

"Here's Louisa. Oh, she's got Marcu with her. Mr. Watson unfolded his tall, bony self, the kindly wrinkles of his face deepening as he smiled and beckoned to the plump little woman in the doorway. She waved back, but stood a moment longer chattering to her escort, a youngish, glossy man whose too bright protuberant eye roved from table to table.

J. P. slipped the nail file into his pocket, his look hard and keen upon the couple. No harm in letting the women have their little fling in Paris. But it depended upon how far they flung and with whom. This would be an expensive little fling for Jeremy, he decided, as he watched the Rumanian gentleman's suave progress toward their table. Smooth as oil. A smooth mixer who managed to convey by well-placed nods and smiles that he knew everyone worth while in the room.

"Well, Monsieur Watson, how are you today?" His dark mustache and teeth were practiced in smiling.

"All right, I guess," was Watson's unenthusiastic reply. "Meet my friend, Mr. Peter. He owns one of the biggest tool factories in the States—what'll you have?"

Marcu's bow included J. P. among those it were best to remember.

"Such a lovely afternoon." Mrs. Watson was lively in her new coat with its dash of Russian embroidery.

"A champagne cocktail, please, Jerry. Another lemonade, Mr. Marcu? I suppose it's because you live here. Mr. Watson never drinks lemonade in Paris."

"Are you over here for long, Monsieur Peter?"

Marcu's smooth glance took in the relaxed bulk, the florid face set off by the white hair, the loose, squarish suit and black tie of the owner of one of the biggest tool factories in the States. And he grew, if possible, a shade more effusive.

"Sailing next Saturday. No, thanks." J. P. curtly refused the proffered silver case with its array of slender gold-tipped cigarettes. His eye turned a bleak and forbidding gray, and his thick brows drew together as he glowered at Marcu's long pointed nails. Varnish on 'em. Manicures. He half rose, reaching for his large black felt hat.

"Now, Mr. Peter, you can't go yet. I want to show you something."

She was unrolling a photograph which she held up for inspection. "Mr. Marcu says there's a striking resemblance." Archly she challenged the three men who stared at her in silence: "What do you think?"

Her husband said what he thought. And he said it with a nasty look at Marcu.

"There is something—ah, yes, indeed there is," cried Marcu. He sketched that something in the air with the tip of his nail. "Do you not see, sir? The shape of the head—the nose. It is a very, very perfect example of the school of Clouet."

SOMEWHERE and recently J. P. had seen the original portrait. Now, where? His gaze was bent upon the photograph, while Mrs. Watson, her voice a trifle shrill, argued with her husband. Where? Not easy to forget the austere purity of that small head rising from the ruff. Strength and will in the molding of the chin, the proud curve of those lips. Hardly an accommodating lady. Well, ladies hadn't changed so much since the sixteenth century. Fanny had had that same look when she wanted her parlor done over by an interior decorator. The parlor was done over.

"It don't look a bit like you, Louisa," Mr. Watson was flatly insisting, "any more than that fellow with a bird tied to his wrist you bought the other day looks like me. But, then, why should they look like us? Why should they?"

J. P. reached for his file. He was thinking that Marcu, in spite of his objectionable nails, was a good salesman. There was little J. P. didn't know about salesmanship after those early years on the road, selling scissors to women. Yes, the fellow understood his job—catering to the vanity, the silly pretentiousness of Louisa Watson. J. P. had no patience with Louisa Watson. But —well, now, in the matter of that sword, mightn't this Marcu be of some use?

With a sudden heave forward of his big shoulders, he asked, "Ever come across any old weapons, Mr. Marcu? I do a little collecting myself. Maybe—"

"Say, he's got one of the finest collection of weapons in the States," Jeremy eagerly interrupted.

MARCU'S dark, glossy eyes grew brighter in service. Weapons? But yes—yes, indeed, he dealt in everything.

J. P. believed him. His lip was savage as he scowled at the polished nails, the fleshy fingers holding the lemonade glass. A seal ring with a crest. Ugh!

"I shall be delighted to assist you in any way," said Mr. Marcu, smiling, all dark and foreign. "I think I can show you interesting things. I have the entrée," he said, looking toward Mrs. Watson, "of many exclusive houses where I can pick up truly rare objects not in the market."

"Is that so?" J. P. drawled. He balanced the little file on the end of his forefinger, regarding it thoughtfully. That photograph bothered him. It was associated in his mind with the dark wainscoting of a large room, the dusk of ancient things, the dimmed gold of old frames. "Where's the original of this?" He pointed abruptly to where it lay face up on the table.

Marcu touched his small, dark mustache before answering. "I am not at liberty to tell you, Monsieur Peter," he said at last with every appearance of pleasing frankness. "You will understand"—he appealed to Mrs. Watson—"my friends who must sell—they do not wish it known. It is most difficult for them. They are so proud." His gesture subtly apologized for being a privileged person in contact with such pride, partaking of it.

"What I want to know is this," Jeremy loudly broke in, planting his wiry elbows on the table. "How many of these expensive strangers are you proposing to hang on my wife's tree? Far as I can make out, you're taking one from one place and another from another place. They don't even match. Why can't you," he bitterly added, "sell us a whole bunch of them at once?"

Marcu was expansive. Few of the old families he knew were prepared, he said, to part with their complete collection of noble relations. It was just this that made his own task so very difficult: selecting from their private galleries such portraits as they would consent to sell, and linking them into a new-old chain whose authority could not be disputed.

"I wish you (*Continued on page 34*)

*Marcu's bow included J. P. among those it were best to remember*

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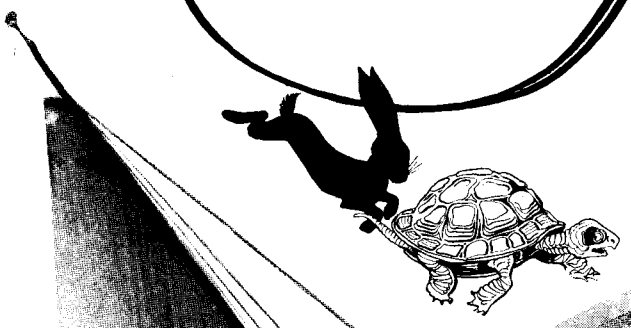
# Here they Come—



*It's the wind-resisting ears and tail that are holding back Bounding Benny (right); the other fellow's stripped down for racing*

*Wide World*

*Right: Well, it's a fine day for it—and a brisk wind too. Most of the regattas we ever watched died before the cheering could start*

*Wide World*

*Below: She's all right so long as the pilot (whose mind is disgustingly on his work) doesn't slam on the brakes suddenly*

*Wide World*

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# there they Go!

*Which of these pictures will please you most depends upon which kind of hurrying thrills you*

*Above: Just another one off for Paris or somewhere—you know how crowded the sky is these days!*

*Left: Here's hoping the jockey on yours is not, as Ring Lardner put it, just going along for the ride*

*Kadel & Herbert*

*Above: The greatest of them all—Charley Paddock with his sprintin' face on, out for another killing*

*Wide World*

*International*

*Wide World*

*Above: Frank Lockhart, noted racing driver and record buster, in a hurry to get somewhere. So's he can come back again in just a bit less time*

*U. & U.*

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# Free, White and Female

*The Story Thus Far:* MR. TIMOLEON BUNDY and his four sons (two pairs of twins) come up against a difficult problem when the daughter of the family announces that she is going off to the big city to live her own life.

The Blades, enemies of long standing, live near the Bundys.

The Bundys go into real estate in order to add to the family fortune and the Blades determine to ruin their game.

In the meantime Martha is seeing life in New York. She sees a great deal of Mortimer Blade and Richard Lame, who mysteriously resembles Mortimer.

She gets mixed up in the murder of a movie magnate when she goes with Mortimer to the man's apartment. Her father covers the episode wonderingly.

Then Martha starts living a life of fear. Richard Lame, who loves her, realizes that Mortimer is bent on doing harm to Martha.

Mortimer and Richard are brothers. Their mother and father are separated and Richard was living with his mother in France.

Martha discovers a plot against Richard on the part of Mortimer and his father. She warns Richard.

THE passage of weeks saw the Colburn mystery relegated to the backwaters of New York's consciousness; it was discussed sometimes to an accompaniment of raised eyebrows and innuendo; once in a while, on a dull day for news, it was brought again into the open for an hour: even yet the police were on the eve of making an arrest, but the arrest never came. Gradually Martha Bundy's panic gave place to a feeling which can only be described as one of dubious security. Then, for a day, Jerry Breen's problems submerged her own.

Jerry came in one morning—the hour was between two and three—to throw herself into a chair and sit motionless, stony-faced, staring at the floor. Martha, awakened by the light, raised herself on her elbow and peered at her roommate.

"Sick?" she asked.

"No," said Jerry, "just busted."

"Has anything happened?"

Jerry shrugged her shoulders. "I'm going to be married," she said.

"Married! What are you talking about?"

"I'm going," repeated Jerry, "to be married.

"But Banks Prouty—is he getting a divorce?"

"It's not Banks," said Jerry.

"But I thought—"

"You thought," said Jerry, "I was crazy about Banks. I've been in love with him for years, if that's what you mean."

"And he with you," said Martha.

"I read in a book," Jerry said with something like a return to her old manner, "that love and marriage have nothing to do with each other. At first I didn't believe it."

"But who, then? And, for goodness' sake, why?"

"You wouldn't know him." Jerry pondered the subject briefly. "He's close to fifty. I like him. I don't know but I admire him. . . . He's a regular person and a straight-shooter. He's wanted me to marry him for months."

"Well," said Martha, "you don't have to."

"It looks," said Jerry, "as if I did." She paused again. "He'll do things for me. Yes, you get the idea vaguely—he's got it. Lots of it. He'll do anything I want him to do—and not just for me alone."

"For whom, then?"

"My family," said Jerry.

"Surely," Martha said fiercely, "you wouldn't ruin your life just for your family!"

JERRY regarded her gravely. "I've got to come to some decision about my life," she said. "I can't go on this way. There has to come an end some time. . . . And Banks Prouty isn't an end—no matter how much I love him. I've got to decide what's best for myself and—them."

"For yourself," said Martha.

"And them," said Jerry, "they're so—so blasted helpless!"

"It's not your responsibility. No family, nobody, has a right to ask you to spoil your life for them."

"He promises," said Jerry, "to send my brother to a good school and to make Mother an allowance. . . . I've never been able to do much for them—just send them a little money once in a while."

"Why should you?"

"I don't know," Jerry said wearily. "But now I can do something for them—and so there's nothing else *to* do. It's one of those things."

"But—you don't love him, and he's an old man. You'd better think it over. What if you marry this man and then someone comes along who is the right age, and everything, and you want him? That'll be terrible. . . . And what about Banks?"

"THE best there is in it for me is seeing him a couple of times a week—and who can tell for how long? Oh, I suppose I might break up his family if I set my mind to it, but that isn't my line. . . . And what would I do with some boy? After a girl plays around with men the way I always have, she can't endure cake eaters. I'd look pretty tied up to some juvenile, wouldn't I. No, I've promised, and I'll stick to it."

"What about Banks?"

"That's over. I tell you I gave my word. My love doesn't belong to me any more. Before I promised I had the right to do with it as I wanted, but not now. It wouldn't be on the level. . . . And—this man I'm going to marry—he has always been on the level with me."

"And you're doing this—throwing away your chance of happiness and ruining your life—just for your family!"

"Oh, not altogether. I'll be safe myself. I get that out of it. And he's a good sort. . . . But—but I'll be so—so *lonesome*."

"Lonesome?"

"He's taking me away. . . . For days I haven't been able to see a train without caving in."

"You have no right to do it! You've no right to sacrifice yourself."

"There's a chance a good school will make a man of my brother. . . . And Mother—will be on Easy Street. I won't have to worry about them any more. . . . It'll be all right. I'll get used to being away off there—and it won't be so bad. Not so bad as if he wasn't the sort of a man you can respect."

"Well," Martha said, "all I've got to say is that you're an idiot."

"No; I'm doing what's best. I know. I've thought enough about it. . . . And a family's a family. You can't get away from that."

"*I* can," said Martha.

"Your family," said Jerry, "don't need you."

"And I," said Martha, "don't need them."

"So," said Jerry, "you don't know a darn thing about it. Go to sleep."

The subject was not mentioned by

*"If I do not pay you money you will tell some story to the police?"*

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# *By* CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

either girl in the morning. After breakfast Jerry went out to keep a morning's engagement as model in some studio, and Martha, having taken a fresh resolution to put their business on its feet, sat making plans, when the telephone rang. The voice which replied to her hello was strange and seemed somehow foreign, though there was no accent to mark a nationality.

"Is this Miss Bundy?"

"Yes. Who is speaking?"

"I am Mister Tajima. I am in this hotel to ask an interview on a matter of business."

"I do not know you. What is your business? Are you an artist?"

*"That," he said, "is an eventuality to be expected"*

*Illustrated by* T. D. SKIDMORE

"It is a personal business," said the voice, "and I hope you can grant me a few moments of your time. I promise you it is of utmost urgency."

"Very well," said Martha. "I will come down in ten minutes."

"Thank you," said the voice.

Martha finished her dressing, pulled her little hat tightly upon her head, and descended to the office. A small man, foppishly dressed, stood by the desk, and as he turned she saw that he was Japanese. He advanced smiling so that his white teeth glittered.

"Am I speaking with Miss Bundy?" he asked.

"I am Miss Bundy."

"I am Mister Tajima. Perhaps you do not see me before, but I have seen you, and that is my business today. I think there is a room there where two persons can discuss delicate business matters."

Martha followed the man with growing apprehensions. Who was he? What did he want with her? . . . Why should she feel alarm in his presence? What was his business?

He waited with a manner of some grandeur for her to be seated and then himself took a chair facing her, hitching it forward until his knees almost touched hers.

"I worked for a man you have dinner with," he said amiably, "the night he became deceased."

MARTHA sat very still. The Japanese seemed suddenly to increase in size, to grow, to expand like some wicked jinni out of a bottle, until he filled the whole apartment. Then he shrank again to normal proportions, and she found herself looking into his face with its fawning, ingratiating smile. She could not speak at first. The shock of his announcement stopped the machinery of her mind so that reason did not function for a matter of instants. After that she remained silent of set purpose, for her subconscious defensive mechanism sprang to her rescue. She sat and stared at him, fighting to collect herself, to keep a grip upon herself, to form some plan of battle before it was too late.

"About whom," she asked presently, "are you talking?"

"I think you ask a question that is evasive," said Mr. Tajima. "Let us at this very beginning admit that we both know who this gentleman was." He accented the past tense of the gentleman. "There is a table set by me for four persons, two of the female and two of the male sex. I have most especially particular orders that it shall be a dinner of first-class delicacy, and I am regretful my preparations were never tasted."

"I think you have made a mistake, Mr. ——" Martha hesitated. "My name is Bundy."

"Precisely, and I assure you it was a very hard name to find and a very hard name to fit to the face of a young lady that was stamped upon my memory indelibly. For I saw that face but an instant in passing and without any suspicion whatever. But I have hunted and searched for that face, and then I have attached to it the name, and so I come to discuss business affairs with you."

"You have the wrong person," said Martha.

"I must beg the lady's pardon for contradiction. I come with kindly thoughts. No person knows that I see your face that night but myself. But many persons of official character would be pleased to know. However, I am under no obligations to official personages, and therefore I pay this early visit to yourself. . . . But if you deny you are the young lady in question I am helpless, am I not? If the young lady does not wish to be aided and helped I can only go to official sources and disclose what young lady I see coming out of my master's house on the night of his decease."

"What," demanded Martha, "do you want?"

"I educate myself," said Mr. Tajima, "and education comes very expensively. I am a believer in reciprocating. Namely, I propose to be of service to you, and you, in your turn, can be of great financial service to me."

"You mean," Martha asked, "you want me to pay you money?"

He nodded. "I am very greatly in need of currency."

"And if I do not give you money you will tell some story to the police?"

"That," he said, "is an eventuality to be expected."

"How much money?"

"A reasonable sum. I have in my mind the amount of $25,000."

Martha laughed. Even as she did so she was astonished that such a thing was possible. "I haven't $50 in the world," she said.

"I will take the fifty on account," said Mr. Tajima, "and as an indication of your good intention. Then the remainder with all possible speed at your convenience."

"The very mention of such a sum is idiotic," she said with some spirit.

"Not for a young lady whose name is Bundy," said Mr. Tajima. "I have scrutinized the situation, and the family to which you belong is one of wealth and position and eminence. I feel assured they would let no such negligible sum bring a misfortune upon the daughter of the house. In short, you have only to ask your parent for this money and it will be forthcoming."

Martha's chin set firmly; she arose quickly to her feet and stood over the smaller bulk of the Japanese. "I will ask my family for nothing—nothing, do you understand. You may go to the police or anybody else with your story. I will never ask my father for a penny —no matter what happens. . . . And the quicker you do it the better." She stamped her foot. "It will be a relief —a relief to have this awful waiting over with."

Mr. Tajima blinked upward at her and smiled his ingratiating smile. "It is the sudden surprise that has made you unreasonable," he said. "I go now, leaving you to reflect, but I shall come back in the hope that your attitude will have been swayed by mature judgment. And so I bid you good morning."

HE BOWED from the waist, turned on his heel and walked mincingly from the hotel. Martha found herself facing the door of the elevator without being conscious that she had approached it. She stepped into the car and ascended to her room, where she closed the door after her and locked it. She could not have told why she locked it. Then she stood, perhaps for ten long minutes, cold as ice, sick with dread, yet fighting for self-control and for courage to face the debacle which impended. Suddenly she walked across the room to the telephone and asked for a number. The response came presently. "Mr. Blade's apartment, please," she said. She could hear the whir of the telephone bell, and then (*Continued on page 46*)

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# Heights of Danger

*Lieutenant Williams takes up brand-new airplanes for safety tests. Every flight is a first flight and anything can happen*

*By* LIEUT. ALFORD J. WILLIAMS

U. & U.

*Lieut. Williams, U. S. N., out for tests, stunts or records*

THE little triplane was flying beautifully. The air-speed indicator on my dashboard showed better than 180 miles an hour—faster than I had ever flown before — certainly fast enough to win the race. So this was the cantankerous "Texas Wildcat," the air devil that nobody dared to fly!

I gave the throttle a shove. And right then things began to happen. First the plane "hunted," its nose rising and falling jerkily, which I accentuated by trying to control and still retain speed. Then the nose dived obliquely before I quite knew what it was all about. In a split second the plane was headed downward at full speed.

Yet I had not depressed the stick!

With all my strength I yanked back the stick to bring the nose back into flying position. I might as well have tried to stop a locomotive with a rein tug. A motor-driven meteor, the Texas Wildcat was bent upon smashing itself to bits on some elegant Long Island scenery. By the time this fact had penetrated my consciousness the plane had chewed up so much altitude that I was barely a few hundred feet from the ground.

The controls were useless; that much was certain. Brute strength couldn't lift the plane out of that sweeping curve. Still, reconciled though I was to the inevitable, I saw no reason for self-pulverization. So I cut the gun and waited for the smash.

Well, the moment the power was released the nose came up as nicely as you please—just in time to escape a bed in a woody copse. It was as if it had decided, quite of its own volition, to behave like a normal plane after all. I steadied the ship at low speed, then climbed high, and repeated the experiment, analyzing the effect. The Texas Wildcat repeated itself with even more startling effectiveness.

By that time I had had enough. I brought the ship down to earth so quickly that everybody at Curtiss Field thought we were due for a crack-up. So far as I was concerned, the Texas Wildcat, as a racing plane, was untamable.

Yet there was nothing mysterious about what happened to the triplane. It was just a case of "bugs." There are always bugs in a new ship. They are, as you might guess, structural bacilli in a plane. Perhaps it would be better to call them unseen defects or maladjustments. At any rate, they are unanticipated gaps between the engineer's blue prints and the constructed plane.

*Lady Luck was with him when this little 1,250 H. P. plane hit the sea*

Wide World

Aëronautical engineering has been so perfected that the gamble in testing a new plane has been largely eliminated; but bugs still exist in new planes. The ship may look perfect enough on the ground. But up in the air it is not infrequently another story. The little bacilli, which have been lurking out of sight, may hold a little carnival of their own. There is only one way to find them—in flight. It has to be done, even at the cost of pilots' graying hair, in order that the defects may be corrected in subsequent ships of that design.

"Bug hunting," some pilots call this business, and it is probably one of the most exciting microbe hunts in the world.

The bug in the Texas Wildcat was one of the most ferocious I ever encountered. The plane had a bad reputation before I took it up. It had almost killed its pilot on the first hop. Nobody was really certain what had happened. It went into a steep dive and in some charmed way the pilot got it out. It was a new ship, built to break the speed records of its day (this was in 1922), and it was believed to be the fastest in the world.

Rumors that it was jinxed sped quickly among speed pilots, and none of them would touch it with a ten-foot pole. They said it was full of bugs, uncontrollable. That's how it got its name.

At that time I was eager to win the Pulitzer races in Detroit. The plane assigned to me for the race was too slow, and I was frantic over my own inability to rebuild it in time for the race. Somebody suggested the Texas Wildcat. I was little better than a green racing pilot in those days, and took up the suggestion.

Rather cockily, I confess, I went to the hangar where the triplane lay, unhonored and unwanted.

"Where's the Wildcat?" I demanded. "I'd like to fly it." They tried to dissuade me. I was insistent. So they gassed up the old crate and rolled it out.

The Wildcat took off easily enough. At 2,000 feet I leveled off and fooled around with the controls. It was disarmingly well-behaved. Surely, I thought, all the talk of the Wildcat being a Jonah was applesauce. So I began to feed it gas.

The needle on the air-speed indicator swung from 100 to 160 miles an hour. In those days the world's speed record was about 175 miles an hour. A little more fuel, and the needle moved tremblingly to 180 and marched on.

## The Wildcat Resents the Whip

HERE, I realized, was the ship that would beat them all. "Show your stuff, Wildcat!" I shoved the throttle to maximum. Right then was when I got into trouble.

Technically speaking, it was a minor bug. The fuselage had been built too short to preserve proper balance between the tail and wings when the motor was "revved up" to top speed. At three-quarters throttle the plane flew splendidly; beyond that it simply dived, and nothing human could bring it out—nothing save reducing speed, as I discovered.

Racing pilots get all sorts of bugs in new, untested planes. Usually they are not of the virulent variety: merely little gadgets that must be adjusted here and there before they are willing to concede the (*Continued on page 52*)

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## Why *changed* motoring conditions demand a new margin of safety

# Hundreds of pounds lighter—but faster than ever

### New work for lubrication

The weight of the average automobile today is hundreds of pounds less than five years ago.

But—the burden thus taken off your engine is more than replaced by the increased speed at which the lighter car travels.

And engineers will tell you that it requires three times as much power to pull your car along at 40 miles an hour as at 20 miles an hour.

Today's engines are made to operate at higher compressions, higher temperatures and at higher engine speeds. To protect such engines you must have an engineering margin of safety in your lubricating oil.

Gargoyle Mobiloil will *give* you that margin of safety. It is the world's quality oil.

* * *

We have steadily improved Mobiloil to meet changing motoring conditions.

Our Board of Engineers is constantly in touch with automobile manufacturers in determining the correct grade of Mobiloil for each make and model of car.

This Mobiloil engineering practice is extended to the whole automotive field. It ends all guesswork—*makes sure* of scientific lubricating. That is why Col. Lindbergh used Mobiloil in his New York-to-Paris flight and on all his flights since—a total of 35,000 miles of flying. In the list of great feats in aviation, no oil stands out like Mobiloil.

Mobiloil went with Commander Byrd to the North Pole, with the U. S. Army Fliers around the world, and with the U. S. Army Fliers on the first successful flight to Hawaii.

On the motor highways today, three out of every four motorists who buy their oil by name ask for Mobiloil. And Mobiloil is by long odds the most popular oil among automotive engineers.

When you buy the correct grade of Mobiloil you will protect your engine with the greatest possible margin of safety that engineering experience can devise.

**YOUR guide**—If your car is not listed here, see the complete Mobiloil Chart at your dealer's, and remember that . . .

**182 automobile and motor truck manufacturers approve it!**

The correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below. Follow winter recommendations in temperatures from 32° F. (freezing) to 0 F. (zero). Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford cars Model T, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

| NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS | 1927 | | 1926 | | 1925 | | 1924 | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Summer | Winter | Summer | Winter | Summer | Winter | Summer | Winter |
| Buick | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. |
| Cadillac | BB | Arc. | BB | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. |
| Chandler Sp. 6 | A | A | .... | .... | .... | .... | .... | .... |
| " *other mods.* | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. |
| Chevrolet | Arc. | Arc. | Arc. | Arc. | Arc. | Arc. | Arc. | Arc. |
| Chrysler 60, 70, 80 | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| " *other mods.* | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | .... | .... |
| Dodge Bros. 4-cyl. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. |
| Essex | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. |
| Ford | E | E | E | E | E | E | E | E |
| Franklin | BB | BB | BB | BB | BB | BB | BB | BB |
| Hudson | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. |
| Hupmobile | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. |
| Jewett | .... | .... | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. |
| Maxwell | .... | .... | .... | .... | A | Arc. | A | Arc. |
| Nash | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | Arc. | Arc. |
| Oakland | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. |
| Oldsmobile | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. |
| Overland | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. |
| Packard 6 | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | A |
| " 8 | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. |
| Paige | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | Arc. | Arc. | Arc. | Arc. |
| Reo | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. |
| Star | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | Arc. | Arc. |
| Studebaker | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. |
| Velie | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. |
| Willys-Knight 4 | .... | .... | B | Arc. | B | Arc. | B | Arc. |
| " " 6 | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | .... | .... |

GARGOYLE

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# The Lady forgot to say

*"They're pullin' a swell racket at Olyphant's Park and a certain party I know is there"*

*Illustrated by* R. VAN BUREN

## *By* WALTER DAVENPORT

THERE were times when the war became a nuisance to Sergeant Bracci. On such occasions he was accustomed to saying so and it made no difference who was within earshot.

This was one of those times. Sergeant Bracci had received mail from Pittsburgh, and as usual he was loud and somewhat bitter in his criticism of whoever it was that selected France as a battle ground when Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, afforded so many admirable sites.

Distributing mail to the men in the line was unusual—injurious to morale, they said. Nevertheless mail had come up on the rations wagons, and the chow detail had fetched it in. The 111th Infantry had been in six days, and the German machine guns had punched so many holes in its morale that the effect of one small sack of mail could make little difference.

And it didn't, except to Sergeant Bracci. Two of the letters were for him, and he promptly adjourned the war for ten minutes while he read.

One of them he read twice. When he had finished the second and longer reading he sighed somewhat dismally and rubbed his fingers over his chin, black with three days' whiskers. Unconsciously he buttoned the throat of his shirt and made dumb show of adjusting the necktie which wasn't there. He pulled at his cuffs. He gave his breeches a tidying hitch. Sergeant Bracci's mind had left the conflict flat.

His buddy, Private Poole, who had received no mail, was lying prone behind Baby, Bracci's beloved machine gun. Private Poole was really Baby's nurse, toting her hither and yon at Sergeant Bracci's command and forever seeing to her physical well-being that she might be in first-rate working order whenever the Sergeant—Papa—elected to turn her loose upon the foe. Private Poole had never operated Baby; it would have been as much as his life was worth to do so. In fact, none but the sergeant had the right.

Ignoring Private Poole, the sergeant addressed himself to Baby.

"Baby," said he, "the next war is goin' to be fought not more'n ten miles from Pittsburgh or it ain't goin' to get no help from us."

Baby remained mute. Neither did Private Poole reply. The machine gun's ugly snout was trained toward a bend in a ravine along the bottom of which ran the tracks of an ammunition railroad abandoned a little while back by the retreating Germans, who, as usual, had left harassing troops behind.

At the angle of the bend lay a German machine-gun crew deeply nested in a shell hole. The railroad was narrow gauge, but the ravine was wide and crossing it suicidal. Four of Sergeant Bracci's platoon had tried it. Two of them had crawled back bleeding. Two remained quietly where they fell. A brief hill rising between the sergeant's platoon and the German nest prevented either from direct fire on the other. The platoon was safe enough so long as it did not venture into the ravine.

Early evening was upon the land, and in spite of the almost constant small-arms fire and the sharp stenches of war, it had its influence—particularly upon Sergeant Bracci.

"Pooley," he said, "what day is this?"

"Monday," replied Private Poole. "No, Wednesday,"

"I mean the date."

"Listen, Sergeant," whined Poole. "Whatcha think I am? A calendar or somethin'? I think maybe it's Wednesday, but it might be Sattiday. What's the difference?"

"Nothin'," agreed the sergeant. "Only if this is the 22d they're pullin' a swell racket at Olyphant's Park back home, and a certain party I know is there. That's all."

"Yeah?" said Private Poole. "Well, if Pittsburgh was just over there on the other side of that narrow-gauge and the first place was Olyphant's Park you wouldn't live to get there."

To illustrate, Private Poole took his rifle and crawled to the lip of the gully. Stretching himself, he tapped the nearest rail briskly with the bayonet. The German answer came instantly. From the machine-gun nest a burst of fire flooded the ravine.

"See," said Private Poole. "The Jerries think somebody's tryin' to cross. It's gettin' too dark for them to see good. You couldn't throw a kiss on them tracks but the Jerries down there'd hear it and let go. A snake would have his block knocked off. Who'd you say was pullin' this racket on the 22d?"

"I forgot," said Sergeant Bracci. "Wait a minute."

He fished the letter out of his hip pocket, and as he did a blurt of wind snatched it out of his fingers. It flirted into the air, sailed gayly across the tracks, and fell into a shell hole. They could see it plainly enough lying in the mud. For several minutes Sergeant Bracci expressed opinions of the war, the Germans, the racket of the 22d and other matters. We omit them in the interests of public morals.

"THE way things is goin'," he said, returning to quotable phrases, "this war's liable to last a coupla years yet. There ain't no tellin' how long we'll be here. Cheez! Think of hangin' around a dump like this when there's a place like Pittsburgh on the map."

"This racket on the 22d," said Poole, nodding toward the shell hole across the gully where the bogged letter was still visible in the deepening gloom of evening—"did she say who she was goin' with?"

Bracci seemed suddenly startled.

"What's that?" he demanded.

"I said who's she goin' to that racket with?"

"Cheez, that's right," said the sergeant. "I forgot. I was goin' to read it again, anyhow. When it gets a little darker I'm goin' to get that letter and see. This is a devil of a place for a guy from Pittsburgh to spend an evening. Listen, I seen better wars than this one down in the Strip along the river at home. I ain't seen nothin' yet to change my mind that this is a lousy war if I ever seen one. The trouble with war is—"

Before the sergeant had finished setting forth the war's shortcomings the night had fully bloomed. The deep thick purple of the sky was gaudy with stars. Once in a while the breeze would dip into the shell hole across the tracks and flip the letter, which would come out of obscurity for a second and wave mockingly at Sergeant Bracci.

"Not that I give a hoot who she's goin' to the racket with," said he, "but I'm goin' to get that letter just to satisfy myself. For all we know, Baby, this here might be the 22d. Maybe it's rainin' in Pittsburgh, anyway. It rains pretty hard there—when it rains. Now that I come to think, seems to me it said somethin' about a guy named Rafferty. . . . Let's see."

He crawled forward and tapped the near rail with the bayonet of Poole's rifle. Instantly Jerry replied with a long, searching burst from the machine gun. He waited a few moments and repeated the tapping. Again the ravine was flooded with whining bullets.

Sergeant Bracci crabbed back and for a time lay silently beside Poole. Suddenly he spoke.

"Listen, Pooley, I got a idea. Listen. Not that it ain't O. K. with me, but I'm goin' to get that letter. Listen. You take your rifle. You and Ashbridge there both take your rifles. Both of you crawl to the edge of the tracks there and tap on the rail. See? First you tap a little and then Ashbridge. Every little while. See?"

"And what you goin' to do?" demanded Poole. "Duck bullets?"

"Me?" said Sergeant Bracci. "I'm goin' to see them Jerries about that letter. Cheez. With the war goin' the way it is, a guy can't remember nothin' he reads."

Carefully he laid six Mills bombs in an empty gas-mask bag and slung it over his shoulder.

"Remember what I told you now," he said. "Don't begin yet. Wait about five minutes. See?"

Crouching, Sergeant Bracci departed in the direction of the bend in the ravine, keeping within the shadow of the bushes. Poole (*Continued on page 45*)

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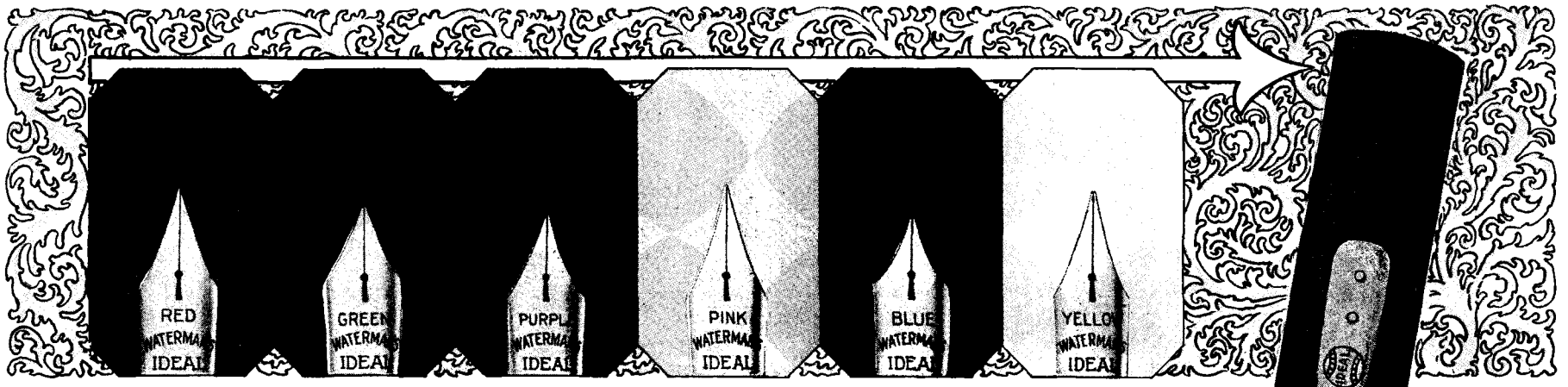


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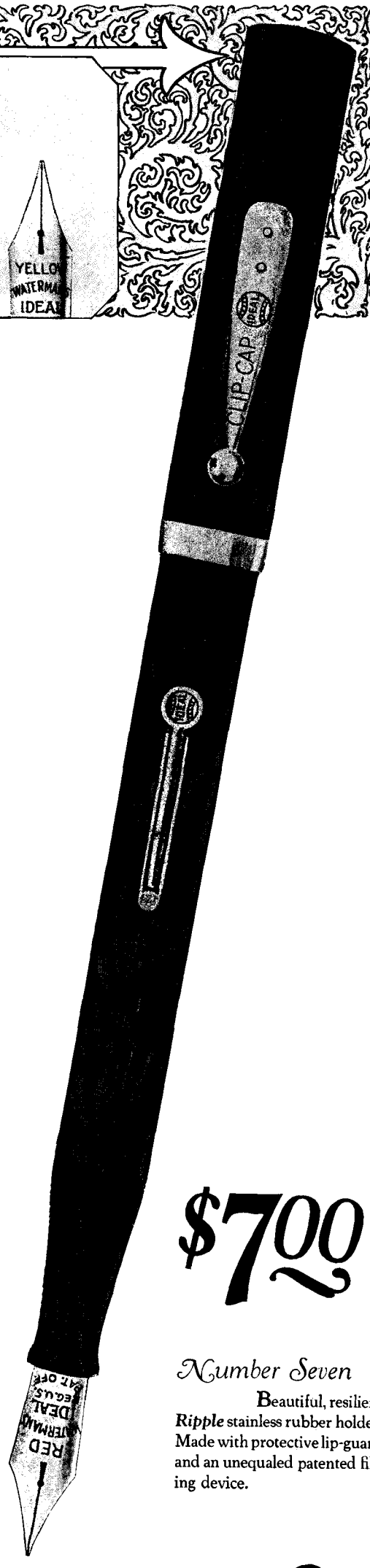


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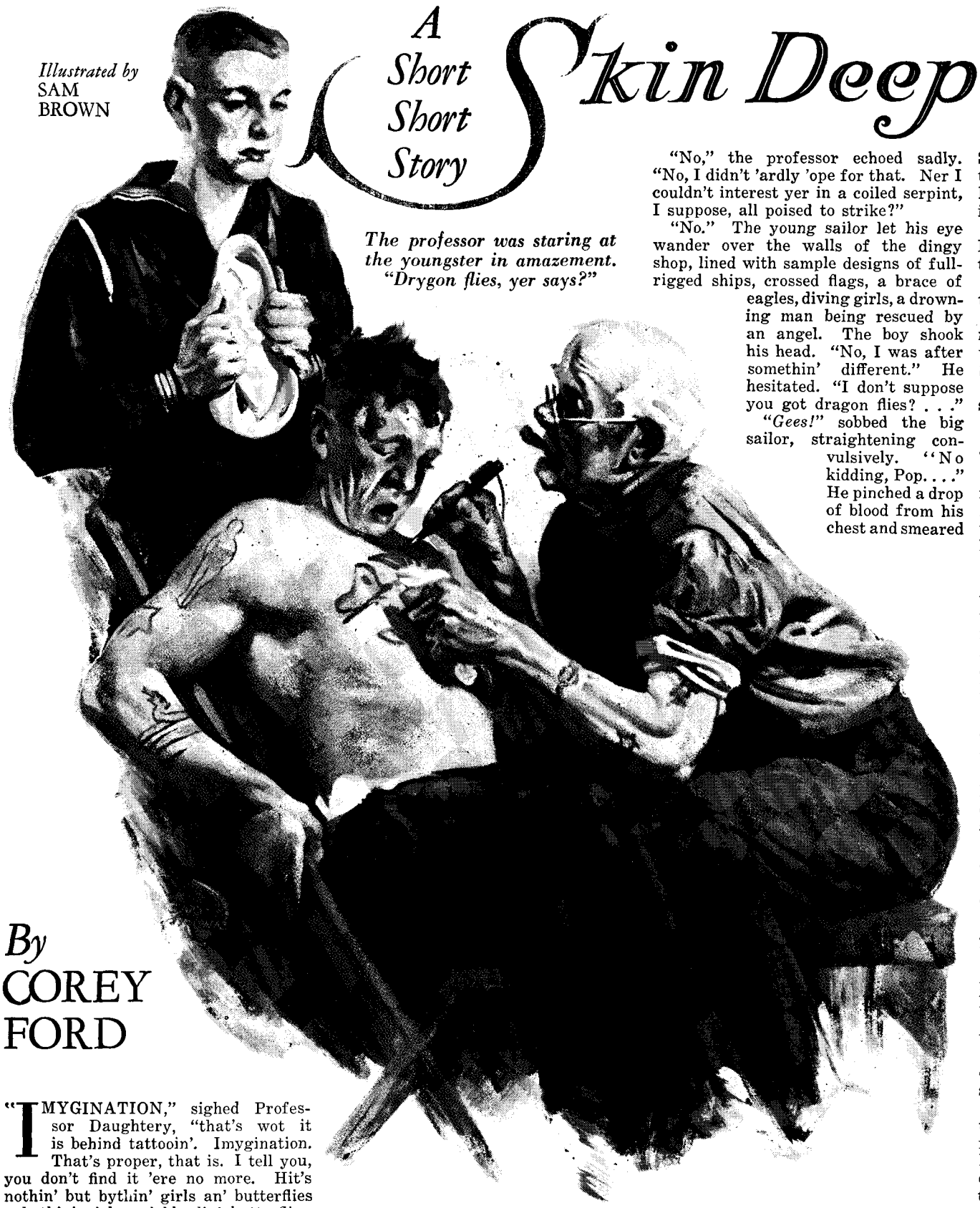
# A Short Short Story

# Skin Deep

*Illustrated by* SAM BROWN



*The professor was staring at the youngster in amazement. "Drygon flies, yer says?"*

*By* COREY FORD

"IMYGINATION," sighed Professor Daughtery, "that's wot it is behind tattooin'. Imygination. That's proper, that is. I tell you, you don't find it 'ere no more. Hit's nothin' but bythin' girls an' butterflies—bythin' girls an' bleedin' butterflies. . . . 'Ere, sit still."

He squinted closer at the blue-patterned chest of the sailor facing him. "'Ow can I work, and you 'eavin' your carcass all over the shop? 'Ow can I?"

"That's right, Pop," grinned the sailor, gripping the sides of the folding chair with heavy hands.

"Well, then. Sit still. 'Ere, let's 'ave your chest, now. Lean this way a mite. . . . No, I say, there ain't no imygination in the game no more. Art? Gorblimy," jabbing the protesting muscles with his needle, "I might be brandin' cattle."

"You tell 'em, Pop," winced the sailor, "only take it a little easy with that needle." His broad chest swelled, and relaxed. "I'm ticklish, you know."

"I 'ope it 'urts yer good," grumbled Professor Daughtery, dipping his tattooing needle into the red ink. "I 'ope it teaches you a lesson. Next time you wants a lady's nyme on yer chest, you won't be in such a bloody 'urry about it. 'Spell it out on me chest,' says you; 'I wants to carry it next to me 'eart,' says you, 'all me life,' says you. All me life! That was two months ago, that was; an' now you're in again fer me to cover it up with butterflies. Butterflies!" He pricked the tough tanned skin bitterly. "My Gord! Where is the art in butterflies, I arsk yer?"

HE LIFTED his eyes at the slam of the outside door and peered over a bulging shoulder of his client. "With you in a minute," young feller," he called.

"That's all right," replied the newcomer, ambling into the shop and taking the white cap from his head. "I ain't in a hurry."

"Step in, look around," invited Professor Daughtery. "Yer wants to get decorated, I suppose?"

"Yeh," nodded the young sailor slowly. "I was thinkin' of it."

"Wait till I get through with this carcass 'ere"—poising his needle once more above the swarm of purple butterflies. "'Ave a look around, sonny, maybe yer could be pickin' somethin' nice in the meantime. Yer wasn't thinkin' o' King Nepchune, by any chance?"

"No," said the youngster absently. "No," the professor echoed sadly. "No, I didn't 'ardly 'ope for that. Ner I couldn't interest yer in a coiled serpint, I suppose, all poised to strike?"

"No." The young sailor let his eye wander over the walls of the dingy shop, lined with sample designs of full-rigged ships, crossed flags, a brace of eagles, diving girls, a drowning man being rescued by an angel. The boy shook his head. "No, I was after somethin' different." He hesitated. "I don't suppose you got dragon flies? . . ."

"*Gees!*" sobbed the big sailor, straightening convulsively. "No kidding, Pop. . . ." He pinched a drop of blood from his chest and smeared it down his side ruefully with a broad thumb. "Next time ya gonna jab me like that, wouldn't it be nearer if you went at it from the back?"

The professor was staring at the youngster in amazement; the colored needle trembled in his eager fingers. "Drygon flies, yer says? . . ."

"I don't know; I thought maybe kind of a quiet scene, like, with a pool o' water lilies, an' maybe some grass and sky throwed in . . . you know. Of course, if you ain't *got* any dragon flies. . . ."

"Bless yer 'eart, sonny!" Professor Daughtery shook his head, misty-eyed with gratitude. "You'll 'ave them if I 'ave to cre-yite the bloody drygon flies. Imygination, that's wot it were. Yer 'eard that, yer hunk o' beef, yer?"—stabbing the squirming butterflies triumphantly as he bent forward with renewed vigor. "*Drygon flies!* Wotever put *them* in yer 'ead?"

"I dunno," replied the boy, sheepishly twisting his white cap. "That was sort of what she put me in mind of."

"Yeh, I knowed there was a woman in it," grinned the big sailor sagely.

"I just wanted something I could always remember her by," the youngster explained. "Somethin' to keep with me all my life, kind of. Somethin' peaceful. You know, a little pond, like in the country. That was how I thought of dragon flies around it."

"Gorblimy," chuckled Professor Daughtery, working feverishly. "Ain't that sweet?"

"Whenja meet this dame?" yawned the sailor over his shoulder.

"To tell ya the truth, it was only last night," admitted the youngster. "I was with her last night. She's only a kid. She's only just come t' New York."

"Yeh?" The huge shoulders shrugged skeptically.

"Set still," growled the professor.

"YEH, she ain't been around none, so I showed her the town a little. I met her just the other end o' Brooklyn Bridge. She said she was lost, an' would I tell her which way was Harlem? Can you tie it? Innocent? Gees."

"Yeh, she sounds it."

"I was the first man she'd ever went with, she said. She said I was the first man she'd ever even kissed, except her father. So I took her uptown on a bus. All the way up she told me about herself. She's had an awful tough break, poor kid! You oughter heard the story she told."

"I heard it," muttered the stolid back. "Lots o' times—aow! Hey, Pop, easy, will ya? That hoit."

"Then keep yer mouth shut," glared Professor Daughtery. "Just 'cause yer down on women. Yer oughter be ashamed o' yerself."

"No, but you dunno this girl, see," said the young sailor earnestly. "She ain't like other women. No kiddin', she's *different*. She was so *innocent*, sort o'. An' kind o' leanin'. You know, just fresh from the country. She reminded me o' the country, kind o' clean an' innocent an' all. She's alone here in the city too, an' she says she don't know nobody. . . ."

"Now, ain't that a shame!" sighed the broad back elaborately. "Tst, tst!"

"Ah, get up an' get yer bloomin' shirt on," interrupted Professor Daughtery sharply, pushing back his stool.

"Gees, they do hide it pretty well, at that," said the big sailor, studying his reflection in the mirror as he pulled on his blouse. "Don't they, Pop? All except the 'Z'; that still shows a little. . . ."

"Then grow some more 'air on yer chest, 'cause I've tattooed me last bleedin' butterfly," growled the professor. He spread out his inks. "All ready, sonny."

"You see, I just thought maybe a few little dragon flies hoverin' here and there, kind of, an' then a pool o' water, and maybe some lilies. You know, kind of country like. An' then right in the middle here I thought you could put her name. . . . Zazette."

THE big sailor, knotting his tie before the mirror, swung around with a start, "Whatcha say her name was?"

He repeated reverently, "Zazette."

"Would she be a little blonde with kind of big eyes, like?"

The youngster stripped his undershirt up to his armpits and then paused suddenly, "Yeh . . . why? . . ."

"Oh, nothin'. Nothin'." The big sailor shot a warning glance at Professor Daughtery, and then set his white cap carelessly on the back of his head. "I used to know a girl by that name once, that was all." He strolled to the door. "Good luck t' ya, buddy."

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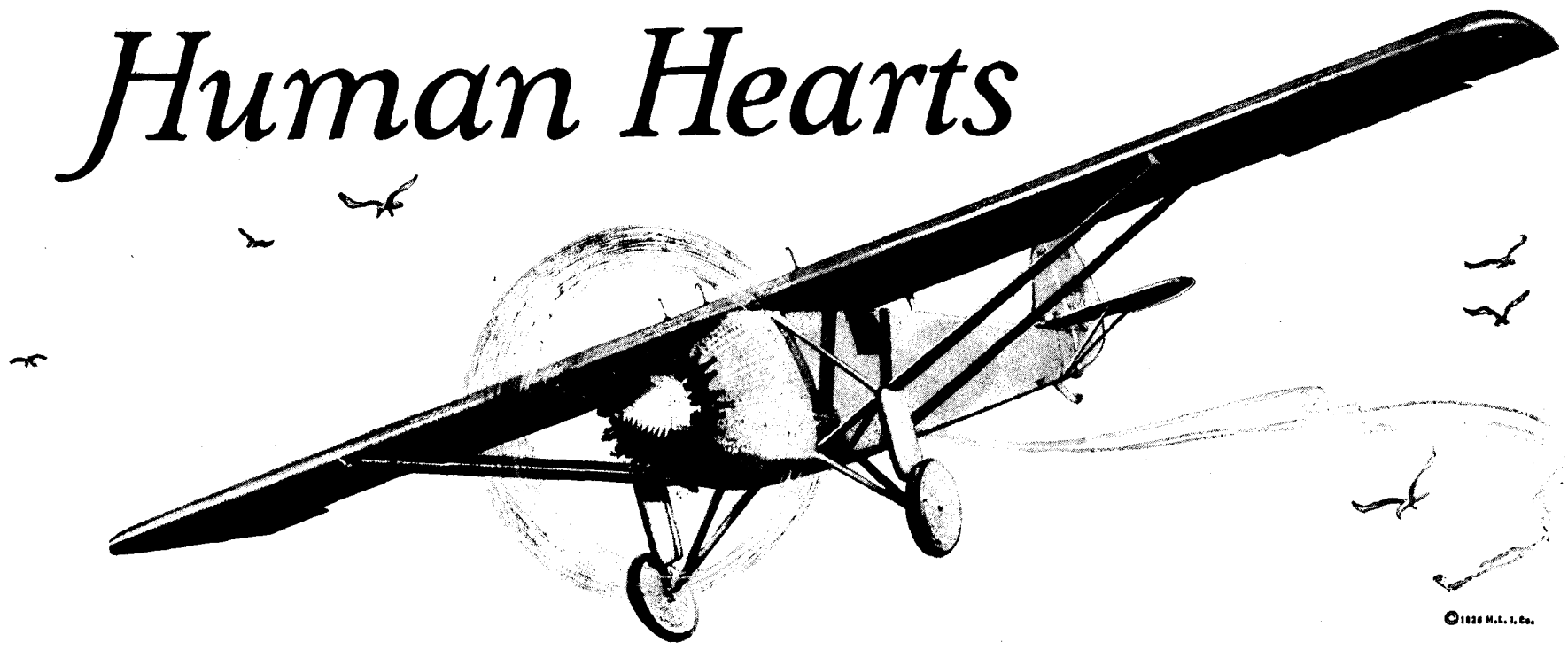
# *Metal Motors and Human Hearts*



*Hour after hour news was anxiously awaited. It seemed incredible that a man could fly 3,610 miles without stopping. Could any motor stand such a test? . . . But two motors carried that plane to France. One of metal, the other—the most wonderfully designed motor in the world—a human heart.*

LIKE the metal motor, the human motor must keep going. When the human motor starts to "miss" and then stops, life's flight is ended. Yet, oftentimes, with no attention and more abuse than was ever given any motor invented by man the heart "carries on". Even when damaged or diseased it carries a heavy load—an overload—with little complaint. If the heart complained more it would probably have better care.

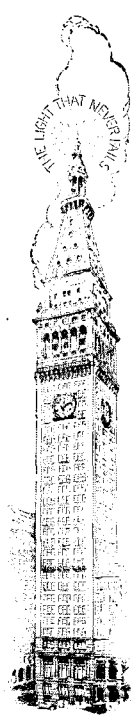
Whether defective at birth or damaged by disease, it keeps at work—day and night—doing its best to make a brave "non-stop" record. Strong hearts need rest and intelligent protection. Weak hearts must have their loads lightened or they will be forced to give up.

Thanks to modern science everybody can find out how big or how little a load of work, strain and exercise his heart can carry. Many of the most useful men and women in the world can look forward to serene and happy old age despite damaged hearts because they have found out what their hearts can do and what they cannot do.

Briefly, while there are many different kinds of heart difficulties, they may be roughly divided into three general groups. First, the heart troubles of young people caused by diseases of childhood. Rheumatic fever and rheumatism (associated with "growing pains", tonsillitis, and stiff and painful joints) cause heart disease. According to some experts, diphtheria, scarlet fever and measles may injure children's hearts. Second, heart diseases of middle-aged people resulting from syphilis, or focal infection in teeth, tonsils, sinuses or elsewhere. Third, heart ailments of old people ultimately resulting from these and many other causes, including unhygienic living habits.

Many persons have defective hearts without realizing the fact, but there are many others who suspect that they have heart trouble when they are suffering from a different cause. There need be no guess work. Know your own heart. Have your doctor examine it regularly. If it is normal and strong, do not shorten its term of usefulness by overstrains or excesses. If it is damaged or weakened, live in accordance with your doctor's advice.

Give your heart a fair chance. Take care of it so that it will carry you safely on a "non-stop flight" to a happy old age.




**Heart disease is now the chief of the captains of death. It has risen to this position in the past twenty-five years, surpassing tuberculosis, pneumonia and other diseases. The danger of dying from a bad heart has increased every year, while that from most other deadly diseases has decreased. Under present conditions, one in every five will ultimately die of heart disease in one form or another.**

**The increase in the deathrate from this disease in recent years has been primarily in middle life and at the older ages. While the great majority of those who succumb are relatively old people, there are altogether too many young ones. One out of every seven who dies from heart disease passes away before the age of 45.**

**Physicians, statisticians and others who are studying heart disease suspect that much of it is induced by the hurrying mode of life so general in this country.**

**The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has prepared a pamphlet entitled, "Strong Hearts" which sets forth the principal facts about this disease. It may be the means of saving you from serious trouble. A copy will be mailed free by our booklet department. Send for it.**

**HALEY FISKE, *President.***

*Published by*

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*THE KNOX FIFTH AVENUE*

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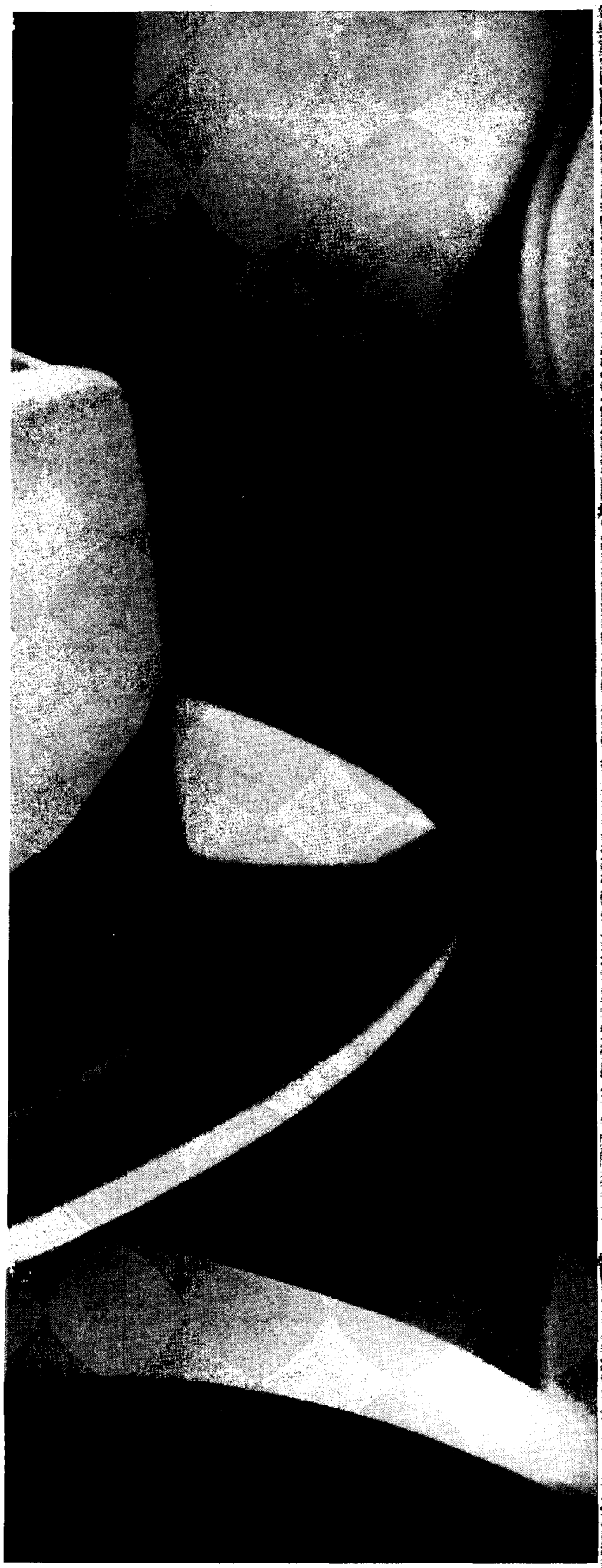
# t ought to be Yours



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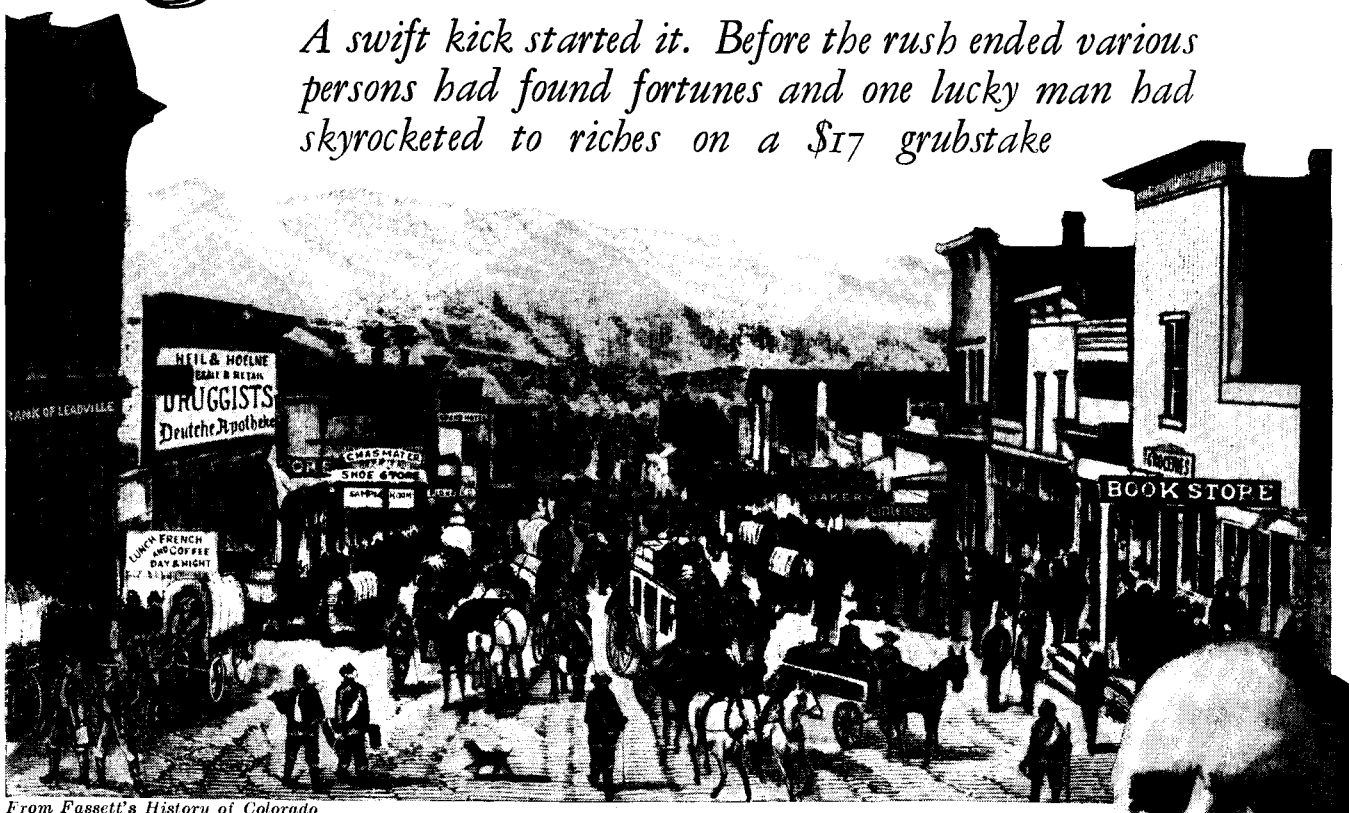
# The Solid Silver Lining

*A swift kick started it. Before the rush ended various persons had found fortunes and one lucky man had skyrocketed to riches on a $17 grubstake*

By ROBERT L. DUFFUS




*From Fassett's History of Colorado*

*Roaring, rollicking Leadville, paradise of miners, gamblers and millionaires*

GEORGE FREASSLE kicked August Rische's dog—kicked it viciously, right in the ribs, so that it put its tail between its legs and ran howling to its master.

If Rische could have seen all that was to happen as a result of that kick, he would have seized Freassle's hand and pumped it warmly, exclaiming, "God bless you, old man! I don't deserve all this good luck—indeed, I don't. You're altogether too good to me." And Horace Tabor, who was then keeping what has been described as a fifth-rate country store near Leadville, might have sat down if he had known all the circumstances, past and to come, and written Freassle a letter of thanks. And they might have bought the dog a ten-thousand-dollar kennel and fed him on nightingales' tongues the rest of his life, and still cleared a fortune on the transaction.

If Freassle and Rische hadn't quarreled, as they did when Freassle kicked the dog, Rische wouldn't have left camp and gone back to Fairplay, wouldn't have run across George T. Hook, wouldn't have gone to Leadville, wouldn't have been grubstaked by Horace Tabor, and wouldn't have found what he did find twenty-six feet below the surface of Fryer Hill.

George Freassle, in his impulsive way, kicked twenty or thirty million dollars into Tabor's pockets and a smaller but still tidy fortune into those of Rische and Hook. Having performed this gentlemanly act, he faded from the scene and ceased to be of historical importance.

Rische stooped and patted his dog's sore ribs. Then he uttered a few caustic remarks, rolled up his blankets, slung his share of the camp duffel on his back, and hit the back trail. Just where he ran across Hook is a little uncertain. It may have been at Fairplay, the little mining town which a few years earlier had been rolling in gold. It may have been at Cañon City. But we may be pretty sure that Hook liked dogs. If so, his ability to say "Nice doggie" in a convincing tone of voice was worth a good deal to him.

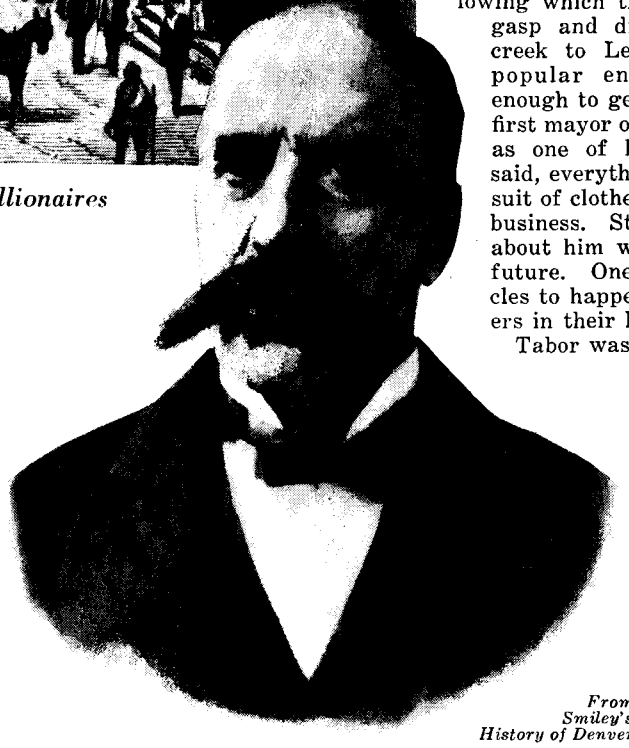
Rische and Hook and the dog walked around the state of Colorado a bit. Both men were Germans. Rische, born in Minden, Prussia, in 1833, had come to St. Louis at nineteen and settled down as a shoemaker. The Civil War pried him loose, and he served three years in the Northern army. After that St. Louis seemed slow, and he drifted to the Colorado mines, set up a shoe-repair shop at Fairplay, and when business was bad went prospecting. At forty-five he was hopeful but dead broke. Hook, who is said also to have been a shoemaker, was in the same fix.

In the spring of 1878 they heard that California Gulch was booming. California Gulch had been the scene of rich placer discoveries in 1860. A million dollars in gold had been washed out, and then most of the population had wandered on. The miners were annoyed, as the miners of the Comstock in the early days had been, by a sticky sand which clogged the riffles. About 1874 a man from Michigan known as "Uncle Billy" Stevens came along with a fat bank account and opined that this sand might be worth looking into.

It was, for it turned out to be silver carbonate. Uncle Billy constructed a twelve-mile flume to bring down the water necessary for what he had in mind. Miners beginning to smell pay dirt dropped in to have a look around. Among them were Rische and Hook. Also there was George H. Fryer, who had been living in a little cabin with a dirt floor on a hill outside Leadville.

## Tabor Takes a Chance

ONE day he dug a hole in a spot where the Eastern experts said there could never, never be any paying ore. He found a lode which, with all its dips, angles, sinuosities and ramifications, was to yield $150,000,000 within the next ten years. As it turned out, he even got $50,000 out of that lode for his very own. He came down with his whiskers flying in the wind, and immediately every able-bodied citizen not more profitably occupied and able to get hold of a pick and shovel dashed for Fryer Hill, as it was ever afterward called. So began the great Leadville rush.



*From Smiley's History of Denver*

*Horace A. W. Tabor didn't know how to fail*

But Rische and Hook couldn't rush. They were busted. They were on their uppers. They had no tools fit to dig with, no powder, and very little to eat. So they cast about for a nice, kind man to grubstake them. They applied first, it is said, to Edward Harrison. Harrison took their names and said that they might come back a little later and he would let them know if anything turned up. So they went down the street to Tabor's general store.

Tabor had had an eventful history before he met the two shoemakers. Born in Orleans County, Vt., on November 26, 1830, he had been first a stonecutter, then a school-teacher. In 1855 he trekked to Kansas with his wife and children. There he did well in politics and was a member of the first Free Soil legislature, which was dispersed by federal troops. But he must have been a poor farmer, for in 1859 he abandoned his Kansas land and joined in the rush to Pike's Peak.

Next year, when gold discoveries were reported in California Gulch, below the site of what was to be Leadville, he hitched four oxen to a prairie schooner and moved over—a six weeks' journey! Arrived at the gulch, he not only prospected a little but also started a store. The store paid better than the prospecting. When the placer mines began to peter out, about 1866, he followed his luck to the mining camp of Buckskin, but a few years later he was back in the gulch, which was now beginning to look up a little.

For a time he was postmaster as well as storekeeper at Oro, two or three miles below where Leadville was to be. In the summer of 1877 he left Oro (following which the little town gave one gasp and died) and went up the creek to Leadville. Here he was popular enough and prominent enough to get himself elected as the first mayor of the new city. He sold, as one of his contemporaries has said, everything from a tin pan to a suit of clothes, and did a pretty good business. Still, there was nothing about him which hinted at a great future. One does not expect miracles to happen to country storekeepers in their late forties.

Tabor was very busy on the April morning in 1878, a few days after Fryer's great discovery, when Hook and Rische approached his store. In fact, as he afterward said, that turned out to be the busiest year of his life. He listened rather impatiently. Finally he said: "Yes, yes, go and take what you want, but don't bother me now."

With this he returned to the important business of selling somebody a pair of boots or a can of beans, while Rische and Hook, taking him at his word, went off with about $17 worth of supplies. It was understood that if they found any silver or gold lying around he was to have a third share in it. Otherwise he would be out exactly $17. Probably he set the transaction down to charity, for he was a good and kindly man and never liked to have poor prospectors starving on his doorstep.

## Fair Pay in '78: $8,000 a Week

MEANWHILE Rische and Hook went on up Fryer Hill, found a spot which nobody seemed to want, and set to work. It happens that the carbonate veins around Leadville do not come to the surface, but lie in great waves at varying distances down. There is—or was—no way of telling how deep down a vein was except by digging for it. Some shafts went down 500 feet, which is a long way to go with pick and shovel to reach one's pay dirt.

Rische and Hook spat on their hands and dug and hoped everything would turn out all right. They dug for nine long days. On the ninth day they dug out a wagonload (*Continued on page 49*)

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RAYMUND V MORRIS

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# SEA SLED

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# Let's be Lazy

By RUTH F. WADSWORTH, M. D.

*Cook and Mother forced down a vile-tasting mixture. We belong to a luckier generation*

*Spring fever isn't so bad if you meet it on its own ground: Indulge that tired feeling sensibly. And here are a few more suggestions*

THERE was a time when, each year, as spring threatened, Aunt Mary, or Grandma, or Lizzie the cook, held us firmly by the nose with one hand, steadying the chin with the other, while Mother inserted in an unwilling mouth a tablespoonful of sulphur and molasses. In some families the nauseous mixture was made even more loathsome by the addition of some finely ground eggshell.

We are all grateful that those days have passed and make capital of them to persuade our own children that they belong to a luckier generation. But was not this strange custom, like a lot of the habits of our forbears, based on rather a good idea?

It seems a pity that such a delightful season as spring should be marred by that elusive and very prevalent disease, although you will find it described and analyzed in no medical dictionary.

It is not infectious in the ordinary sense, and it does not kill, so the board of health takes little interest in it. But business offices know what it does to their efficiency, and most school-teachers blame it for the prevalence of playing hooky in April and May. It has definite symptoms and definite results, and I believe it has definite causes which may be foreseen and counteracted, to some degree, anyway.

Many people think of spring fever as an emotional state. They will say in the spring: "I don't feel like working. I feel I *must* get out of doors. I'd like to do something foolish. Guess I must have spring fever."

And they are partly right—there is a large emotional element in spring's effect on us. Whether we have a sort of glandular turnover, comparable to the turnover that occurs each spring and fall in the waters of lakes and reservoirs, it would be hard to say. But certainly with the coming of balmy days and soft breezes and a sunlight that warms without burning and the good smell of evaporating earth moisture there is an awakening of the joy of living that probably harks back to the days when our primitive ancestors put their heads outside their stuffy caves and discovered that nature was going to coöperate with them once more.

## Spring Fever Made in Winter

NO DOUBT those ancestors danced for joy, rolled in the leaves, and celebrated in a wild spring festival—did, in fact, all the things we would like to do and can't. They did other things which we could do if we would—but we'll come to that later.

But to get down to earth: Spring fever is also a physical ailment. Its symptoms are such definite matters as loss of appetite, loss of energy, aching feet and legs, even swelling of the extremities, and sometimes shortness of breath and insomnia. It robs its victims of initiative, of the ability to work well and of the power to keep up the necessary food-and-exercise regimen of health. Therefore, though, like the common cold, it is laughed at, it is really not a joking matter.

The attempt to be amusing, now hoary with age, by spelling "spring has come" "sprig has cubb," is now a flat failure, but at least it tells us that spring has long been a season when the cold is common and resistance is low.

What is there in the passage of winter and the coming of warm weather that should undermine our superficial well-being? I am afraid we can't be very scientific about the causes of spring fever because, as we noted before, it is not a disease that can very well be put on a scientific basis. At best we must use conjecture and common sense and draw unjustifiably general conclusions from the findings of the few sufferers who think their ailment important enough to take it to a doctor's office.

The positive physical findings on these patients are, in general, secondary low-grade anæmia, low blood pressure and pulse, resulting in circulatory insufficiency, sluggishness of the liver, with its attendant inconveniences such as loss of appetite and constipation, and, probably as a result of the physical disturbance, a certain amount of mental depression and instability. The disease is never acute. There is always a history of a gradual onset, culminating with the arrival of the first warm days.

Like all chronic conditions, it should be much easier to prevent than it is to cure. The spring tonic is all very well, but we can't expect a few weeks of drug taking to undo the work of five months of winter. We must look into those winter months and see what happened during them to cause such a sapping of our reserves that when the stimulus of cold weather goes we wilt like lilies in the sun.

Civilized man is a wretched hibernator. With furnaces and storm windows and weather strips he creates an artificial summer indoors and proceeds to do the hardest work of the year during the shortest days and hardest months, when sensible animals are curling up for a long winter's nap in some comfortable cave.

Winter was undoubtedly meant to be used as a time for catching up on sleep; or at least for inactivity and abstemiousness. We use it for our most active business period, for our gayest social activities, for our heaviest eating and our longest drinking.

The winter cave of the hibernating animal faces south, so that what sun there is will enter it and penetrate with some of its rays the air which the sleeper breathes. We are practically sunless creatures in the winter. Our lives are so arranged that the few sunny hours of the winter day are spent indoors, and what sunlight penetrates our dwellings we look upon as a pleasant accessory rather than as a necessity.

## The Price of Indoor Sports

CHANGING our winter habits is something that will have to be left until another season or another era, but we can do a lot toward counteracting their effects in the cultivation of new spring habits.

Spring has long been blamed for spring fever, rather than winter, because the disease manifests itself only when winter has well passed, although you will often hear people say, on an unseasonable balmy day in January, "Dear me, I have spring fever already!" The answer is that the cold air of winter is a real respiratory and metabolic stimulus. When it is absent we feel the depression which results from a slowing down of our engines. Eventually we get accustomed to the lack of the cold-air stimulus and our energy-producing processes go along smoothly without it. But at first we are unable to carry on comfortably.

The underlying physical causes of the spring lassitude, then, are:

1. A slowing up of our metabolic rate (speed of vital processes), due to the absence of the cold air of winter.

2. A low-grade anæmia, which results from a long period of insufficient sun exposure.

3. A sluggishness of the liver, which is the natural result of a lot of rich food and a minimum of exercise.

4. Poor muscle tone, or "softness," which also results from the sedentary life led in the winter and the backing up of the food surplus into our muscles. (*Continued on page 45*)

*Take the magic sun bath as a tonic out of doors, but beware of sunburn*

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# Ancestors While You Wait

*Continued from page 17*

wouldn't interfere, Jerry," his wife rather sharply broke in. "Mr. Marcu understands—don't you, Mr. Marcu? Just because I can't trace my family back doesn't prove I haven't any. My grandfather always told me, Mr. Marcu, that there was a mystery in my family—"

Slowly Jeremy winked at J. P. over the top of his glass.

Cheerfully J. P. returned the wink. Lord, what a fool the woman was!

"A mystery," Mrs. Watson repeated. "*His* father, Mr. Marcu, never would talk about the family—"

"QUITE right he was too," muttered Jeremy, stretching his long legs under the table.

"We think he was the younger son or something of an aristocratic French family," Mrs. Watson went on. "You know it often happens, Mr. Marcu. I shouldn't be in the least surprised if among the portraits there wasn't really an ancestor of mine. Names get so vulgar in America. Our name was probably spelt quite differently in the beginning. It—"

"Now listen, Louisa, your name was Finny," her husband rudely reminded her.

"Finny?" Marcu gave it a caressing intonation. "Finay. There was a Marquis de Finay in the time of Louis XIV."

"There now, Jerry, you see? Don't you think I'm right, Mr. Peter?"

J. P., looking at her, thought of Madame de Jussac. "Well, I can't exactly say," he drawled. "Ever noticed the young birches and maples growing in Maine?" His eye met with a twinkle of fellowship the kindly brown eyes of his friend Jeremy. Often they had hunted together in Maine—he and Jeremy.

"No, I haven't," said Mrs Watson.

J. P.'s glance rested speculatively on her for a moment, as he might have glanced down at a plump fussy bird tugging at a worm much too large for its beak. "There are lots of trees in a forest," he said slowly. "They can't all be old trees or pretty soon there wouldn't be any forest. The young ones have to struggle for air and light. That's what makes 'em strong. The young birches and maples, now—they're clean and strong, and I don't know," he added with one of his dry chuckles, "if anyone bothers much as to who their folks were."

"I don't see any connection." Mrs. Watson was clearly annoyed.

J. P. took up the photograph and studied it again. He hated not to remember things. Now, where—

Wait a moment. He remembered the coloring of the portrait—dark tones relieved by the milky white of the fluted ruff, and touch of hawthorn pink in the coif. Why, of course—why, that portrait was in the de Jussac château. Then Marcu must know them. Hold on now, if he knew them and could get hold of that portrait, why not the sword too?

He looked up now at Marcu, who was watching him curiously, restlessly. J. P. grinned, drawing out from his pocket a little red leather notebook, in which he kept a record of many private affairs. A little red leather notebook was always in one of J. P.'s pockets. In it he noted such things as he considered useful for his friends and his business, and at the end of each month he crossed off as dealt with the entries therein. He would cross off at the end of this month the matter of the sword. Marcu watched the little red leather book. He watched it as if he sniffed cream there. Nice thick cream for Marcu to lap up!

"How about running out to one of these old French châteaux with me tomorrow?" Heaving his bulk from the chair, J. P. reached for his large felt hat. He stood smiling down at his friends, full-colored and handsome in his hugeness, his slowness, his strength.

Mrs. Watson was all brightness and animation in her swift response. "Why, we'd simply love to. Why, I think that's grand, Mr. Peter."

"Glad to have you join us, sir." J. P.'s old-fashioned courtesy was beautiful as he included Marcu in his invitation. Marcu's bow of acceptance was as perfect in its way.

J. P. wasn't so very sure that Marcu would be delighted when he found out where they were going.

Jeremy caught up with the big man at the door of the bar. "Say, J. P., for Heaven's sake don't encourage Louisa in all this nonsense."

J. P. patted his tall, lean friend on the shoulder. "Seeing the real thing ought to knock the nonsense out of her head." And he spoke heartily, for he was very pleased with himself and his plans.

J. P. had no definite plan when he went to fetch his guests at the Hotel Wagram the following morning in his hired car.

He enjoyed the drive out to Gisors, sitting beside the chauffeur where he could not be too much bothered by the wafted chatter of Louisa Watson. She was, this morning, charging herself with atmosphere and discharging it in volleys of questions and exclamations on the beauty of the French country. Marcu, in a horrible mauve check suit of plus fours, proved himself accomplished in keeping up with her enthusiasm. Only Jeremy, his length loosely folded, had subsided into one of those bristly silences of the American business man on a Monday morning speeding back to the city. He was thinking of his automatic telephones.

And J. P. was wondering how he was going to get that sword. But it was a funny thing: he didn't want it so much now. With Louisa Watson in the party the expedition had assumed a predatory character. It had become, he somehow felt, an invasion. He looked at it that way for the first time. How would he like people coming out to his and Fanny's house trying to buy, say, that ink well Fanny was so proud of that had belonged to her great-grandfather! Everything has its price. Everything has—stop there a moment. Has it? What difference was there between his wanting that sword and Louisa Watson's wanting that picture?

He hadn't told them where they were going. Odd Marcu didn't seem to realize that they were bound for the de Jussac château where the portrait was. Odder still when J. P. finally and casually did mention the de Jussac name no answering gleam of recognition came into the Rumanian's dark eyes. J. P. let him talk. J. P. had a way of letting men talk while he leaned back and listened, his gray eyes bleak as steel or shrewd in humor. Marcu talked with his polished finger nails for accompaniment. He talked while Jeremy grew resigned on Chablis and Mrs. Watson playful. He shifted his attention to J. P. He hoped to be of service this afternoon, he said. If there was anything he could do—

J. P. had about decided that he wouldn't do at all. Let him settle the matter of the portrait first. The sword would come afterward. And if Mr. Marcu was trying to get away with anything, Heaven help him, for he wouldn't get farther than the de Jussac château. Next to a strong objection to being fooled himself, J. P. objected to having his friends fooled. And his little nail file told him that the Rumanian gentleman was headed for trouble.

THEY passed the old stone gate of the village. Mrs. Watson's voice was raised as they came in sight of the château. It stood back and high, its old stone tower presiding over the village. It stood rooted, spreading its gray façade in the sun. The life of it was closed, withdrawn. Clipped lime trees guarded it below, and ivy screened the walls. It simply belonged there where it stood against the sky, wearing its centuries stanchly.

"I'm simply crazy about it," Mrs. Watson whispered.

Marcu suddenly remembered that some friends of his were intimate friends of the de Jussacs. He was all graceful gesture in his mauve checks as he pointed out architectural beauties to the Watsons, but J. P. noticed that he lagged behind when the great door slowly opened and they were ushered by an ancient manservant in a striped yellow and black waistcoat to the living-room.

J. P. had felt at home in that living-room on his first visit. It looked out on the old park and gardens where another ancient man pottered among frail early flowers. You felt the things in the room had lived together for a long while, blending and fading together. You felt that children and old ladies had quietly used it, and that the wife of the head of the family had sat at her embroidery in the tapestried chair beside the big round table with the tall shabby old lamp.

Mrs. Watson had expected some more impressive, more stately setting. Her small plump busy figure in a fur coat buzzed about the room, inquisitively prying.

"I must say I don't think it's very *clean*, do you? I wonder how many servants they keep. The butler didn't even have his coat on. Do they want to sell any of these things?"

"You might ask," her husband sarcastically suggested from the stone fireplace where he had taken his stand, his hands behind his back.

"I don't see why I shouldn't. Oh, Mr. Marcu, do tell me what century this darling little table is?"

J. P. had strolled over to the window. Across a stretch of unclipped grass bordered by tulips and narcissus sat a group of three ladies toward whom the old manservant was hobbling. At his approach a tall lady, fiercely gaunt in a high-necked blouse and long black skirt, rose and disappeared in the direction of the left wing of the château.

MRS. WATSON'S restless explorations had brought her to the window. "My, what a fright! Who is she? Mr. Marcu, come here. Who—?"

"She's de Jussac's mother," J. P. curtly answered. He had liked the old lady, although it was she who had refused to allow her son to part with the sword.

The two other ladies were slowly walking toward the house. They were joined by de Jussac in his hunting corduroys. He had been out after rabbits as usual.

J. P., stepping forward to greet Monsieur and Madame de Jussac as they entered the room, was conscious for a moment of an unfamiliar shyness and embarrassment. Not that their manner implied surprise or displeasure, but their composure, offset by Mrs. Watson's effusiveness, made him aware of a possible indiscretion in this unannounced visit as a buyer of things they cherished. He was grateful to Jeremy, whose unaffected quiet acknowledgment of the introduction balanced his wife's darts and flutters. Marcu seemed to have vanished. That is to say, the high polish of hair and eye and teeth was less visible. His darkness and elegance receded, leaving only a light blot of mauve checks.

De Jussac and Jeremy drifted together on a question of hunting, which de Jussac was able to answer in excellent English. J. P. noted with satisfaction that his friend Jeremy was studying the Frenchman with an awakened eye. And when presently, at Madame de Jussac's gracious invitation, they started on a tour of inspection, Jeremy was asking further questions that ranged from rabbits through politics and the exchange to French business methods. It would not be long, J. P. reflected, before he got to his telephones.

"I don't know much about art. Suppose you show me your dogs," was the last he heard from Jeremy as his tall, lank friend and courteous host detached themselves from the party.

"She's too lovely for words," Mrs. Watson whispered, sliding alongside of him. "She's so simple and so—so kind of real."

J. P. looked down at the plump, eager little woman with more sympathy Louisa Watson wasn't a bad sort once she got rid of her frills. Her brown eyes, lifted to the big man, were bright with appreciation and wistfulness. She was quick at seeing and grasping the dignity of Madame de Jussac, who seemed drawn to the American woman. Watching their companionable contact as, unostentatiously, their hostess led them through the statelier reception-

(*Continued on page 36*)

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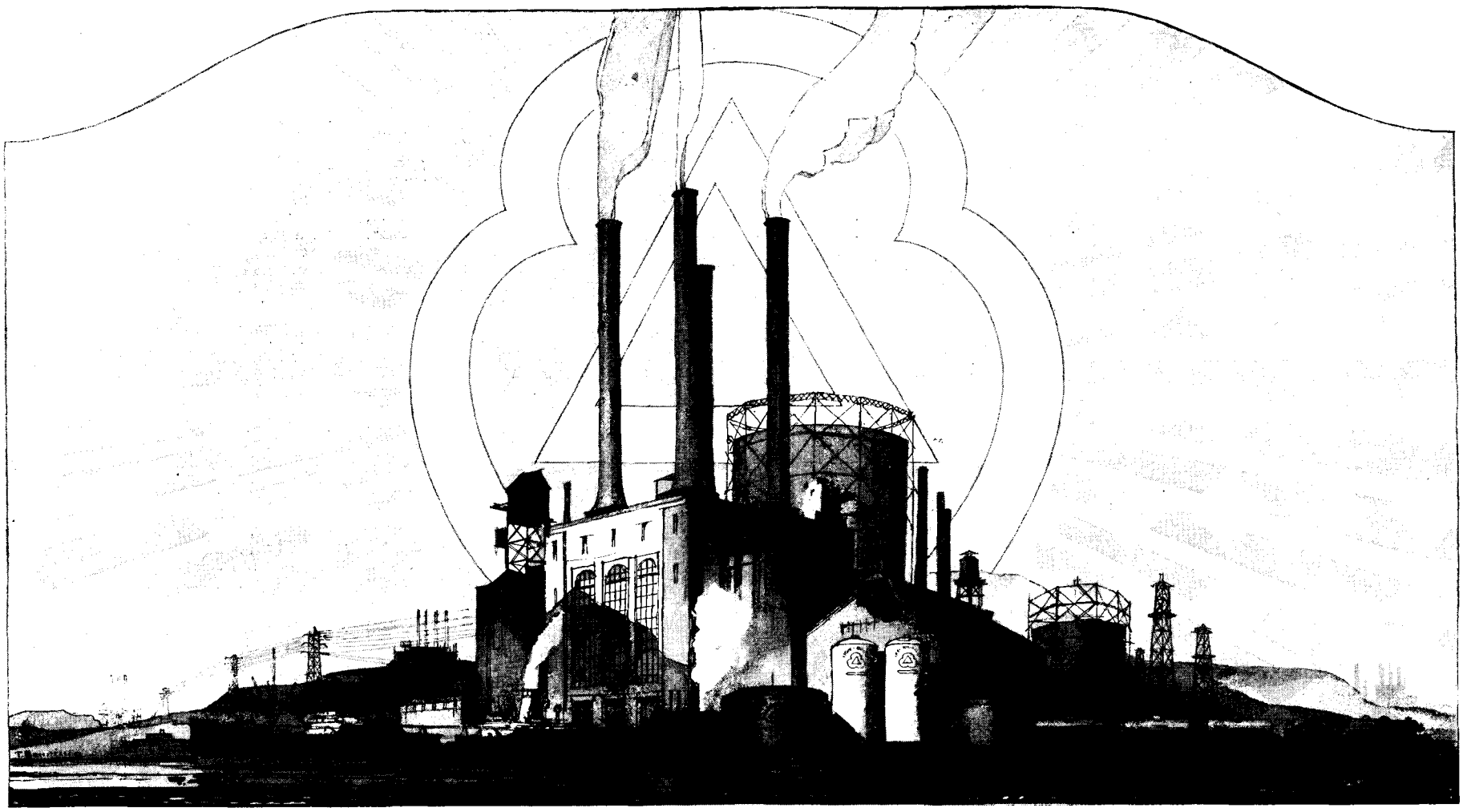

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# *Between Deals*

## *By* MILTON C. WORK

*Author of Auction Bridge Complete*

***BREAKING** into the series of Bridge hands which I have been describing in Collier's, I am submitting ten questions to test the reader's general Bridge knowledge. The answers appear on page 42 of this issue. Ten more questions will be given next week.*

1. What does the expression "according to Hoyle" mean, and how did it originate?

2. One of the most prominent card clubs in New York City is called the Cavendish. How did it derive its name?

3. What is a Yarborough?

4. What is a Bridge jump (not one of the Steve Brodie variety)?

5. With the following hand:
   Spades 9-6-3-2
   Hearts 10-7
   Diamonds A-5-4
   Clubs A-10-9-8
what declaration should be made:
   (a) By South (Dealer)?
   (b) By North (Third Hand), if South bid one Heart and West passed?
   (c) By North (Third Hand), if South bid one Club and West passed?
   (d) By East (Fourth Hand), if South bid one No Trump, West doubled and North passed?

6. The original lead is the Deuce of Clubs. Dummy holds K-J of Clubs; Closed Hand 7-5-3 of Clubs. Which card should Declarer play from Dummy on the first trick:
   (a) If the contract be No Trump?
   (b) If Spades be trump?

7. South is the Declarer. West leads the Jack of Clubs; North (Dummy) has the 7-6-4 of Clubs; East (partner of leader) has K-8-2 of Clubs. Should East play the King or a small Club?
   (a) If the contract be No Trump?
   (b) If the contract be Spades?

8. Score love-all; after a bid of one Heart, by Dealer, what should Second Hand do holding:
   Spades A-K-J-10
   Hearts K
   Diamonds A-K-Q-J
   Clubs A-Q-10

9. South (Dealer) bids one Heart; West, two Spades; North, two Hearts. Before East speaks, West calls attention to North's insufficient bid.
   (a) It having been East's turn to declare, had West the right to do this?
   (b) What can North do?
   (c) What can South do?

10. Declarer holds in Spades A-K-Q-J-10-8-3, and the contract is seven Spades doubled. Declarer wins only ten tricks, but an adversary revokes. What score should be entered?

# Ancestors While You Wait

*Continued from page 34*

rooms where faded splendors spoke of other days, he forgot Marcu. Louisa Watson's adjectives winged in the still air of lofty ceilings and tapestried walls, to fall to the once polished floors as accepted tributes. Madame de Jussac smiled her pleasure. She had not, she said, met many Americans.

Marcu's occasional appreciations seemed to come from far away.

And then suddenly they came to the round room in the tower. Before opening the door Madame de Jussac turned. She stood slim and girlish in her clumsy tweeds. Her face was the face of the lady of the portrait—the small curved nose, the full lips, the determined chin.

"This is the museum of the family," she said, and opened the door. And there on the opposite wall was the lady. And there on a taboret rested the sword.

J. P. saw only the sword. He was beside it, admiring it, loving it, coveting it. It was the one thing he wanted, after all—the one thing he must have. Once when he was a boy there was a pocket knife that belonged to another older boy who refused to part with it. John Peter offered the older boy every treasure he owned in the world. And he got the knife. He thought of this now with a wry little smile. The knife was Exhibit A in his collection of weapons.

HE WAS drawn from his passionate contemplation by Mrs. Watson's quick gasp as, dramatically, impulsively, she rushed forward. Her voice rose shrill with excitement.

"Why, there's my picture. Mr. Marcu—Mr. Marcu, why didn't you tell me!"

Marcu was standing on the threshold gaping at the picture. His instinctive movement was backward. J. P. strode across the room, took him by the elbow and with no gentle hand shoved him where he obviously didn't wish to go: in the direction of Madame de Jussac, who stared from one to the other as if she thought they had gone quite mad.

Mrs. Watson's round face was bright with greed. "Jeremy must see it. I do think it looks a little like me, don't you? Where *is* Jeremy?"

"But, madame, it is not for sale." Madame de Jussac was cold and quiet. Mutely she seemed to be reproaching J. P. for having inflicted this upon her. His mouth grew sterner as he felt her displeasure.

The bird faces of the de Jussac men in armor, in velvets, looked fiercely down. And suddenly, silently, in the doorway, appeared the tall, gaunt figure of the old Comtesse de Jussac.

"What is there?" She spoke sharply, thinly, peering into the room through lifted lorgnette.

"How about it?" J. P. towered over the Rumanian gentleman, whose manner and coloring had altered as under a withering shock.

"But he showed me the photograph, and gave me the price and everything!" Mrs. Watson's voice was still shrill and raised. She had taken a determined stand in front of Marcu, who, with a helpless shrug of his shoulders, muttered, "I assure you, I do not understand."

"But you *told* me—" Mrs. Watson was hot in anger. "I've simply got to have it."

The old lady had drawn herself up. "We are not shopkeepers or beggars, madame," she said harshly.

Louisa Watson's face slowly flushed. She looked as if she were about to cry. No one had ever spoken to her that way. She glanced for comfort and support toward J. P., but his gray eyes were steely.

With an effort he kept his temper. He owed it to the old lady to keep his temper. Louisa Watson was a fool. She didn't know any better. Wish Jeremy was here.

"Let's get this straight. With your permission, madame—" His bow to the gaunt old lady was courtly. But the look he turned upon Marcu was not to be trifled with. A big, deliberate man accustomed to command, commanding in that room. "Now, you—" His short finger pointed to the disturbed gentleman. "How did you get the picture you tried to sell Mrs. Watson?" Men answered at once or fumbled guiltily when he rapped out a question in that tone.

Marcu became voluble. A man from whom he occasionally bought things had brought him the picture. He had bought it—well, yes, he admitted—for very little, but believed it to be genuine. And if he had woven a romance about it, was not that what his American client wanted? Life was hard these days. You did what you could. Ladies like Mrs. Watson never thought they were getting value unless they paid a high price. No easy business collecting ancestors that even remotely resembled Mrs. Watson's type.

"Careful there," J. P. roughly warned.

Marcu was careful. Of course he realized now that he had made a mistake. Not his fault. He worked himself up into a state of virtuous indignation that his good faith should be doubted. How could he have known? How could he—?

"That'll be enough from you," J. P. snapped, cutting him short. Mrs. Watson started to chatter, subsiding at his scowl as he marched up to Marcu, his massive shoulders bunched forward. The fellow drew back, lifting a hand. The sight of those polished finger nails made J. P. savage. Confound the fellow's impudence! Of course he'd known it was a copy, even if he didn't know where the original was. That was *his* blunder. Thought all Americans were suckers, did he? Going to fill Jeremy's house with a lot of cheap truck, a lot of dirty old paint and chipped gilt, a lot of worm holes. Going to make more of a fool of Jeremy's wife, was he?

J. P.'s strong hand dug into the mauve check sleeve. He was almost enjoying himself but for an odd persistent feeling nagging at him that he was not so far removed from Louisa Watson in that he had come here to buy what he wanted at any price. That made him angry, and he hurt Marcu, who wriggled, protesting.

"You go and tell my chauffeur to take you anywhere so long as he's back here in ten minutes," he growled. "Now get out."

Marcu got out, rubbing his arm. His attempt at dignity was not very successful.

In silence then J. P. turned and looked at the three women. He trod over to the sword, lifted it, held it a moment, put it back in its place. His gesture was a relinquishment. He knew when he was wrong, and he wasn't afraid to own up. He was seldom wrong.

LOUISA WATSON had grown strangely quiet. She stood a little apart from the Frenchwomen, staring around her at the room, at the picture, her eyes seeing, learning, realizing.

Madame de Jussac went up to her. "I am sorry, madame," she said gently.

"I'm glad," said Louisa Watson.

"I thank you, monsieur." The old lady's manner was stately, but her look was that of a friend. "You understand that we must hold what is ours."

"May I speak with you a moment, monsieur?" Young Madame de Jussac was beside him, whispering.

"Sure." He felt relieved, lighthearted. The heavy color had somewhat ebbed from his cheeks. The charm of the place was upon him as he followed the erect little figure in tweeds out of the room. Mrs. Watson had drifted near to the old lady, who was graciously pointing out the treasures, her old voice reciting the proud traditions of her house.

"Look you, monsieur." Madame de Jussac's fine white hand was on his arm as they stood in a small outer reception-room. "I have confided in your kindness, so I will tell you—" She paused as if it were very hard to go on. Her eyes were proud as the eyes of the lady in the portrait, but a little frightened too. "We must sell something. We cannot go on this way."

Her head was lifted to him, and he understood that they must sell something indeed, and that it was humiliating for her to tell him this.

"I will speak to my husband tonight," she continued rapidly. "Perhaps tomorrow you will hear from me. You wish that sword. Ah, I saw it in your face. You are brave and strong. You understand that one of my people carried that sword in battle. You are a fighter too, monsieur. You understand. The portrait, my mother would never let go. But the sword, perhaps—" There was sadness, anxiety in her voice.

Slowly J. P. shook his head. "No, ma'am," he said.

Then suddenly Madame de Jussac began to cry. She cried without making a sound. Her proud little face seemed to crumple. She turned away.

Clumsily, tenderly, J. P. put his arm around her, held her hidden against his new gray suit. Poor little woman! A darn shame. That's what it was. A darn—

OVER her bowed head he looked out of the window. Jeremy and Monsieur de Jussac were rounding a corner of the château. They were deep in talk. Jeremy laughed and clapped the Frenchman on the back. And suddenly J. P. gave one of his dry chuckles. He'd forgotten old Jeremy. Why, sure. It was going to be all right.

Madame de Jussac drew away, murmuring an apology.

"My dear," said J. P. almost boisterously. "You just wait—"

They didn't have to wait long. Jeremy came breezing through the door, his lean face all kindly wrinkles. Smiling. Monsieur de Jussac was smiling.

"Say, J. P.," he called. "You did me a good turn bringing me here."

"That makes two then," said J. P., thinking of Louisa Watson.

"Listen, J. P., we've got it all fixed up. Your friend here"—and he tapped de Jussac's shoulder—"is the fellow I've been looking for. He starts in next week, and I bet you we have those automatic telephones going in no time. He's a live wire, he is."

Well, now, that was fine. Great! J. P. grinned, shaking hands with the smiling Frenchman, shaking hands with Jeremy. Madame de Jussac's face grew brighter and brighter as her husband briefly explained to her the offer he had accepted.

They were all back in the room of the tower. Madame de Jussac had slipped over to where her mother-in-law stood, her fierce old face inquiring. She bent a little to listen to what her daughter had to say.

Then stiffly, slowly, she moved toward the taboret where rested the great sword. They had stopped talking. They were watching her. She moved as at the head of a procession, frail in her gauntness. She lifted the heavy sword, and it was no effort to her. She bore its weight with pride, always slowly pacing, until she came to J. P. To him she tendered it with the gesture of handing him the key of her house.

"Monsieur, accept this as a souvenir," she said.

J. P. was a small boy, scarlet, helpless before the dowager.

"Really, ma'am. No, I couldn't—"

"You cannot refuse my mother, monsieur." De Jussac spoke.

"Well, now—well—" He held the sword, his fingers tightening around it. A souvenir. Well, that was nice of the old lady. Darned nice. He looked up at the portraits. They didn't seem to mind. Madame de Jussac was smiling. Sweet, pretty little woman.

"I haven't anything I'll value more," he said. "It's mighty nice of you folks. I thank you." And not one of the de Jussac men could have bowed in a more courtly fashion.

"Well, I certainly didn't"—suddenly he grinned—"think I'd get it," he said.

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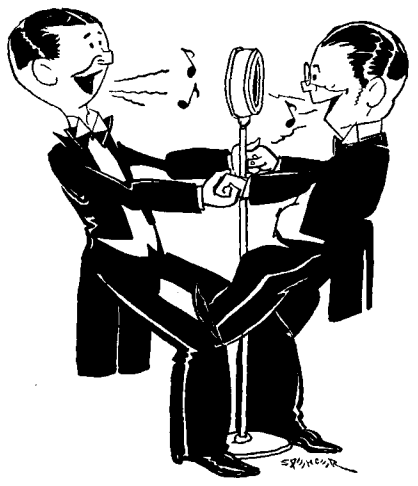

By JACK BINNS

# *Long and Short of It*

"WHY do they have a tall and a short microphone stand?" asked a visitor at one of the larger broadcasting studios.

I don't know what reply was made, but here is the real answer: It is to accommodate long and short singers. For instance, there's Henry Shope of the Mediterraneans and Ralph Grosvenor, another Blue Network star. For the benefit of the ladies I may say that Henry is tall, wide and er—well, you know how the saying goes—while Ralph is short, and maybe you would call him thin.

Now, it often happens these two sing together before the "mike," and aside from their voices they are no exception to the general rule of nature that decrees the tall man shall be a tenor and the little fellow a deep bass.

As a matter of fact, there are no tall and short microphone stands. They are made adjustable to meet the necessity of the occasion, and in this respect they are typical of this effete age.

In the old days, as Milton Cross can testify, the little fellow had to stand on a box—or, if there was no box around, the big fellow had to stoop down when hitting the high notes if he wanted his dulcet tones to get over the air into the waiting loud speakers.

### The Eternal Female

NO MATTER how marvelous an experience we may encounter, in our reaction to it we all behave like human beings. Take the case of Mrs. M. Howe, wife of a newspaper man in London. She sat before the fierce glare of seventeen concentrated lamps of 200-candlepower each in order to be the first woman to have her features cast instantaneously across the Atlantic — the first demonstration of transatlantic television by radio. She sat in the London studio of J. L. Baird, where the movements of her face were picked by a televisor, translated into vibratory electric currents, and, after amplification, were superimposed on the carrier of a short-wave broadcast station. These were received in the home of R. N. Hart at Hartsdale, N. Y., where they were translated again into vision. The event was moderately successful, and when Mrs. Howe in London was told this she exclaimed in dismay:

"I hope they did not notice that my hair was somewhat mussed!"

### Babel Speaking

MOST of the European broadcasting stations announce each of their programs in five different languages. These vary considerably according to location. The station at Zagreb in Jugoslavia uses Serbian, Slovene, German, Italian and Greek, whereas the station at Barcelona, Spain, relies on Spanish, Catalan, English, French, Italian and German, to get over to its listeners.

If the Europeans should ever begin to use the continuity style of program announcement which our chain systems have elaborated so verbosely, they will have no time for programs.

### Chile Bans Banter

IN THE early days of broadcasting the facetious fan could always produce a laugh by remarking he had raised his window the night before and got Chile.

It begins to look as though the South American country has decided to stop this hoary hoax by the simple process of coolly prohibiting the production of any music after eleven o'clock each Chile night.

### The Modern Inquisitor

THE infinite terror which that little disk perched on a pedestal in every radio studio has for the imaginative person about to broadcast the first time can never be adequately portrayed. It is the symbol of a million unseen ears straining critically to catch the slightest error. It is void of the companionate friendliness of a sympathetic gathering. It does not reflect the disapproval of a hostile audience which normally arouses the fighting spirit. It is a dead and soulless thing—and offers naught but cruel silence to the subconscious question: "Am I getting over? Am I getting over?"

For the past seven years I have watched a number of persons make their initial broadcast in many different studios, but it was not until a few moments ago, in WLW's studio at Cincinnati, that I saw real horror grip a despairing talker.

It happened during the morning women's hour. There was a new beauty expert come to tell her sister daughters of Eve those universally known "secrets" which the femininity of every era has used to repel the onslaught of time.

She waited patiently until introduced and then nervously walked to the microphone. She began to talk haltingly. Her face paled. She faltered, then bravely tried again as she caught sight of the encouraging smile which Natalie Giddings, director of the hour, bestowed upon her.

The latter tiptoed over toward the thoroughly frightened speaker, but before anything could be done the terror-stricken woman threw up her arms, and as she collapsed those listening in to WLW that morning heard out of their loud speakers the despairing cry: "Oh, it's terrifying! I can't go on. I can't—"

At that moment the quick action of the operator brought silence to the air.

# MUM'S *The Word*

**THE manager of the Pacific Coast Network declares the greatest problem confronting radio there is the difficulty of getting talent.**

**Tut, tut, Mr. Gilman. How about Hollywood? Or must we believe that the Thespians of the silver screen are really dumb actors?**

# The Ascending Astaires

*Continued from page 12*

at the time," Fred told me, "but I remember my mother cried over it. She was very proud of us, and she always traveled with us."

Mrs. Astaire, by the way, is still living and still proud of her youngsters. She's a remarkably beautiful woman, as you can see from the photographs on the Astaires' dressing tables. Their father died some years ago.

In 1917 the Shuberts spotted Fred and Adele and booked them for Over the Top, in which Ed Wynn was starred. Thereafter the Astaires were lost to vaudeville.

They played in Apple Blossoms and The Love Letter. Then Alex Aarons put them in For Goodness' Sake. It wasn't so warmly received over here, but Aarons sent it over to London under the name of Stop Flirting, and there it became almost as much of a fixture as the Albert Memorial—and much pleasanter to look at.

### Whoopee! Look Out for a Whirlwind

WHEN Stop Flirting wound up, the Astaires came back to America and under Aarons and Vinton Freedley management opened in Lady Be Good in Philadelphia. That was in 1924, and they played it steadily thereafter, including two years in London, until they began rehearsals for the current piece.

"You know—" began Fred.

"Listen!" It was in again—in her first-scene costume. "If you're going to ask me any questions, stick around. I'll be off in a few minutes, and I love to talk about myself. My hobbies are golf and dogs and silk stockings, because I never can wear a pair more than five minutes. Whoopee!"

She executed the jazz equivalent for a pas seul and was gone. Then in came William Kent, the comedian, in the evening clothes he wears in the first scene.

"Ah, the press," beamed Kent, who can talk a little bit faster than anyone else in the world when he wants to—except Adele Astaire. "Well, I was born in St. Paul, and I went on the stage at an early age much against my parents' objections. Well, my father didn't object so much—he was pretty broad-minded. But my mother was a staunch Methodist. My father turned out—ah, pardon me, I hear our opera starting. Excuse me while I open our opera—"

Apparently if you want to interview the Astaires the best plan is to take them aloft—one at a time—in the Spirit of St. Louis.

However, after another interruption, while Fred stepped into the hall to try over a couple of new steps that he wanted to be quite sure of, he managed to convey the fact that his principal hobbies were horses and golf. He has two race horses in England now, and when he gets money enough he hopes to own a whole stable. And you'll have to take his word for it that he goes around in 72.

I questioned him about the difference between British and American audiences and he said he found none—the old diplomat. (Also American gags required virtually no rewriting to register in London.) I asked him where he gets all those ingenious steps.

"One of our best steps," he said, "came as an accident. We had a bit where we ran at each other from opposite directions and then swung around. One evening we toppled off backward accidentally, and it got over so big we kept it in. But I hurt my back so much that night that I was in agony for six weeks, and I've never been able to do any high kicking since.

"Another good step that we call the run-around we got one evening backstage. My sister was running around in some silly fashion. Edward Royce, who was staging the show, saw her.

"'Great!' he said. 'Why don't you work that up?'

"'Oh, you can't do anything with that,' I said. 'It's too silly.' But apparently it wasn't, because he had his way, and we put it in our routine and have kept it there ever since. See you when I come off."

Now *he* was gone. But a moment later something danced past the dressing-room door.

"You can come in in a minute," called Adele. "I've got to make a change.

"Gee, I hate the audience this afternoon," remarked Adele when a cautiously overlong minute had been allowed to elapse. "They're dumb." (Her diplomatic brother never would have said that).

"Listen: do you realize to whom you are talking? Do you realize that this little miss—whoopee!—was received by Bernard Shaw and the great James M. Barrie and by John Galsworthy? They even kissed me—both of them."

"Both of whom?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Galsworthy. Oh, I'm quite a highbrow. Be sure to put that in.

"Incidentally, you might say that the women all come to see Fred, not Adele."

"Oh, come, now, you're not doing yourself justice."

"It doesn't matter. I've got a terrible inferiority complex. Anyone who has a sense of humor has an inferiority complex."

In the course of the crowded two minutes that followed it developed that young Miss Astaire has a Scotch terrier to which she is devoted; that she cries over movies but never over love affairs; that her brother is a better business man than she—and he's not so good; that her golf is rotten, but she's going to keep at it because some day she's going to be good.

Then she had to dart "on" for the finale of the first act.

One of the things that audiences like about the Astaires is the fact that they are so natural and never seem to be working when they're on the stage. I mentioned this to Fred.

"Well," he said, "if you want to get over, you've got to be yourself. If your stuff is forced or counterfeited, the audience feels it right away, and they don't like you. Both of us get an awful kick out of our work, but whenever it begins to bore us I hope we'll be able to quit."

Fred managed to get out the fact that he hopes in time to be a producer ("and he'll make a darn good one," his sister assured me, later) before Adele busted up the interview again.

"Would you like to see old Sex Appeal?" we heard her offering in the other dressing-room. "I'll drag him in. He'll be tickled to death to see you. Oh, Freddie—Fred-eee!"

### Isn't She Fresh?

FRED slipped into the most astounding dressing-gown in the world and stepped into the other room.

And then, before you knew it, the next act was on, and Adele undoubtedly was doing her best to fulfill her threat.

When she came back: "Let's see, we were talking about dancing, weren't we? I love to dance—on the stage. But I don't like to dance around any more. I mean at parties and college dances. I'm getting old."

"Well, now that you're getting so terribly old, what are your plans for the future?"

"I want to act straight stuff. Comedy. No Romeo and Juliet—everyone wants to do that."

"Is it because everyone wants to do it that you don't?"

"Oh, no. It's because I don't *like* it. I don't like Shakespeare, and I don't mind saying so. He's the bunk."

"What about marriage?"

"Oh, marriage is splendid. Fine . . . for somebody else."

"For somebody else?"

"Yes—you get sort of spoiled at home. Whoopee—there's my cue. . . ."

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# His wife said:- 'His whole *disposition* had changed"

"Our family physician found the trouble," she added. "It was not Will's fault at all. He was naturally sweet and kind. He just simply couldn't be himself."

They stood before him —Mother, Bud and Clara, asking him to take them to the movies. He lolled back in his easy chair. "Oh, Lil," he said, "I just don't feel quite up to it." "What's the matter? Are you ill?" she asked. "No, just dull and a little short on pep, I guess. I'll go next time." That was the way it always was with him then. He lacked the vitality that made life fun.

(From "Telling Fortunes with Foods" offered in coupon below.)

"HE'D come home from the office night after night," his wife continued, "and immediately sit down with a book or paper and never say a word all evening.

"A grumpy 'no' or 'yes' was about the limit of response that I could get out of him. He was practically a stranger to the children. He said they made him nervous and he never played with them.

"I *knew* that something was wrong with him because I knew that he was not that kind of man; and so, finally, I persuaded him to see our doctor. He diagnosed Will's trouble right away and advised him to drink orange and lemon juice regularly—and lots of it. Since then he has been a different man."

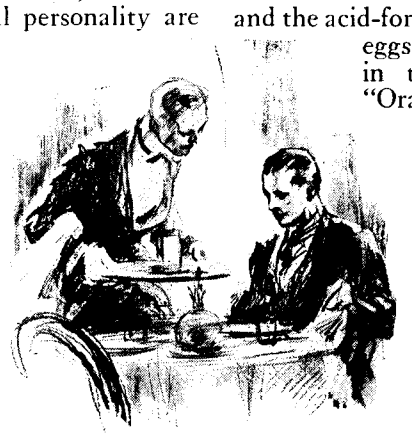
[ *Every statement verified by high Medical Authority* ]

THE Medical Profession is coming to a new conclusion with regard to this condition.

"Acidosis" is the word on almost every modern doctor's tongue.

According to the authorities, nearly half the people who are suffering from "low vitality" and other ordinary ailments, are afflicted with it in varying degree. It keeps the body nagging at the brain. Clear thinking, profitable concentration, sustained effort and an attractive, natural personality are made difficult by it.

Acidosis is one of the most frequent causes of headache, "biliousness" and sour stomach. Constipation, indigestion, nervousness and sleeplessness are often closely linked with it. It is present with each common cold. Persons who have been reducing in wrong ways are almost always subject to it. "Acid mouth," the tooth destroyer, is one of its results. Pyorrhea cannot be successfully combated until Acidosis is controlled.



Recent experience indicates that the treatment of it, as one of the most frequent contributing factors, is having more effect in the correction of "high blood pressure" than any other method known.

It must be subdued in every case of diabetes before these patients show very much improvement.

So Acidosis seems to be an underlying factor, or a beginning, or result, or complication of many of our common and some of our most serious and dangerous ills. "Behind it," doctors say, "is our American diet"—lack of proper balance between the alkaline-reaction foods (vegetables, fruits and milk) and the acid-forming (cereals, bread, fish, meat and eggs). One of the most interesting facts in this connection is the so-called "Orange-Lemon Paradox." Oranges and lemons, although *acid in taste*, are two of the most potent correctives of Acidosis that the Medical Profession knows.

While some people still refer to them as "acid fruits," Science has demonstrated in thousands of tests that their effect in the body is *alkaline*, the opposite of acid.

## ACIDOSIS Symptoms

The following are some of the common symptoms of Acidosis:

| | |
|---|---|
| Headache | Acid Perspiration (*the most frequent cause of body odors*) |
| Sour Stomach | |
| "Biliousness" | Acid Mouth (*the tooth destroyer*) |
| Nausea | |
| Children's "Upset Stomach" | Acetone Urea (*with unpleasant breath odor*) |
| Nervousness | |
| Sleeplessness | Acid Urine |
| High Blood Pressure | |

Coma, in both diabetic and non-diabetic cases.

Of course, not every case of headache, "biliousness," nervousness, etc., is due to Acidosis, although it is one of the most frequent causes of these ailments. Women and men desiring to reduce must be doubly careful to avoid Acidosis. There are special diets for them that doctors can recommend which will prevent Acidosis while safely reducing weight.

If you feel "under par," send at once for a free copy of our book, "Telling Fortunes With Foods." If your case is in any way abnormal, consult your physician.

DIETETIC RESEARCH DEPT.
California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Div. 1603, Box 530, Station "C," Los Angeles, California.

Please send me without charge, a copy of your book, "Telling Fortunes With Foods," explaining Acidosis in more detail and including Important Chapter on Safe Reducing, together with Safe Reducing and normal anti-acidosis *diet menus*.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Three full glasses of refreshing, luscious orange juice per day; the same quantities of lemon juice and water, as delicious sweetened or unsweetened lemonade; the frequent use of fresh, dainty orange salads and desserts (in which other fruits are included also if desired) with zestful lemon juice in place of vinegar in the salad dressing—all these are simple and attractive anti-acidosis measures that any home can follow easily.

However, if your case is in any way abnormal, *do not try to treat yourself*. See your physician. He will best determine what your type of Acidosis is.

To you who are not definitely ill, we will send a free book, "Telling Fortunes With Foods," with important chapter on Safe Reducing approved by an authority on diet, complete lists of acid-forming and alkaline-reaction foods used daily in the home, and ideal menus for both normalizing and reducing. Mail coupon below for your free copy. Clip it now before you turn the page.

## "The Orange-Lemon Paradox"

Although referred to frequently as "acid fruits," a fact well known to Science is that oranges and lemons have an *alkaline* reaction in the body, and thus actually function to correct Acidosis rather than to aggravate it, as thousands once mistakenly supposed. Persons who wish to prevent or offset Acidosis should use oranges and lemons freely. Ask your doctor. He will verify this truth.

* * * * *

Sunkist (California) Oranges and Lemons are, by chemical analysis, exceptionally rich in the soluble solids that give these fruits their beneficial qualities. Sunkist Oranges and Lemons are selected for the general public and the Medical Profession according to standards that insure superiority, so always ask for them by name. The trade-mark "Sunkist" appears on the skin and on the wrapper of oranges; on the wrapper of lemons.

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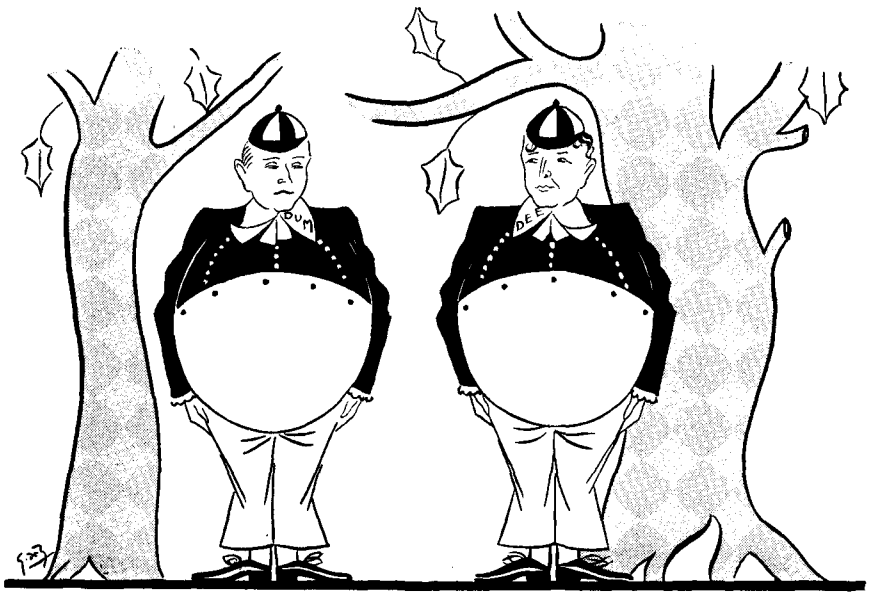


# Tweedledum *and* Brother

*By* THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

IT IS hard to say to which senator the Senate listens with greater impatience, to Senator King of Utah or Senator Bingham of Connecticut. But they are rivals for the honor of talking most and exercising least influence.

Mr. King has been in the Senate almost twelve years. Mr. Bingham has been there only four years.

Mr. Bingham ought to look across at his Democratic colleague and beware. There is time for the Connecticut senator to mend his ways. The case of Mr. King is, of course, hopeless. His habits are too fixed.

There is not much resemblance between the two senators aside from the fact that both bristle with information, both talk often, and both are listened to with impatience. Mr. King, I should say (in all his eleven years of service), has never said a foolish thing, and like the English king in the epigram has never done a wise one. Mr. Bingham has never said a wise thing, so right there the old epigram doesn't fit.

The Utah senator means well: he irritates like the good little boy who has received a prize for his virtue. The Connecticut senator does not mean so well: he has the singular conceit that no one in the Senate—nay, in all the habitable world—is a match for him in making the worse appear the better reason. He irritates by the reflection he casts upon the intelligence of his hearers.

I suspect that Mr. King irritates the senators more and that Mr. Bingham irritates the press galleries more. And this is true because the Connecticut senator is truer to the traditions of politics, for in politics bunk and sophistry have their recognized place; while the Utah senator objects to unanimous consents and breaks the rule which requires members to wink at each other's little jobs in behalf of pestering constituents.

### Uselessly Right

MR. KING conflicts with the interests of his colleagues, while Mr. Bingham wounds the self-respect of the scribes, who in spite of assumed contempt, have to think well of the Senate in order to think well of themselves, whose job it is to write about it.

One trouble with Mr. King is that nothing is too little to engage his serious attention. He makes mountains out of molehills. Some colleague asks for unanimous consent to pass a private pension bill. It takes a lot of maneuvering to get one of these bills up for passage, and its passage will get a flock of persistent constituents off the back of the senator proposing it.

Up springs Mr. King and objects. He has been poking into the question of the proposed pensioner's worthiness. Perhaps in the end he withdraws his objection with a show of being only half convinced that the government is not the victim of skullduggery.

He is incessantly busy. He is generally right about things that are hardly worth while being right about. He is fluent, perhaps the most fluent man in the Senate. His voice is thin and unsympathetic. He has not any of the human weaknesses. He never grows angry. He never tries to put over a little job of his own. He is never humorous. He never makes a big speech to which all the Senate wants to listen. He is a bundle of amendments and criticisms. He is always perfecting other men's work or their public morals.

Mr. Bingham is of a different sort. The last thing he would do would be to interfere with any little job of politics. Son of a minister—and a missionary at that—a college professor all his days till he came to the United States Senate, he is keeping up with the Joneses of practical politics in the Senate.

Like some small-town man, shifted to New York by the corporation that employs him, who wants everyone to forget his jayhawker days, the Connecticut senator wishes everyone to forget his past as a professor in Yale.

He perceived when he entered the Senate that there was no one on the Republican side who, no matter how bad the case for the regular Republican position on some issue might be, would rise and defend it.

### High-class Piffle

MR. BINGHAM vents his extreme partisanship with deadly seriousness. Had he been in the Senate in the days of the Fall and Daugherty scandals, he would have been on his feet daily with carefully reasoned defenses of the two tarnished Republicans.

And I suppose that, just as it would shame you to hear a parson rip out a coarse oath or a vulgar expression, so it shames you to hear a college professor utter the piffle of politics as if it were wisdom from on high. You can stand it from Jim Watson, for he is half laughing when he does it, and he takes you into the joke. But Bingham performs as if he were saying, "If you only applied a finely trained intellect like mine, all the superior advantages I have enjoyed, to this regular Republican side of the question, you would see it as I do. If you don't see it as I do, then I am sorry for the kind of mind you have."

Tall, elegantly groomed, superior-appearing, consciously superior, Bingham looks down on the Senate from the heights which a man attains by rising from a university faculty to machine politics.

# Turntable

*Continued from page 9*

Union Pacific, when it leaves Denver for Salt Lake, turns north to Cheyenne and find its way through the Rockies along natural or the best possible routes and levels.

The Denver & Rio Grande, turning south from Denver, twists, climbs and turns as best it can, and finally puts you down in Salt Lake after a comfortable and amazingly beautiful ride. But it is an expensive ride, from the railroad's viewpoint. It costs the Denver & Rio Grande far more to carry you or a ton of freight over the Rockies than it does the Union Pacific.

But—and here's the crux of the whole rate problem in the United States—the Denver & Rio Grande cannot be allowed either by law or by sheer economic rules to charge more than does the Union Pacific. If the sorely puzzled commissioners grant rates which will enable the Denver & Rio Grande to make fair profits, they will be putting a small excess fortune into the bag of the more fortunately tracked Union Pacific. If they fix only an honest and fair profit rate between Salt Lake City and Denver for the great 8,000-mile Union Pacific, they will starve the expensive 2,500-mile Denver & Rio Grande into a poverty that will prevent it from giving service to some of the richest sections of Colorado and Utah. There are many such puzzles.

### Nobody Wants the Leavings

TRUE enough, the strong roads, whose rates have necessarily been made generously high, are expected to turn some of their surplus earnings into a fund from which loans may be made at low interest rates to the small roads. But the small roads in many cases cannot afford to borrow even from this government-controlled fund any more than they can afford to carry freight as cheaply as the larger roads.

"Larger units of operation"—that, say most of the officials at Washington, is the solution of getting railroad rates that will be fair to the public.

Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, rolled up to the Capitol one cold January morning in 1926 and told a committee of senators what his department thought of railroad consolidation.

"The moment we arrive," he said, "at a decision that our railways shall be regulated as to rates and profits we have eliminated the whole justification for maintaining a multitude of independent utilities for the purpose of securing rates by competition."

But the merging of the weak roads into the strong ones has never really stopped in the United States. It was only attempted combination of big roads —such as the sensational schemes of Hill—that attracted attention and frustration. The Pennsylvania Railroad, for instance, has been made up from 600 companies. It has taken 272 different lines to make up the New York Central. Why not call the Big Four the Little Forty-four in remembrance. Running down to Florida along the Atlantic Coast Line you are traversing 99 one-time individual railroad systems.

Here's a partial list, showing present systems and the number of railroads of which they were made up:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Sante Fe | 141 | Union Pacific | 43 |
| Rock Island | 85 | New Haven | 104 |
| Burlington | 195 | Central of Ga. | 56 |
| Great Northern | 59 | Wabash | 82 |
| St. Paul | 174 | Louisville & Nash. | 129 |
| Missouri Pacific | 155 | Southern Railway | 157 |
| 'Frisco Lines | 88 | | |

Not one peace-time year has passed during the past thirty-three when the unification, merger, consolidation, leasing or swallowing of certain railroads by others has not been achieved with the authority of state legislation. Fifty-seven mergers a year for the past third of a century have made up the average record of legal mergers under laws or constitutions of the various states. Four thousand miles of railroad yearly, for the past thirty-three years, have passed into mergers. None of these absorptions was illegal: all were accomplished under proper government supervision. It is true, however, that more requests for absorptions were presented than were granted. Requests have been generally denied for the unification of "parallel and competing lines." Of our quarter million miles of railroads about 51,000 are still in unmerged small lines.

Small lines yet unmerged number perhaps 600. Many of them do not pay, though some of the so-called short lines are among the most profitable, considering the capital invested, of all.

In Washington one of the most powerful commercial organizations, politically speaking, is the American Short Line Railroad Association. It draws its membership from among the 600 second- and third-class railroads which earn less than $1,000,000 a year. Almost all the third-class lines belong to this association.

A third-class line, technically, is a line with an income of less than $100,000 a year. There are perhaps 300 third-class railroad lines in the United States which have an annual profit not much larger than the President's salary of $75,000 a year.

Among these small lines there are many that would greatly like to be merged with more powerful lines. They might thus be able to pay dividends to their stockholders for the first time in many years.

The ghost of the motor truck is behind many of the small lines. It is driving them toward the shelter of the greater roads.

I've shown how consolidation or merging has been going on throughout the years. Why, then, all of a sudden, does it seem necessary to pass a law to spur the merging of lines?

A hundred different reasons are given, but one seems to me to be outstanding and most persuasive. It is this: there is now a dismaying tendency on the part of the great lines to avoid general mergers involving many of the lesser lines because the little lines have been pretty well picked over, selected and absorbed.

We have come almost to the bottom of the short-line basket where you find the leavings which no one wants.

There are short lines like the Lehigh, the Delaware & Hudson and others that are rich and profitable. The great lines look on these sturdy, money-making smaller properties with gusto. Consolidation with them is no hardship, and both the Lehigh and the Delaware & Hudson are now fighting to save their identities from consolidation.

But the non-paying small lines serve communities that need them and must have them. They cannot be allowed to die because they lose money. Wherefore, in the consolidations that are under way and that are bound to come, it is safe to say that the great lines will be shouldered by the government with the duty of taking small and money-losing lines into their systems and spreading the losses over the wide surfaces of their great mileage and huge earnings.

### The Gilt-edged Century

OUR first century of railroading in the United States, just coming to its end, has seen the merging of over 6,000 lines, with 250,000 miles of tracks, into about 800 lines. The end of the century will, as I said, see the final merging of most of these 800 lines into about 20. Legislation now being considered at Washington will probably pass during this or the next session of Congress and will make this possible.

The first century abounded in railroad bankruptcies. Railroad stocks were often considered as doubtful as oil stocks; more doubtful indeed.

Who knows but that we shall, before many years of our second railroad century have gone by, with our consolidations completed, be buying stocks in railroads just as we now, with our Liberty Bond training, are learning to buy steel, telephone, gas, electric, and other sound industrial stocks?

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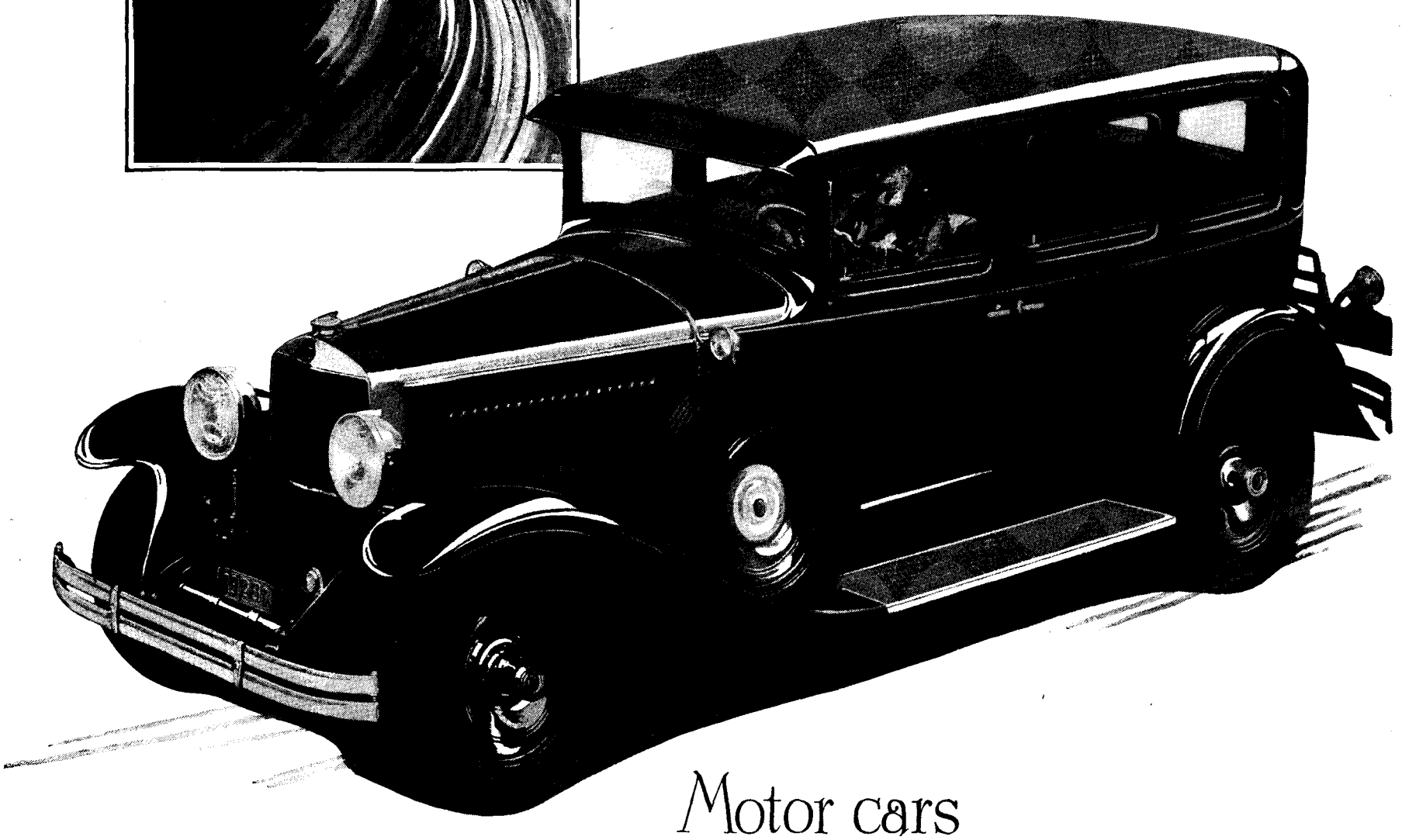
## *Swiftness*

It is for those times when moments are really precious — not for the wanton abuse of speed — that the ability to travel swiftly, in comfort and safety, becomes so desirable to those who drive and ride.



# Motor cars upon which we proudly place our name

In them you will find the reflection of our ideas of distinguished appearance, of thoroughgoing comfort, of dependable construction, of fully satisfactory performance, and substantial worth.

*A wide variety of models and body types —prices beginning at $860, f. o. b. Detroit. Illustrated is Model 629, 5-passenger sedan $1985.*

Joseph B. Graham
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# GRAHAM-PAIGE

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# The Best Way Out

*Continued from page 11*

Butch, still absently riffling the cards, "you don't like th' way I run things, eh? Think they'd go better in someone else's hands. Mebbe your own, eh, Danny?"

"Not mine," flashed the boy. "Not on your life. As a matter o' fact, Butch, I want to quit after this next job. You know me—all of you—well enough to know I'd never open my trap about what's past. Not for a million grand. But I've—I've had enough. I want to pull out—and—and—"

"Marry the gal, see the light, an' live happy ever after," concluded Butch, nodding.

"Yeh, I guess that's about it," said Danny, and wondered why Butch's hand did not flash to his hip.

Then Butch's thin lip curled ever so slightly. Gently he shook his head.

"No," he said softly, and rested his pointed chin on his fists. "No, that ain't it at all, Danny. *You ain't leavin' the gang.* Don't think you are. First place"—a mirthless flicker of eyelids—"we like your company too well. Second place, you know too much."

Their eyes leaped in a long, hostile clash, and Danny knew there was no appeal. Max and Pete and Joe, he felt, would stand for his leaving. They knew him for a square-shooter, but Butch . . . suddenly he realized that Butch was jealous of him.

It merely resolved itself into Butch's biding his time until the right opportunity rolled around, until Danny's usefulness to the gang became less important than the final settlement of the other's grudge.

"Well," he said, affecting a casual tone, "that's that. An' now give me the dope on this job next Sunday."

Walking toward Milly's apartment half an hour later Danny could see no light ahead for him and Milly—not while Butch Pelton lived. And with the thought Danny halted so abruptly that a short, pig-faced little man bumped into him, snarling in Yiddish.

"By George," he muttered, unnoticing, and clenched his fists. "By George, I've got to do it. It's him or me, now—and Milly."

His young mouth was set in a hard streak as he rang the doorbell.

"You're late, honey," cried a reproachful voice, and he had a confused joyous vision of red-checked apron, white, floury hands and eager eyes in the darkened hallway with its faint aroma of countless dinners that had gone before. "Look out—the flour, Danny—your blue suit. . . ."

AFTER the last spoonful of ice cream had been triumphantly scraped from its cardboard container they did the dishes and then wandered hand in hand into the dim coziness of the tiny front room. Danny sat down in a corner of the worn leather couch, and the girl snuggled up to him, her soft little head nestling in the familiar curve of his left arm.

They were sitting so, mindless of time, when the doorbell buzzed.

"By golly," exclaimed the boy guiltily. "I forgot to tell you, hon. It's the Gimp—he seems so lonesome, somehow, I told him to come round an' meet you tonight. He's a great guy; you'll like him."

In another minute came the familiar tap-tap of cane and shoe leather on the linoleum of the hall, and Danny ushered in his friend.

"Well, well," he exclaimed, and shook hands with Milly. "Well, the boy hasn't exaggerated, for once in his life!"

"Thank you," laughed the girl, warm color clouding her face. "I've heard some pretty nice things about you too, Mr.—Mr.—"

"Don't 'Mister' me, please," smiled the older man, easing himself deftly into the chair which Danny drew up. "I'm just Gimp to those that like me, miss." He drew out an old pipe, then hesitated, glancing at Danny.

"Please smoke," nodded Milly. "I'll have a cigarette myself, Danny—the pack's on the stand there. Thanks."

The big man leaned forward, holding a lighted match. Danny drew deep on two cigarettes, passing one to the girl.

"What?" demanded the boy, as the other passed the red flame evenly across the tamped bowl of his pipe. "Three on a match, Gimp?"

"Sure," nodded the other, between vast blue billows. "Luck in odd numbers, y'know. Three ain't a crowd, f'r instance, if we're the three, is it?"

"Of course not," agreed Milly.

"Why," continued the Gimp solemnly, "it even takes three to get married, don't it? Leastways, it used to, back in California."

"Oh," exclaimed the girl, "*have* you been there? Do tell me about it. Is it all so wonderful?"

"It looks," grinned Danny, settling back, "as if you're in for it, my boy."

The big man chuckled indulgently at her wide-eyed interest. Chuckled, and then unbent as Danny had not imagined he could do. Avoiding all references to himself, he lifted them out of the narrow little room, with the sifting of street dust along mantel and window-sills, into another world—a world of white sunlight, waving trees and blue surf pounding a beach not strewn with the litter of picnic lunches by the thousand. It seemed to the boy and the girl that twelve o'clock was on them in one bound.

"How'd you like the kid?" he inquired casually as they strolled home through the deserted street. The Gimp shook his head.

"Twenty-four-carat, Danny. Too good for you."

"Don't I know it!" exclaimed the boy bitterly. "Lord, what a bum I am! Honest, Gimp, wouldn't it pull you all to pieces? Hearin' her talk about a little apartment, and plan to get along, and all that?"

"Seen Butch yet?" asked the Gimp, without looking at him.

"Yeh," replied Danny laconically. "I seen him."

They mounted the stairs to their fourth-floor rookery. And when the Gimp—an hour later—peeped in the boy was still lying tense and staring across the bed, his cap still on his head.

"Danny"—softly.

"Yeh?" without turning.

"I been thinkin'. When's the next job bein' pulled off?"

Danny cleared his throat harshly. "Sunday night—warehouse 19."

"Well, only one thing for you to do, boy. Get him first."

The blue cap nodded. "I know it, Gimp. And I'm scared—scared stiff for fear I won't. An', Gimp. . . ."

"Uh-huh?"

"If I don't, see? I'll leave a letter here in the drawer. You look out for it—an' do what it says, will you?"

"Sure thing, Danny," agreed his friend heartily. "An', well—good night."

SUNDAY evening late. From the gang's standpoint, the weather ideal. A faint drizzle, warm and glistening, blurred the masses of warehouses and rendered street lights ineffective. Danny, crouching by a pile of lumber, strained his eyes for a sight of Joe Malone's flash through the darkness. A stocky man in a gray uniform sauntered past, the street light striking silver from badge and buttons. Danny peered at his luminous strap watch and knew that the guard would not complete his round. For behind the jutting corner of Warehouse 19 two grim shadows lurked, Maxey Hirsch and Pete Bardini. Grim shadows, swift and sure! Danny wet his lips and wondered where Butch was.

Danny's heart leaped into his mouth as a hand grasped his elbow.

"Gimme your flash," whispered Joe. "Mine's busted. Heard anything?"

"Naw," whispered Danny, handing it over. They crouched in a niche between the sweet-smelling pine planks. "Where's Butch?"

"Up at the foot o' that street," pointed Joe, peering out cautiously. "Say, were you movin' around that next warehouse a few minutes ago?"

"Naw, been plastered in here for an hour. Why?"

" 'S'funny," frowned Joe. "I swear I seen some figures sneakin' along by the wall—three or four of 'em. When that lighted ferryboat went past."

"Must have been Berg Stedman an' the drivers," whispered Danny. "I ain't seen a soul."

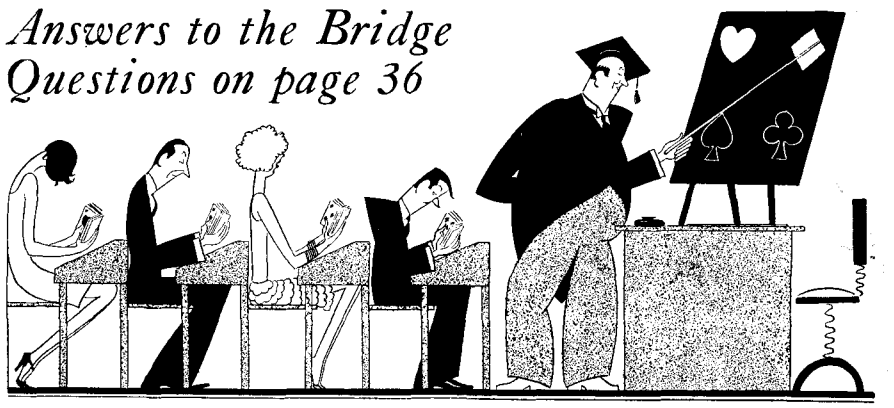
Again he lifted his sleeve and peered at his watch. "Better get goin', Joe. That bull's about due to get his now. I'll watch this end. S'long."

Straining his ears, Danny presently heard a faint choked cry, instantly smothered, and a distant scuffle of feet on cobbles. He breathed easier as he waited for the sound of a shot which failed to materialize. Butch, he guessed, wasn't around there. Then, with the thought of the leader, came a flash of suspicion. Why had Butch insisted so emphatically that he stick tight in this lumber? Generally Butch used him right up front where things clicked fast and a slip might spell disaster. By golly, if Butch was intending to slip up and pot him like a rat, he was mighty far off.

He clambered up catlike, noiseless, until he flattened out, his cheek against the wet fragrance of the top planks.

(*Continued on page 44*)

## *Answers to the Bridge Questions on page 36*



1. The expression "according to Hoyle" meant originally correct procedure in card games; as used now, it is the equivalent of *au fait, de rigueur*, O. K. Edmund Hoyle, a celebrated English author who died in 1769, wrote books on Whist and other games which were translated into several languages. His rules for card games were the only ones in existence during his lifetime and for many years after his death, consequently "according to Hoyle" came to be the last word in card law.

2. "Cavendish" was the pseudonym of Henry Jones, M. R. C. S., England's most celebrated writer on Whist, who was born in London on November 2, 1831, and died about the beginning of the present century. His first book appeared when he was thirty-two years of age, and after that he was recognized as the authority on Whist tactics.

3. A Yarborough is a hand which contains no card higher than a Nine and takes its name from one of the Earls of Yarborough, who was always ready at the beginning of a deal to bet any Whist player £1,000 to £1 that the player's hand would contain at least one card better than a Nine. History does not record how often his offer was accepted, nor whether he ever lost one of his bets. R. A. Proctor (a Whist mathematician), commenting on Yarboroughs, wrote: "If His Lordship knew how to calculate probabilities and wished to make an even bet, he should have offered rather more than £1,827 to £1 against the occurrence of the hand in question."

4. A jump in Bridge is a raise of partner's bid, no bid having been made by the intervening adversary. For example, South (Dealer) one Spade, West pass; should North bid two or more Spades he would be jumping.

Bridge jumps are sometimes of value to shut out a bid by the remaining adversary, but jumps in Auction Bridge are not nearly as important or frequent as jumps in Contract Bridge, in which game only the number of tricks bid for may be scored toward game.

5. (a) South (Dealer) should pass.
(b) North should bid one No Trump.
(c) North should bid one No Trump.
(d) East should bid two Spades.

6. (a) The King.
(b) The Jack.

Against a No Trump, the lead probably has been made from a suit containing the Ace. Against a suit contract, the leader would not have led low from a suit headed by the Ace.

7. (a) The King.
(b) A small card.

In the No Trump case the Queen is marked in the Closed Hand (West would not have led Jack from Q-J); the lead may have been made from A-J-10, making it important to play the King in the hope of capturing Closed Hand's Queen. If the lead was not from A-J-10, it was from a long suit headed by J-10-9 or J-10-8, and the play of the King, which cannot be harmful, will aid in clearing that suit.

In the case of a suit contract the Closed Hand has both Ace and Queen (the lead could not have been from Q-J nor away from an Ace); so there is no advantage in playing the King. It is possible that the lead was from J-10 and that it may be important to retain the King to take the third trick.

8. Look for the missing card. Playing with a hand that contains only twelve cards is very apt to be penalized because, if the missing card can be found, the player is liable for revokes (if any) just as if the missing card had been continuously in his hand and he had refused to play it.

9. (a) Yes. Any player may call attention to the insufficiency.

(b) North must make his bid sufficient by making a higher declaration. He may bid three Hearts, two No Trumps, or make any bid he chooses provided it is higher than two Spades. He may not pass or double.

(c) South cannot do anything except pass during that hand. North's insufficient bid has barred South from further participation in the auction.

10. Declarer takes two tricks from the adversaries as the penalty for a revoke; this gives him twelve tricks, leaving him still down one. He is entitled to count 100 above the line for five honors in one hand, and 50 for a Small Slam (the laws provide that, seven being bid and six made, the Declarer scores for a Small Slam). The adversaries would count 100 for defeating a doubled contract (one undertrick).

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## winners of the great $50,000 competition for 300-word letters on "Why the Laundry should do my Washing"

**THE following cash prizes have been awarded to ten persons in each state, District of Columbia and Canada: First, $225; second, $125; third, $100; fourth, $50; fifth, $35; sixth, $25; seventh, $20; eighth, $10; ninth, $5; tenth, $5.**

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### Here are the winners of the 10 National Prizes

**First, $10,000**
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**Second, $5,000**
Mrs. Clyde Watt
P. O. Box 34
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**Third, $2,000**
Mrs. Mervyn Dunnagan,
657 East 31st., North,
Portland, Oregon.

**Fourth, $1,250**
Mrs. Mary R. Hole,
1533 Keeler Ave.,
Bartlesville, Okla.

**Fifth, $1,000**
Wm. T. Gray,
201 Eastern Parkway,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

**Sixth, $700**
Mrs. C. M. Davis,
Box 216,
Deaver, Wyoming.

**Seventh, $500**
Mrs. Mary M. Allen,
168 Delavan Ave.,
Newark, N. Jer.

**Eighth, $400**
Mrs. Victoria Gruener,
254 N. W. 54th St.,
Miami, Florida.

**Ninth, $250**
Mrs. P. J. Mulrooney,
59 Spruce Court Apts.
Spruce St., at Sumach,
Toronto, 2, Ontario, Canada.

**Tenth, $100**
Harriett L. Troan,
404 Wellington Ave.,
Rochester, N. Y.

The National Judges certify the above selections.

*President, Buckley, Dement & Company; President, International Direct Mail Advertising Assn.*

*Professor of Home Economics, Boston University, noted woman economist*

*Editor, Nation's Business.*

## More than Million Letters Received

**Letters from every civilized country on the globe totalling 1,044,272 were received and considered in this contest**

THE twelve thousand writers of letters who have merited Honorable Mention and have been given one of the Laundry Service Awards are not listed on this page. Notification of their awards with certificates were mailed on March 20 . . . . Simultaneous announcement of the awards of contest are being made by individual laundry-owners in newspapers in United States and Canada.

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# Shooting at the Moon

By EDWIN E. SLOSSON

*Director Science Service*

ONE of the unfulfilled dreams of mankind is to find a way of reaching the moon. Lucian some seventeen centuries ago made a trip, in his imagination. So did Cyrano de Bergerac, who was something of a scientist and not so much of a fool as Rostand makes him out to be. H. G. Wells devised a shield that shuts off the force of gravity at the blast of a big bomb. But since then Einstein has shown that there is no force of gravity, so this project is out. Jules Verne made his voyage in a projectile fired from a giant cannon. But this involves imparting to the projectile in a few seconds all the momentum necessary to free it from the earth, and such a shock at the start would smash the passengers. What is needed is a propelling power that could be gradually developed so as to start the machine slowly, increase it gradually, and continue to work outside the atmosphere.

The only suggestion so far made that possesses any plausibility or possibility is to use a rocket. The rocket is propelled by a stream of hot gases ejected at high speed from the tail. Whenever this is suggested someone is sure to say: "But a rocket will not work in empty space where there is no air for it to push against." Evidently such a person regards a rocket as propelled by a shove like a stern-wheel steamer. But actually a rocket would go better in empty space because its motive force is the recoil of the charge fired from the rear, and the faster the particles are driven off the faster the rocket is pushed ahead. Anybody who has felt the kick of a gun will understand.

### You Might Try at a Star

OVER ten years ago Professor Robert H. Goddard of Clark University worked out both mathematically and experimentally, with the aid of the Smithsonian Institution, a method by which it seems feasible to land on the moon a sufficient charge of flashlight powder to be seen from the earth. Three pounds of powder ignited by the impact of the rocket on the dark area of a new moon would be discernible by telescopes.

If smokeless powder were used as the propellant charge in the rocket, 400 to 600 pounds of it would be required to land one pound weight on the moon, but if compressed or liquid oxygen could be used in combination with hydrogen, acetylene or gasoline, probably a tenth of that charge would do.

The total outfit at the start would have to weigh eight or ten tons, but more than half of this would consist of fuel which would be used up on the way, and the load would be further lightened by dropping off the casing containers. The weight of what remained would grow continually less, while each discharge in the rear would add to the speed. Once well away from the gravitational pull of the earth, going would be easy, for no further power would be required, since the projectile would continue at an even speed until it came within the sphere of influence of the moon.

It could as easily travel to the sun or, with a sufficiently high speed after leaving the earth, to any of the stars. Theoretically and neglecting air resistance, any projectile, however heavy, shot off at a velocity of seven miles a second would be released from the earth's attraction and leave it forever. Air resistance falls off rapidly, and, in twenty seconds after starting from rest at the earth's surface, the rocket would be where the density of the atmosphere is only 1 per cent of what it is at sea level. After one minute more of flight the resistance of the atmosphere would become negligible, and the speed of the projectile could be raised to 5,000 miles an hour, which would bring it to the moon in two days. So although man has at present no prospect of getting to the moon himself, he could get something there.

### A Cat Exposure Meter

HINTS of how to make handy articles out of unused things about the house are always welcome. So I pass on the report I find in a French scientific journal of a photographer who employs his cat as an exposure meter. He is a professional maker of picture postcards, and found, as we all have, that even the best of photometers is likely to be misleading at times.

Noticing how sensitive the iris diaphragm of his cat was toward variations of illumination, he fitted a hood over its head with two windows for the eyes, and rigged in front a simple apparatus for measuring the diameter of the pupil. So now he takes the cat with him in a satchel when on a photographing tour. When he sets up his camera on its tripod in front of the desired view, he sets up the cat beside it on its tetrapod and reads off the number of the stop the animal is using. Then he times his exposure accordingly with assurance of getting a good plate.

### Beaver Hats Won the West

THE bell-crowned beaver hats that our great-grandfathers wore when they affected especial elegance scarcely look, at this distance, like instruments of empire. Yet they were potent, if indirect, influences in the winning of the great American West. The assistants and guides of such expeditions as that of Lewis and Clark, the men who found the passes over which the later caravans of covered wagons climbed, are usually vaguely mentioned in the books as "hunters and trappers." What they were mostly after was beaver, and the demand for beaver skins came quite as much from gentlemen's hatters as it did from ladies' furriers.

Beaver skins were long the standard medium of exchange in the Northwest: witness the "*pro pelle cutem*" on the arms of the Hudson's Bay Company, with its crest of a beaver couchant. The clash of that great corporation with our Astors and the lesser American fur seekers nearly involved us in a third war with England, in the roaring days of "54-40 or Fight." The beaver hats that were waved in hail and farewell to the bands departing on the Oregon Trail narrowly missed being waved again at parades of troops departing for the front—with the wavers in happy ignorance that those same cherished glossy headpieces figured largely as causes of it all.

# The Best Way Out

*Continued from page 42*

He was just figuring that the loading must be about finished when something made him stiffen and hold his breath. He dragged himself on his elbows, inch by inch, over until one eye cleared the edge and gave him a view of the ground below. There he froze, for a long second. He *had* been right—Butch was sneaking up to settle the old grudge. Only he—instead of Butch—would settle it.

"As soon's he shoves that gun round th' corner," decided Danny grimly, "he gets it."

Suddenly, out of the dark, came quick interruption—a sharp cry from the direction of the trucks. Another! The sound of running feet! A guarded whistle!

"What th' hell?" muttered Danny, and raised his head. The boards creaked with the sudden movement—creaked and settled with a slight scraping which sounded like a roll of thunder to his straining ears. Instinctively he ducked, but too late. He had a vague picture of a small, white face jerking up at his. Then, in that same breathless instant, fire jabbed at him before he could press the trigger. His cap twitched, as by an unseen hand, and a white-hot streak seared his scalp. Another, and he gasped sharply. The board before him ripped into strange furrows. Splinters drove into his hand.

"I'm shot," he whispered stupidly. He wondered why he did not lose consciousness. Butch was too quick for him, after all. He wasn't so darned smart. And this meant the end. Picked up like a wounded rat . . . iron bars. And Butch at large. He shook his head, and a tremendous surge of rage seized him. By gorry, Butch *wouldn't* be left! Left in the same world with Milly, and he not there? Heedlessly the boy scrambled to the edge again, glaring into the darkness. Something warm and wet trickled down into one eye. Too warm for rain. He wiped it off with an impatient cuff. Where was Butch? Where?

Then he saw him, floating off like a shadow, and the ghost of a mirthless chuckle drifted to him. Calling on every power, closing his ears to the uproar of struggle from the trucks, Danny steadied the gun and pressed the trigger. A steady stream of flame rewarded him. Almost with the first crashing report, the shadow halted, swayed, clutched at empty air, and spun sidewise.

"There," gasped the boy, straining his eyes. "There, how's that? . . ."

His head was ringing like an anvil, and he laid down his gun, wondering vaguely why he didn't die. Dimly he was aware that all sorts of things were happening around him. Hoarse shouts, and whistles shrilling. Heavy poundings of feet, and off up the street the rat-a-tat-tat of a patrolman's stick on the pavement. Something had gone wrong. Terribly wrong. The dicks had been tipped off. With the indistinct hope that he might be, somehow, undetected, Danny sagged down, rested his throbbing head on his arms, and closed his eyes. After a time the white finger of a flashlight and a triumphant bellow:

"Up there, Chief, on that lumber! See him? Stick 'em up, you!"

PAINFULLY Danny blinked into the white beam and pushed himself into a sitting posture. He was amazed that he was still alive. He thrust up his hands, while two bulky shapes on the ground covered him.

"He's winged," remarked the voice, and laughed. "That's three down, Chief."

"All right," snapped a decisive voice. "Come down here, you. I'll take care of him. Brady, you cover the water front in case they've got a boat."

"O. K.," said Brady, and trundled off into the darkness.

"Shake it up, you," ordered the big man with the flash. Descending slowly, Danny wondered at the familiar sound of the voice. Doubtless it was only his imagination, strangely distorted by his wound. But something about it reminded him . . . something. Then he was swaying with his back against the pile, averting his eyes from the glare. Dully he waited for the flash and jangle of nickel . . . he'd never yet felt the bite of the bracelets on his wrists.

"Hit bad, Danny?"

The boy started, wrinkling his forehead at the voice. He stared hard.

"Gimp! What you doin'—"

"Here, lemme feel. No time to talk."

Fingers, strong yet gentle, peeled off the soaked cap. Danny inclined his head to the sheltered inspection. Fingers deftly parted his hair, tracing the furrow across the scalp, while he strove not to wince.

"Creased, that's all," muttered the big man, and snapped off his light. "Luck's with you. Can you walk?" Danny nodded, his brain striving vainly to piece the impossible into a coherent pattern.

"Follow me, then, an' keep quiet."

CLOSE behind the Gimp, Danny was more and more bewildered. He must be out of his head. For the Gimp carried no stick, nor had he the slightest suggestion of a limp. Suddenly he understood. The orders to Brady . . . the familiar voice! The Gimp a dick! Then why was he hustling him across the stretch of asphalt, away from the scene of action? Why didn't he slip the bracelets on him and get it over with? Danny gave it up.

"Where's Butch?" the Gimp threw over his shoulder.

"Back by th' pile—toward th' river," said Danny. "I—I got him, after he gimme this."

"Good!" nodded the big man, still hurrying him along. "Better give me that gun, an' say—there's an idea for you!"

"What's an idea?"

"If it's all right with you, I'll take th' credit an' collect that five thousand. By golly, there *is* an idea! Could you use that five, where you're goin'?"

"Up th' river, you mean," muttered the boy. The picture of Milly flashed between them, contracting his pale face with a spasm of pain. "No," he said, in a flat voice, "I won't be—needin' it, Gimp. But why did you have to put it over on me like this, heh, Gimp? After the other night—an' all," he concluded miserably.

The big man stared down for a moment. From somewhere in the distance two shots reached their ears, faint and smothered by the silver mist. He smiled, reached into his trousers pocket.

"Hell, boy," he said gruffly, "I had to do it. Had to catch 'em right in the act. And I was scared stiff you'd have to pay up, along with the rest. You're lucky, take my say-so on it. Now take this"—he thrust a flat roll into Danny's hand, which closed mechanically—"an' do what you want with it. But this is my suggestion."

Danny nodded, trying to get the straight of it. The Gimp grinned.

"Take this handkerchief of mine. Here it is. Clean your face up, an' get a druggist to tape that crease together. Then phone that little girl o' yours to pack her bag and meet you, hot-foot, in the Grand Central, see?"

Again Danny nodded, and tried to swallow the great, jagged lump that kept forcing its way up into his throat. He couldn't speak, to save his life—Couldn't do anything except fumble blindly for the other's big hand.

"An' then," concluded the Gimp, with a quick grasp of his hand as a police whistle shrilled in the night, "you step right up to the nearest ticket window and buy 'two to California,' see? That's all, an' so long."

Danny's heart was in his eyes as he nodded at the older man.

The Gimp, now a bulky shadow across the street, turned and waved an impatient hand. "Get goin', boy," he called, "before the rush starts!"

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# Let's be Lazy

*Continued from page 33*

With the temptation to be out of doors and to do things which spring offers, many people start in with long walks or intensive gardening or—worst of all—spring housecleaning, and they are rewarded with stiff muscles and fatigue that is almost illness.

It must be remembered that all of the apparently trivial derangements behind spring fever have effects on the heart. The low metabolic rate slows the pulses. So does a sluggish liver. Anæmia lowers the blood pressure, as does poor muscle tone. And a heart cannot be reëducated quickly. With patience and gradual methods wonders can be accomplished with even a diseased heart. A normal organ deserves the same treatment.

### Take a Sun Bath

FATIGUE may become a habit, but generally not without disease behind it. Drowsiness in excess of the normal is also a danger signal. And the person who either gets fat or remains too thin should suspect that something is amiss with his machinery.

By the same token, the slightly abnormal feelings that spring brings mean something and should be attended to, not disregarded as signs of moral weakness.

To be specific:

INDULGE THAT LAZY FEELING! On working days the indulgence may have to be confined to the noon hour and the hours when work is over. But a lot of laziness can be crowded into these hours.

On holidays the outdoors should be made use of, but with no intensive purpose. Relaxation and stretching are what your muscles are calling for, after the muscle-bound life of winter.

TAKE THE SUN AS MEDICINE. There is no greater blood tonic than the sun bath. But make it systematic.

A sun bath should be taken in a sheltered spot out of doors, with no hat on and as few clothes as the weather permits. Complete relaxation at the same time helps. Beware of sunburn. Time your exposure. Make it ten minutes the first day, and increase at ten-minute jumps until you get to the maximum time you can afford to spend.

Morning sun is the most potent, between the hours of eleven and one, but it may be too hot for peace, and peace is essential to a successful sun bath. As the season advances early morning sun and afternoon sun before five o'clock are good enough, especially as your need for the treatment will diminish with time.

Rest your liver, as your failing appetite admonishes you to do.

The three things to do in order to give your liver the rest it probably needs are:

1. Cut down on the fats in your diet.
2. Keep your bowels well, but not strenuously, open.
3. Increase your fluid intake.

The person who is of normal weight or overweight can safely eliminate all fats in the spring, making up the energy loss with meat. The person who is underweight can cut fats down to two pats of butter daily, with a quarter of a pint of cream, making up the energy loss with starch or sugar.

If the bowels are sluggish, they will respond slightly to the loss of fat in the diet, but they should be aided with additional fruit, much water, and bran or agar-agar if necessary. Two full movements daily in the spring is an ideal not very hard to achieve. I don't advise cathartic drugs. Better to resort to salt-water enemas if you need quick action than to risk liver irritation with drugs unless your doctor advises it.

The need for fluids when the weather grows warmer is not only a liver need but a skin demand. Cold water and lots of it—at least two quarts a day—is the best way to supply fluid requirement, but ginger ale is excellent, and tea and coffee and milk will help too.

A safe and sane spring diet for the average person is this:

*Breakfast*

Whole orange, or three raw prunes, or a saucer of rhubarb.
One soft-boiled egg, or its equivalent, scrambled or in omelet.
Brown bread toast without butter.
Coffee or tea, with sugar but no cream.

*Lunch*

A fruit or vegetable salad scantily dressed.
Portion of lean meat.
One hard unbuttered roll.
Glass of milk.

*Dinner*

Fruit cup.
Meat, potato and as many vegetables as possible (plain boiled).
Plain lettuce.
Rhubarb or other fruit dessert.
Bran cookies.
Black coffee.
And, in addition, two quarts of water, taken when it is convenient.

It may not be feasible for us to do quite what our cave-dwelling ancestors did. But we can give a pretty good civilized imitation of their behavior and if we do the chances are we won't need that long-deferred summer vacation so badly as we used to need it.

# The Lady Forgot to Say

*Continued from page 24*

and Ashbridge watched him. They saw him drop to his hands and knees and crawl.

"You first, Pooley," said Ashbridge.

A long, withering hail of metal swept down the tracks. Ashbridge's bayonet rapped. Another burst from the bend.

"How long do we keep this up?" inquired Private Ashbridge presently.

"Until the sergeant comes back."

"Yeah?" There was cynicism in Ashbridge's tone. "Yeah?"

"Tap the rail," growled Private Poole. "It's your turn. Until the sergeant comes back, or—"

From up the tracks they heard a short, sharp explosion—an echoless, flat smash. And then another. After a pause there was a third. Privates Poole and Ashbridge, their faces close, looked hard at each other. But neither spoke. Poole reached forward and tapped the rail.

Jerry didn't answer. Ashbridge tried it. Jerry didn't answer.

Sergeant Bracci returned, walking like a soldier.

"The reason I done that," said he, nodding in the direction of the disaster, "is because this lousy war's got me so's I can't remember half the things I read no more. It was a dirty trick in a way, but if a guy don't do somethin' we'll be here for the next two years or so, and I got to get back to Pittsburgh."

HE STRODE across the gully, now as offenseless as a featherbed. He salvaged the letter and, flouting a cardinal rule of night warfare, struck a match. Presently he cursed solemnly and threw the letter down. The wind, flitting up the railroad cut, picked up, played with it a moment and then hung it on a bush.

"Who's she goin' to the racket with?" asked Private Poole.

Sergeant Bracci regarded Private Poole sourly, shoved his hands into his pockets and spat a disgusted oath.

"She don't say," he shouted.

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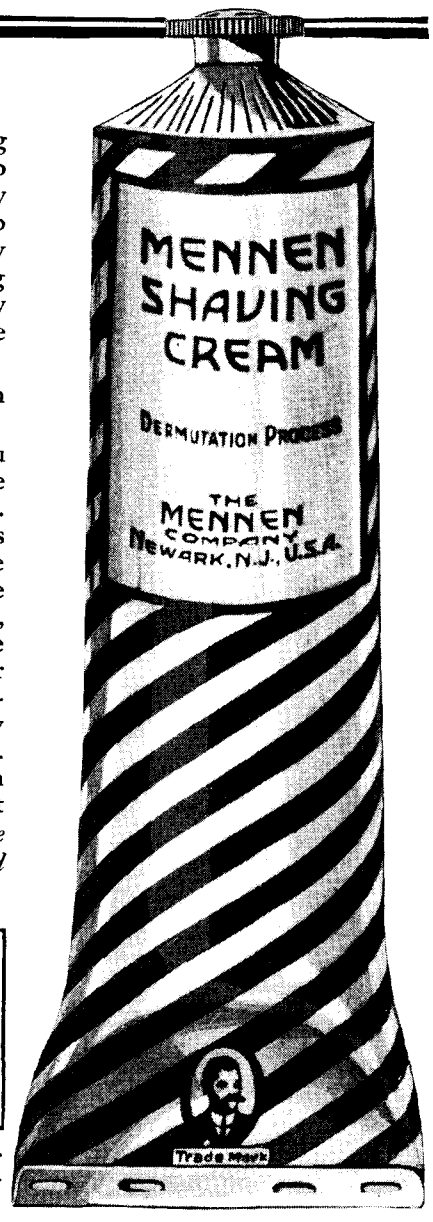



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# Free, White and Female

*Continued from page 21*

Mortimer Blade's voice come over the wire.

"This is Martha Bundy," she said.

"Yes. And what can I do for you this pleasant morning?"

"I've got to see you."

"Right away?"

"Yes."

"Coming," he said, and hung up the receiver. But he did not hurry, as one might have expected him to do; instead he sat down and lighted a cigarette, keeping his eye expectantly upon the telephone he had just relinquished. One would have said he anticipated another call. The cigarette was half smoked before the bell rang a second time.

"Hello," said Mr. Blade.

"Hello," answered a mincing voice. "I will be on secluded bench in the park as arranged."

"Coming," said Mr. Blade a second time. Now he stirred to action, snatching hat and cane and striding down the corridor to the elevator. A taxi took him northward to the park, where, in an uncrowded spot, he paid and dismissed the driver. A two minutes' walk brought him to a bench among the shrubbery where awaited a diminutive, dapper individual, who if one was not deceived by racial resemblance, was none other than Mr. Tajima.

"Well?" demanded Mortimer.

"I say to her as you direct," said the Japanese. "She respond that she has not $50 in the world, and, no matter what police are informed, she will not ask her parent for large sum in cash."

Mortimer scowled. "Wait here. I'll be back inside of an hour. If I can't do anything with her, we'll have to try the other alternative." He slashed savagely at the foliage with his stick. "You never can tell when a fool woman will turn stubborn," he said.

"I wait," said Mr. Tajima.

MISS PATTY was sitting up in her bed, very blowsy and a trifle spotty as to complexion, drinking slowly the belated coffee which Jimmy brought up to her. Jimmy sat on a small chair waiting to return to the kitchen with the tray. He opened his mouth two or three times to speak, but diffidence or reticence, or some other boyish impediment, made it difficult for him to put into words the thing which troubled him. Finally he spoke:

"You got any headache this mornin', Miss Patty?"

"No, Jimmy," she said.

"That's good," Jimmy said. "Would it bother you to talk some?"

"I'd love to talk. Is it about school, Jimmy, or what?"

"It's about a man that comes here. A man I don't like none."

"Oh," said Miss Patty in surprise. "What man? Why don't you like him?"

"His name's Blade," said Jimmy.

"Mortimer Blade?"

"That's him."

"What's he done to make you dislike him?"

"You know Katie? Well, Katie's older'n what I am, but she ain't so old. All the same I see girls ain't no older'n her hittin' a perty hot clip. I see a lot, bein' around like I am. Gold diggers and chorus girls and all them, and they ain't so good!"

"No," agreed Miss Patty.

"Well, Katie ain't like them girls."

"But what has your sister to do with it?"

"This Blade feller keeps lookin' at her, kind of. I keep watchin' him. And he's always pawin' at her when she takes his hat or gets near him."

"Um. . . ." said Miss Patty.

"You can tell when a man's right and when he ain't," said Jimmy. "Lots of fellows kid with Katie and get off wise cracks, but that don't mean anything! I tell you this Blade feller ain't on the level."

"I haven't noticed anything in his manner toward Katie," said Miss Patty.

"You been busy," said Jimmy, "and there's your headaches and all. But I noticed, all right. She ain't wise enough to know no better'n to like it neither. He's a rich guy and a dresser and kind of good-lookin'. What I'm afraid of is she'll fall for him if somethin' ain't done to stop it."

"Maybe you're mistaken, Jimmy. What does he want with Katie? He's always with that Bundy girl when he comes here. I thought he was after *her*."

"He's the kind," said Jimmy, "that can be after more'n one." He took the tray and moved toward the door. "I just had to talk to somebody. I dunno what to do. But you jest watch him and see if I ain't right."

"Why not speak to Katie?"

Jimmy half shrugged his shoulders. "That ain't no way to go about it," he said with precocious wisdom. "No, Miss Patty, you watch and see if I ain't right." He paused and scowled. "I ain't goin' to have nothin' like that in our family."

"I'll watch, Jimmy," said Miss Patty.

"A man like that," said Jimmy sternly, "ought to get bumped off."

WHEN Jimmy was gone Miss Patty's hazy and by no means stable intellect labored to grapple with the problem. Once she had been a woman of the world, wise in its ways and not without a certain shrewdness. But misfortunes, basic weakness of character, indulged appetites, had frayed the fiber of her and done that to her mind which was inevitable. She was not unbalanced; she was not simple; she was merely incapable of exact and sustained reasoning.

Tom and Molly recognized this in some measure and cared for her as they would care for a baby. What they did not recognize, however, was the potentialities which lay in her twisted reasoning; the danger which might reside in some sudden impulse unhampered by the inhibitions of a normally rational mind. . . .

As Jimmy reached the floor below the bell whirred; he placed the tray upon a bench and descended another flight to the street door and pushed up the panel to scrutinize the applicant for admission. It startled him not a little to see before him the man he had but now discussed with Miss Patty and the girl whose name Miss Patty had mentioned. The boy hesitated, but, inasmuch as he had received no orders to the contrary, there was nothing for him to do but throw the bolt and admit them.

"I'll take your hat," he said at the top of the stairs, and almost snatched it from Blade's hand.

"Are you the vestiaire now?" Blade asked jocularly. "Where's Katie?"

The boy made no reply, and Blade frowned at his back, then shrugged his shoulders.

"The kid doesn't like me," he said. And then: "We can talk here, Martha —at the table in the corner."

THEY seated themselves, and Blade leaned forward upon his elbows. "Well," he asked, "what's the principal difficulty this morning?"

"Colburn's Japanese servant," said Martha almost in a whisper. "He has found me. He's trying to blackmail me. He came to see me this morning and demanded $25,000."

"But that's bad," Mortimer said in a troubled voice. "That's bad."

"I could recognize that myself," said Martha sharply.

"Did—did you admit anything?"

"Naturally I did not."

"Did you give him anything?"

"I had nothing to give."

"Then—what is he going to do?"

"Go to the police, I suppose."

"But didn't you stall him off? He must have known you wouldn't have that much money."

"He told me to get it from my father."

"Ah," said Mr. Blade.

"Naturally, I refused," said Martha. "He went away, and I telephoned you. . . . I don't think he is going to the police at once." Her lip curled. "There would be no money for him in that. No. He'll wait."

"Yes," said Mortimer, "he'll wait."

"So," asked Martha, "what's to be done?"

Mortimer flushed. "It's up to me," he admitted. "I got you into this mess, and I've got to get you out. Of course. . . . But I haven't $25,000 in the world or $1,000. . . . Let me think?" He clutched his temples and seemed to bend the energies of his mind to the task of thinking. "We may take it for granted," he said, "that the fellow will not go to the police until everything else fails. The moment he tells what he knows its money value is gone."

"Yes," said Martha.

He lifted his face and looked into her eyes. "Let's fight it out together."

"Meaning what?"

"The only thing to do," he said, "is to disappear! The man will be blocked. It's the cash he wants. . . . Yes, that's the answer. Come away with me."

Martha did not reply directly, but sat back in her chair and regarded Mortimer gravely. "It's queer," she said. "Here I'm in this mess, and it's going to come very close to being a very bad thing for me. As bad as if I had done something wrong. . . . And, really, I've done nothing wrong."

"No," he said, watching her curiously.

"I go to dinner with a party of four in a man's apartment; he is killed by a perfect stranger to me; I haven't a thing to do with it—yet it is going to upset my apple cart. I went there with my eyes open, knowing the implications. I knew the sort of man he was and why he wanted me to come." She lifted her eyes suddenly to Blade's. "And so must


JEFFERY FARNOL

The atmosphere of spacious days which made "The Broad Highway" beloved is in Mr. Farnol's short short story—next week

*The Shadow*

—*and*—

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RING LARDNER

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S


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you have known." This fact seemed to come home to her for the first time. "I didn't know men helped each other out in such matters," she said. "I thought it was every man for himself. . . . Or did he have something to give you?"

Blade flushed angrily. "That was not a nice thing to say," he said.

"No, but then there's nothing nice about the whole affair—even about myself. . . . No, after all, I don't claim to be an innocent bystander."

"Nonsense," said Blade.

"I have the right to do what I wish with myself," she said, and Mortimer could see that she was speaking not so much to him as to herself. "If Colburn had pushed me ahead in the pictures, everyone would have said I had bought my way—whether I did so actually or not."

"Probably," said Blade.

"I wonder," she said, "what I would have done."

"What any sensible girl would do," said Blade.

"And now you want me to go away with you. Of course"—she spoke with a trace of irony—"you're not including a chaperon."

BLADE made no reply to this, and she went on: "I suppose there are men in the world who do things for a girl out of decency or because it is good business, or from such a silly motive as chivalry. . . . And I suppose there are girls who get what they want in the world without paying the very stereotyped price. . . . You know, one hates to feel like a bit of legal tender."

"The only thing to do," interrupted Blade, "is to come away with me before this Japanese fellow takes to watching us."

"Why with you?" asked Martha. "I could disappear alone, couldn't I?"

"It'll be a frightful mess if it comes out," Blade said. "I can see the tabloids now. . . . I wish, I do wish, I had the money. But I haven't, and I can't get it. . . . Listen, Martha, this thing is going to land heaviest on you and your family. It doesn't matter so much to a man. And your family is proud. Don't you think, for your family's sake, you ought to go to them for the money?"

"I shouldn't have called you up, I guess," Martha said, and Blade squirmed under her tone. "But I acted on the remote chance that—" She hesitated and frowned. "Do you know, I can't imagine one of my brothers taking it as you do."

"Then," said Blade angrily, "why not call in your brothers?"

"I wouldn't do that," she said, "even if I were to be accused of murdering Colburn myself."

"But," he said, and lifted his brows, "haven't you seen that is exactly what you may be accused of?"

"Don't be silly," she said. "All we have to do is tell the truth."

"But," he said, "suppose something happened to me so that I could not tell the truth. It would be your word alone. . . . No, Martha, the only thing to do is to come away with me. Then I could make an affidavit or something about what happened, and you could keep it."

"Of course," Martha said, and her eyes were level and hard, "you couldn't do that if I declined your offer?"

"I could," he said.

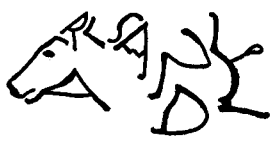
She got to her feet and moved away a couple of steps. Then she halted and spoke over her shoulder. "I'm beginning to understand," she said, "why my father has never admired your— No, don't come. I shall do very nicely by myself."

She walked steadily the length of the large front room, through the door and the second room to the little bar in the corner where Molly polished glasses and talked to Tom. Martha stopped, gripping her little fists in her skirt to help maintain her self-composure.

"Molly," she said in a strained voice, "Molly—please—please take me—some place—where I can be alone. . . . Molly—I'm frightened. . . ."

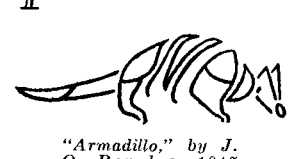
(*To be continued next week*)


# What's in a NAMEograph?



"Earl Sande," by R. John Beuerman, 1891 Lexington Ave., New York City

"Sunset," by A. W. Shawbo, 601 N. Union St., Emmetsburg, Ia.



"Armadillo," by J. O. Perales, 1017 Adams St., Box 195, Brownsville, Tex.

"Sheik & Flapper," by A. R. Doran, 1775 Sheepshead Bay Rd., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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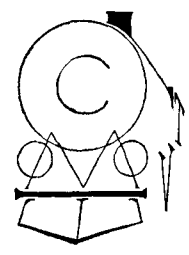
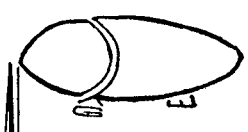


"Locomotive," by George M. Chute, 18532 Riopelle St., Detroit, Mich.

"Country Life," by W. G. Trimble, 4514 Forbes St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

"Buffalo," by Edwin Pfursick, 5011 Berenice Ave., Chicago, Ill.

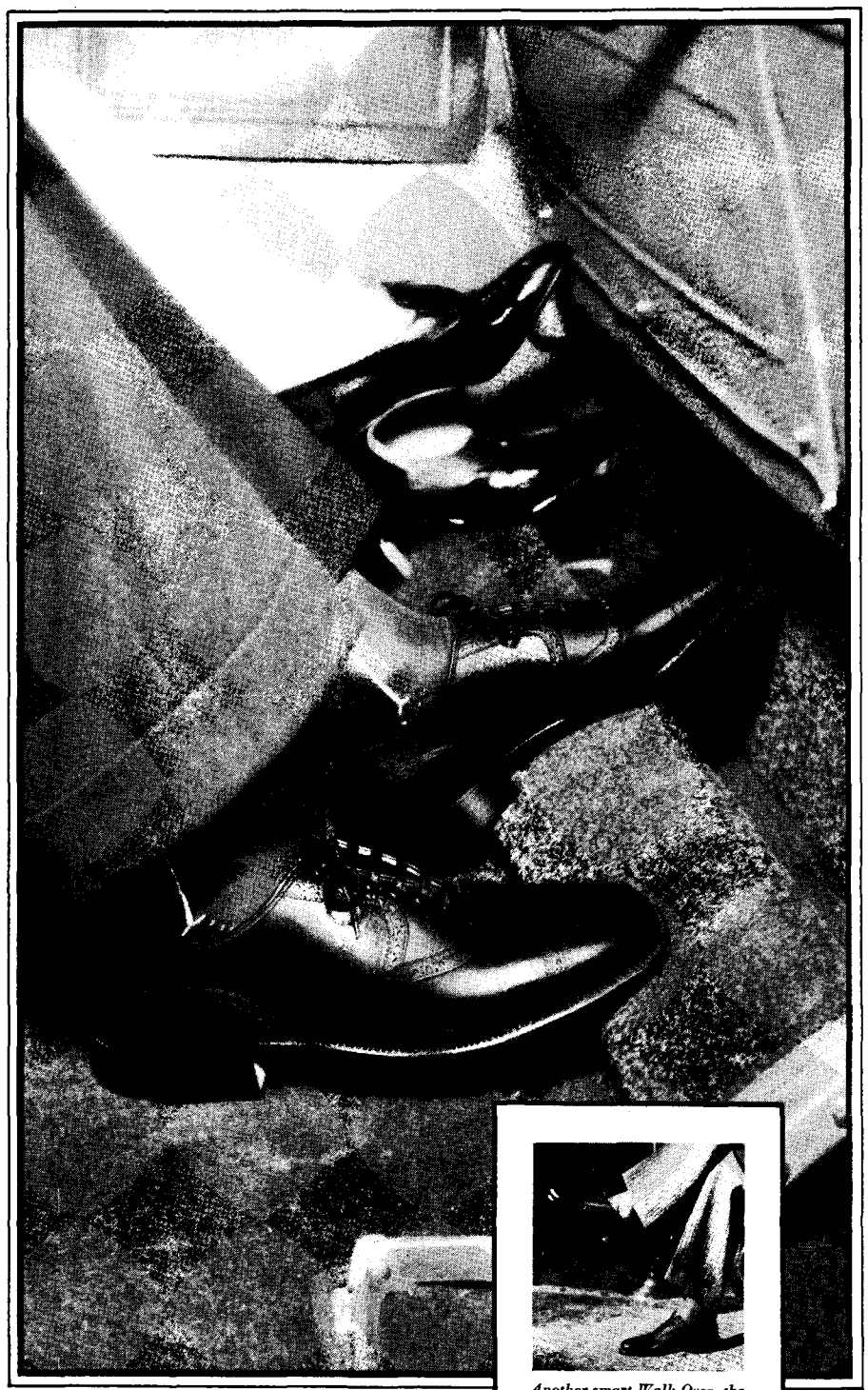


"Norge," by A. S. Donald, 9922 84th Ave., Alberta, Canada

"Marriage," by Lynn C. Hamil, 824 E. 24th St., Portland, Ore.

"The Spirit of St. Louis," by L. Dempsey, 4148 N. Campbell Ave., Chicago, Ill.

# WALK-OVER SHOES





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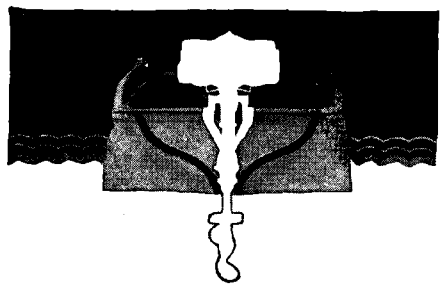

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But here we are, close to the bottom of the page, and we haven't told you the half of it—so you'd better send for the handsome new Mullins catalog today, *now!*

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# The Woman Hunters

*Continued from page 14*

just a born detective, aren't you, Morgan?"

"I know. I'm repeating what you told me, only I get more out of what he said to you than you get yourself."

"Will you mind telling it to me?" I demanded.

"He mentioned self-defense, didn't he? That didn't just pop into his head, you know. He was giving you a straight tip that he'd do everything in his power to help you beat the case if you bumped Runyon off. Guys like Calhoun don't put it in words of one syllable. They hint around, but they stand back of their hints. They have to, just like a gambler has to pay his losses, because if he welshes he's through."

"Well, anyway, I'm not going to murder Runyon," I laughed.

"So long as you kill him, Calhoun won't care what you call it," retorted Morgan.

I stared at him. "You and Calhoun both seem pretty certain that I'll finish Runyon."

"Well, you're not going to run away from him, and it's a cinch he's coming looking for you."

We walked several blocks in silence.

"There's always another way out of every situation," I finally said.

"Sure. There's a boat to Europe," said Morgan.

"I don't mean that," I told him. "But suppose that Runyon knew Calhoun's real attitude toward him?"

"The double-cross?" suggested Morgan. "That would be a hot one. You and Runyon chumming it up together."

I laughed. "For a peaceful man I seem to have stepped into a lot of trouble."

"And don't think you're going to step out," he said grimly. "Put on the waders and prepare to go deeper."

Which consolation was all that Morgan could offer, and we bade each other rather gloomy good-by at the door of my Fifty-seventh Street apartment.

Tim Harney was waiting up for me.

"TWO telephone calls for you, sir," he greeted me. "I wrote them down, sir." He handed me a slip of paper. Anita and Vonny Candace had each rung me up, and each had requested that I telephone upon my arrival. I called up Vonny.

"You didn't tell me today that you were moving," she said.

"I didn't know it myself when I was with you," I explained.

"Then it's all right. Anyway, the Regent gave me your number. What are you doing now?"

"Nothing at all," I told her.

She hesitated so long that I asked if she were still there.

"Yes, and I want to talk to you. Not over the telephone. Is it too late for you to come up?"

"Why, certainly not. I'll be there in ten minutes," I told her.

I hung up the receiver, told Harney that I was going out, and within the time that I had specified I rang the Candace bell. Vonny herself opened the door for me. She led me into a little reception-room.

She didn't sit down, but stood with her hands behind her, a more serious expression on her face than I had ever seen there. She looked for all the world like an embarrassed schoolgirl; and somehow her attitude made me feel like an equally perturbed schoolboy.

"Are you a common gambler?" she asked.

"I'm afraid I am, Vonny," I replied.

"You make your living that way?"

"I do," I admitted.

"Don't all gamblers cheat?"

"Most of them do," I told her.

"I didn't ask that. I asked if *all* gamblers cheated."

"I don't, if that is what you mean."

"Then how can you be sure of winning?" she demanded.

"Sometimes I lose," I said.

"Why are you what you are?"

"Why is your father a business man?"

"Don't talk about him. He's honest." Into her eyes came a glint of anger.

"I'm honest too," I said.

"Is it honest to play cards with people when you know that you are more skillful?"

"Is it honest to run a business in opposition to someone with less business ability?" I countered.

"Don't try to defend yourself," she cried.

"I didn't think I was defending myself. As a matter of fact, I never defend myself. I was explaining."

"Explaining! How can you explain such a profession?"

"Was this all you wanted to know?"

"It is," she answered.

"Then I might as well say good-by."

"I think you might as well," she said.

I twisted my hat in my hands.

"Would it be in order for me to ask where and when and from whom you heard about me?"

"It doesn't matter. But perhaps it will make you laugh when I tell you that I didn't believe it."

"How could I laugh at someone's faith in me?" I replied.

"Then you are ashamed of it. You wouldn't call it faith if you weren't ashamed."

I looked at her. In her candid gray eyes I saw contempt, a contempt that hurt me more than I would have believed anything could have hurt me. Then the gray eyes filmed over; tears stood on her cheeks. And with that I left her.

What could I say to her, the sweetest, dearest child I had ever known? Her liking for me had been one of the loveliest things that had ever entered my life. To see that liking washed away in the flood of her tears was more than I could endure. For I knew that her regard had ceased. She could mourn my passing, for I had passed.

Of course Runyon had told her. That was too obvious, and as I left the house I was in a mood that would have pleased Calhoun had he been aware of it. Had I encountered Runyon then, this story could be ended in another paragraph. But I didn't encounter him; I doubt if I would have recognized him if I had met him: my own eyes were blurred.

I was back in my apartment before I remembered that Anita also had telephoned. Somehow I could not bring myself to the point of ringing her up.

I wanted to be alone with my unhappiness, wanted to hug to myself for a while the memory of the sweet friendship that had ceased. So I didn't telephone Anita. And Anita, ever impetuous, ever impatient, came to me.

The doorbell rang, arousing me from a sort of mournful lethargy. There were few people who would take the trouble to telephone me, and fewer still who would go to the length of calling upon me. And certainly among the latter I could think of none save Morgan who would call at this hour with friendly intent.

But there was always Runyon!

Harney had apparently retired for the night. Anyway, I did not intend to ask assistance of a servant who had been in my employ only half a dozen hours. So I went to the door, but before unlocking it I slipped into place a chain which would prevent it from opening more than a few inches. Then I turned the knob and looked into the blue eyes of Anita.

I unhooked the chain, and she rushed by me as impetuously as she seemed to do everything in life.

"I telephoned you," she said accusingly.

I CLOSED and locked the door, then turned to her. "Anita, you shouldn't have come here," I said.

"Aren't you glad to see me?"

"Not here. Suppose Fred finds out?"

"Suppose he does," she jeered. "Are you afraid of him?"

"You know better than that," I said to her. "I'm not thinking of Fred; I'm thinking of you."

"You went to see Jim Calhoun tonight," she said.

I stared at her. "How on earth do you happen to know that?" I asked.

"What did you want of him?"

"Things that wouldn't interest you."

"How do you know they wouldn't interest me?" she retorted.

I led her to a chair.

"Anita, sit down and tell me what you mean."

"You tell me first what you wanted with Calhoun," she evaded.

"Is Calhoun a friend of yours?"

"I know him very well," she replied.

"You must if he telephoned you about me."

"He didn't telephone. I saw him."

"He pays late calls," I remarked.

"Now, what exactly do you mean by that?" she challenged.

Surprise piled upon amazement.

"Anita, are you trying to quarrel with me? I didn't mean anything at all. But it was rather late when I left him, and so I commented on it. That's all."

"What does he want you to do?"

*"He says he's dyin', sir!"*
*"Give 'm a couple of C. C.'s—paint 'm with iodine—and mark 'm duty!"*

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"What makes you think he wants me to do anything?" I parried.

She looked at me. "Al, don't fence with me. Don't you trust me?"

"Why, of course," I told her.

"Then tell me why you went to see Jim Calhoun," she insisted.

"Kenneth Runyon's making himself a bit conspicuous in my affairs," I told her. "I understood that he and Calhoun were rather friendly, so—I called on Calhoun."

"Did you mention my name to Mr. Calhoun?" she asked.

"Why should I mention your name to him? I didn't even know that you knew him. Anita, will you be good enough to tell me what this is all about?"

"Did Calhoun mention me?" she persisted.

"Certainly not," I cried in exasperation. "I don't suppose he knows that we know each other."

"That's silly. He knows that you're Fred's cousin and that you must know Fred's wife."

"But why, granted that he knows all the intricacies of our family relationships, would he refer to them?"

"Then he didn't?"

Her persistency bewildered.

"Anita, for the last time I'll tell you that your name was not mentioned by either of us. And now will you explain to me what all the excitement is about?"

"There isn't any excitement. I just wanted to know if I had been talked about."

"But why? Why should you care if another man and I had mentioned you?"

"I don't care."

I laughed uncertainly. "You've made a great to-do about something which was of no consequence."

"Don't you ever understand embarrassment?" she laughed.

"Embarrassment?" I echoed.

"Well, it is rather embarrassing for me, don't you think? Coming here to you, I mean."

"You shouldn't have come."

"You said that before," she reminded me.

"I'll say it again," I told her. "I'm taking you right home."

"I'm never going home," she asserted.

(*To be continued next week*)

# The Solid Silver Lining

*Continued from page 30*

of dirt, took it down to Leadville, and sold it for $200. At a depth of only twenty-six feet they had struck what was to become famous as the Little Pittsburgh mine. By July they were taking out $8,000 worth of ore every week. And Horace Tabor was no longer too busy to pay attention to them. No, indeed.

By the middle of November the Little Pittsburgh had yielded $375,000—a very tidy return on $17 and a little work—and that was just the beginning.

Hook, the least ambitious of the three, soon sold out to Tabor and Rische for $98,000, which, with what he had already received from the operation of the mine, gave him $150,000 for a pleasant summer's work.

Rische held on a little longer, became a partner in some of Tabor's enterprises, built a big house in Denver, and finally sold out to Tabor for $262,500. Tabor bought several other claims on Fryer Hill with the profits of the Little Pittsburgh, and then disposed of the lot for a million dollars, a little more than a year after the discovery, to Daniel Moffatt and Jerome B. Chaffee.

But he was not a man to be satisfied with a million. The genius and ambition which he had been keeping under his hat ever since he had first put on that useful article of wearing apparel suddenly boiled over. Everything he touched turned to gold. He bought the Matchless mine for $117,000, and soon it was turning out $2,000 a day in net profits. He built a "wigwam" for political meetings, and when the rush hit Leadville in the summer of 1879 rented sleeping space in it every night to a thousand men at a dollar and a half apiece.

He rode on the top wave of a prosperity which increased the population of Leadville from 3,000 in 1877 to 35,000 in 1879. Overnight the little town became a roaring, rollicking city. There were 130 saloons and almost as many gambling dens, but the great intoxicant was wealth and the great gamble was in mining claims. If a prospector wanted money, all he had to do was to dig a hole and offer it for sale—he could sell it, no matter where it was or what was under it. One prospector salted his mine with carbonate and sold it for $2,000. While he was congratulating himself on his cleverness the supposed victims clawed a little deeper, found a vein of carbonate which Nature herself had put there, and became millionaires.

Horace Tabor, school-teacher, stonecutter, farmer, politician, storekeeper, gold hunter, was thoroughly at home in all this uproar. He put a small iron safe in a building next his store, hired one clerk, and started the first bank in Leadville. He organized the Leadville Stock Exchange, became president of the Tabor Smelter Supply Company, formed milling companies, street-construction companies, water and gas companies. He built the Leadville Opera House. He had a military company and a fire company named after him. He was Leadville's leading citizen; in fact he came near being all Leadville's leading citizens rolled into one.

But Leadville, even with 40,000 population, was too small to hold him, and he moved down to Denver, where he bought the finest residence in town, and set out, as a Denver historian puts it, "to transform Denver from a straggling village to a metropolis." He built two business blocks which bore his name. He built and gave to the city the Tabor Opera House, at a cost of $850,000. With its finish of solid cherry, its plush upholstery and its rich draperies it was the best theatre between St. Louis and San Francisco. He gave heavily to the campaign funds of the Republican party of Colorado, and after the death of Jerome Chaffee was generally considered its boss. He was lieutenant governor of Colorado and when Senator Teller died was chosen to fill out the remaining thirty days of his term.

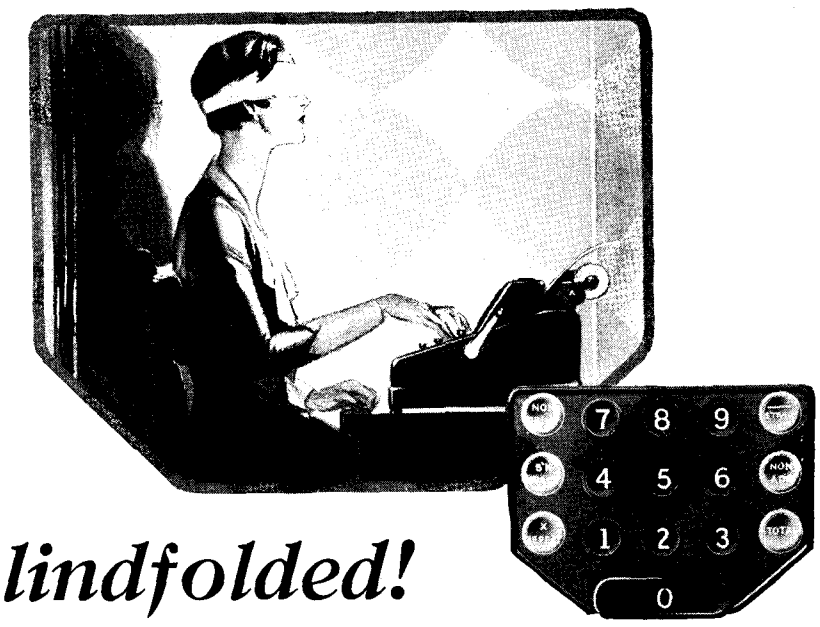
He bought a magnificent residence on Capitol Hill, in Denver, and from that height looked out like a god on the majestic arena of Colorado—the city, the plain, the mountains of gold and silver.

## The Vengeful Ghost

BUT all bubbles have to burst, and all mines, it sometimes seems, have their revengeful demons. The time came when silver lost its hold on the markets of the world, mines were closed, and Colorado entered upon dark days. Tabor's investments collapsed when the United States Government suspended the coinage of silver. By 1893 his millions had vanished like a dream. He went about half dazed. There were no more fortunes to be had by removing a few feet of top soil, and he was too old to seek them if they had been there.

Yet, unlike Timon of Athens and a few other rich men, ancient and modern, Horace Tabor kept his friends after his dollars were gone. In 1898 men of all political faiths joined in a successful petition to President McKinley to have him made postmaster at Denver, and he passed his last days with dignity and without fear of want. He died on April 10, 1899.

In the mountains beyond Fairplay, on moonlit nights—so say old stagers—a swearing and a howling may sometimes be heard, and if anyone dares to go near enough two dim forms may be seen. It is the ghost of George Freassle kicking the ghost of August Rische's dog—and much good it does him!



# Blindfolded!

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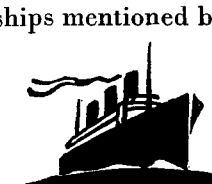

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# Excitement and Company

*Continued from page 7*

the fight and the man who wanted to stab you—you think I'd try things like that?"

Her distress was as obvious as her sincerity, and to soothe her Milt added another to the surprising things which he had done that evening. Without feeling in any way foolish, he reached over and patted her hand—doing it with a finish which even young Pendleton might have envied if he had been there to see.

"Never mind," he said, beginning to glory a little in that swinging blow of his. "It all comes under the head of excitement. And we got away all right."

"Yes," she soberly nodded, "unless they trace you by your hat."

HER next remark was prefaced by silence.

"You'll let me know when you come to New York again if I give you my address?" she asked.

"You bet I will!" said Milt.

"Because, you know," she said—hesitating and speaking in such a low voice that he had to bend his head to hear her—"you're the first man who—who ever hit anybody for me—and—and I guess that's a thing no girl forgets in a hurry."

"I'd rather give you something else to remember," said Milt. . . . They kissed.

"There!" she sighed, and drew such a deep breath. "Now let me see if I have a card."

Her name, he discovered, was Helen Fitzgibbon, and she lived on Lexington Avenue.

"'Helen,'" he repeated. "I've always liked that. And I hope you don't mind mine. Everybody calls me 'Milt.'"

"And now we know each other better," she said, "what do you say if we finish our dinner? It's half an hour yet before the show starts."

First, though, Milt bought another new hat—a smart-looking straw with a turned-down brim which Helen helped him choose, and then they found a corner in one of those picturesque restaurants which are popularly supposed to represent the Alhambra. And there they had fricasseed chicken and green peas à la Cadiz, which they ate to the tune of La Paloma, and for dessert they had Tartuffes Espagnole, which turned out to be charlotte russes with cherries in them—or at least Milt thought they were cherries till he started to eat one.

"Have you been with Excitement & Company very long?" he asked finally, voicing a question which was beginning to disturb him.

"Only since the first of the month," she said. "Daytimes I'm in the cashier's department of Worth & Sperry; and this—this other work—well, it's a sort of adventure—and it helps quite a little too."

"But isn't it dangerous sometimes," persisted Milt, "going out with strange men?"

"Well, not so very," she said, considering. "Of course there's some excitement in it for us too, but as a rule only nice people go to the Schuyler Arms, and you can nearly always tell when you see a man. . . . The girl at the theatre ticket office saw you, for instance. And then I had a good look near the clock before I spoke. And we always start out in our own taxi, with a driver who's friendly and gets a special tip for looking after us. . . ."

They went to see Fingerprints then—a show so thrilling that once Helen grasped his arm, his hand immediately closing over her fingers; and then, because he couldn't dance, she took him to a dancing academy which almost reminded him of the lobby of the Schuyler Arms, and gave him a private lesson in a sheltered bay of the main floor.

So, with one thing and another, it was after twelve when Milt finally returned to his well of silence in the Schuyler Arms—with memories of an evening which would probably stay with him as long as he lived.

The next morning at half past ten Milt entered the waiting-room of the International's purchasing department—breezing in after the manner of the young Fortunatus whom he had seen there the day before. He was wearing a new gray double-breasted suit with dark pin stripes—a lavender shirt with a collar attached and a knitted silk tie of the deep purple which was once the sign imperial of the grandeur which was Rome. And instead of approaching the desk and handing the girl his card in gloomy silence, he gave her a beaming smile instead and exclaimed, "Good morning, Miss Loewenberger!"

"Why, good morning," she said, and mirrored his friendly beam.

"Do you know the reason Mr. McNaughton has you here in the outside office?" he asked, leaning over the desk in such a careless manner that you would never have dreamed that he had been cooking up this question for the last ten minutes.

"No. Why?" she smiled.

"To show the world that he wants the best," said Milt.

"You're feeling good this morning," she told him, in no way displeased.

"I own the world this morning," he assured her; and, glancing at his watch as though he had an appointment, he strolled into the inside corridor and presently stood in the doorway of Mr. McNaughton's room.

"Good morning, Chief," he began.

"Good morning," said the other, looking up from a sheet of requisitions, evidently not yet recognizing his caller.

"I dropped in to apologize for an oversight on my part yesterday," continued Milt, a continuation which was also the result of no short study. "A question of personal privilege, I think they call it in parliamentary circles. I bored you stiff—you remember?—with a set of samples, and I forgot the best part of the party.

"I guess it was my Uncle Ed who gave me my weakness for samples," he went on. "His grandfather used to ship ice to India and come back with cargoes of tea. Business like that, you know—you could do it on samples, but times have changed since then.

"I was looking at an old family record book the other month," he went on. "It started back in the 1790's. We were shipping furs to Canton then. . . . The ice came later, when we couldn't get furs. . . . And when the ice business began to show losses instead of gains, we went into the paper manufacturing business. So, you see, we're an adaptable family; and whatever the public wants, or, better yet, whatever you want, Mr. McNaughton, we propose to give you."

TAKING his floppy hat, he smilingly turned it upside down and bent it into a shape that was roughly rectangular.

"It's the last thing I ever expected to do—run the factory," continued Milt. "I always wanted to travel. And when Uncle Ed died and left me the business, and a little over a hundred thousand in cash, I thought, 'Here's my chance.' On top of that I had an offer from the trust, but when I learned that they were going to close up the factory I put my hundred thousand into new equipment and borrowed another forty thousand besides. And, believe me, Mr. McNaughton, we're hungry for new business, and when we get it we're going to do everything possible on this green earth to keep it!"

McNaughton began rummaging among his papers. "So, instead of throwing your community down," he said, "you gave up the thing you wanted most."

"Yes," said Milt, and, forgetting his cricketlike rôle for the moment, he could hardly keep back a sigh.

"Then I don't think you'd throw down the International," said McNaughton, who had evidently found what he wanted. "Give me another two per cent off these figures—make it two per cent for cash if you like—and you shall have the business."

## *Tom Masson Says*

**If winter is going to do any lingering this year, we hope it will be done as early as possible and not in the lap of spring.**

As for those Presidential bees, they may be just Hoovering around.

*The real test of creative ability is* to find a use for something you buy in a gift shop.

There is only one trouble with California weather. It leaves people nothing else to talk about but themselves.

**Lives of most great men remind us we can make our lives sublime if we do not leave behind us memoirs on the sands of time.**

**Now that textbooks are being questioned, we call attention to insidious propaganda of the Smiths in telephone directories.**

**Admiral Plunkett says we are going to have a war with England. What's the matter with the one Bill Thompson is now having?**

The only time some fellows get on the water wagon is the next morning.

**The great problem among flying-machine experts is to make a plane that will go straight up in the air. That's easy; we do it every day.**

Many eligible bachelors will rejoice in leap year, when the girls will first propose, without just grabbing their prey and making off with it out of hand.

The brotherhood of man, including universal love and all that sort of thing, is predicted for the coming year. If it is pulled off, let us hope that someone will say a good word for the United States Senate.

This country will be genuinely prosperous when the average gift at Christmas is good enough to send as a wedding present in June.

*Great merger, 1928: Main and Easy streets.*

*Be generous to a fault; especially if it's your own.*

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That evening at seven o'clock he and Excitement & Company's representative found a seat together on a davenport near the fountain; and there before long he was telling her about the International's order and some of the things that it meant to him.

"The biggest users of paper boxes in the country," he told her. "Why, this one order alone will keep us busy for the next six months. And when you once get started with the International—"

"Isn't that lovely!" she cried in a low voice, and softly clapped her hands.

"If it hadn't been for you, it wouldn't have been so lovely," he continued more earnestly. "I guess I needed that jolt last night. It seemed to shake the rust off me, and when I got up this morning I felt—oh, I don't know—as if I owned the earth!"

"Isn't it a wonderful feeling?" she said—still speaking in a low voice so that the near-by crickets wouldn't hear her. "I know; when I woke up this morning I could hear the birds sing and see the butterflies and everything."

They looked at each other, apparently neither knowing nor caring what a dangerous business this can sometimes be.

"Where shall we go for dinner tonight?" he suddenly asked her.

"I've been thinking," she said. "There's a French table d'hôte—Rochambeau's—a few blocks over."

Almost before she had finished speaking Milt was on his feet, and they started out, neither of them noticing the two dark young men who were watching from the other side of the lobby. Up Madison Avenue and along Forty-fifth Street Milt and Helen walked together, the asphalt a fairy greensward, the sidewalk a country lane, until finally they came to an old-fashioned house with a disappearing fleur-de-lis over the front door. As they went up the steps the dark young men were close behind them, but it wasn't until they had all four entered the vestibule that Helen turned and recognized the other two.

"Look out!" she suddenly exclaimed.

Warned by her cry, Milt turned, and the next moment he was grappling with the man whom he had laid so neatly among the tables the night before. The latter was struggling desperately to free his right hand and arm, but Milt had caught sight of the gift which that right hand was bringing him, and he hadn't the slightest intention of letting go.

The other young man warily watched his chance to help his friend, but Helen suddenly threw off her cape and brought it down, smother-fashion, over the second man's head, meanwhile calling for help in tempo and key which would take no denial.

Still concentrating all his attention against the threatening right hand, Milt failed to notice what the left was doing. There was a furtive movement—a grunt of triumph—a shot; and, falling smoothly backward out of a world which certainly might be more hospitable at times, Milt felt himself slipping down . . . down . . . down.

The next thing Milt knew he was on the floor of a bare room, something soft and woolly under his head, and two giants with enormous eyes bending over him.

"Funny," Milt tried to tell himself, and as though despairing of ever solving scenes like these, he closed his eyes and took another dip—a smaller one—down into the restful darkness.

The second time, when he came up, the giants had shrunk.

"Do you—do you feel better now?" a gentle voice asked him from overhead.

This came evidently from one of the shrinking giants, and, after blinking his eyes, he noticed that one was shrinking more rapidly than the other and was apparently kneeling by his side.

"Why—why—it's Helen," he said, and seemed so surprised.

"He'll be all right now," said the other giant in a bass voice. "I told you not to worry."

"Did I—did I get it bad?" asked Milt.

"Just a graze on the side of the head," said the giant whom Milt now recognized as a doctor. "Another half inch to the right, though, and you probably wouldn't have needed me."

At this Helen gave such a dry, deep sob that Milt tried a joke—a feeble one as you will see, but you must remember that he was still lying on the floor.

"Good thing I didn't have a bigger head," he remarked, smiling.

"Didn't I tell you he'd be all right?" demanded the doctor, turning to Helen.

They walked to the door together—Helen and the doctor—and Milt began to take cautious stock of himself. A bandage. . . . Yes; there it was. . . . Still taking cautious inventory, he tried to sit up, and, finding that much easy, he grew ambitious and carefully arose to his feet.

"Oh, be careful!" exclaimed Helen.

There were two chairs by the side of the piano, and she led him to one of these as a nurse might lead a little child.

He noticed then the bruise on her arm—noticed, too, the eager, anxious little face which was so tenderly regarding him.

"Do you know you saved my life tonight?" he asked in a lower voice.

Her lashes, he noticed then, were growing wet with tears; and suddenly, each apparently being moved at the same moment, they kissed again.

"Do you know—I think—I'm beginning to love you?" he asked when that was about halfway over.

"I hope you are," she breathed.

THE ending of his next question was characteristic—touched as it was with Yankee caution—the last expiring nudge, it might be said, of the spirit of his sober forbears.

"Do you think you'd mind living in Plimpton Falls," he asked, "if—if it comes to that?"

"I don't think I'd mind living anywhere," she gently told him—"if it comes to that."

Perhaps it was just as well that Madame Rochambeau came in then—"to see how ze poor m'sieu' was getting along"—and found that he was getting along surprisingly well. They had their dinner then in the dining-room upstairs, and after dinner they went for a long, long ride on the top of a bus—and nearly missed the last bus back.

So, with one thing and another, it was after one before Milt finally returned to his brick well of silence in the Schuyler Arms; and when he switched the light on over his dresser one of the first things he saw was the letter from Excitement & Company which had started him upon his adventures—now lying neatly folded by the side of his brush and comb.

"Mmm," thought Milt, opening it and looking at its single line of red engraving. "You're not the only Excitement & Company. . . . I know another that's just been started . . . and I'm the leading member of the firm. . . ."

## NAMEOGRAPHS

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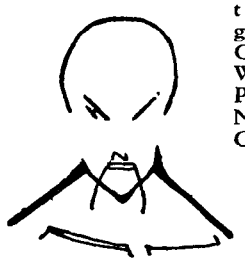

*"Chinaman," by Gordon Goodwin, Winkelman, Ariz.*

*"Caterpillar," by Newman Pynn, 518 17th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.*

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# Heights of Danger

*Continued from page 22*

ship is as finely tuned as a concert piano—even more finely tuned, for that matter. But every now and then, even in the best regulated ships, pilots run across them and, hard-boiled and wise though they are, get a real thrill out of "killing" them.

Last August, while testing out the new racing biplane I had built for the Schneider Cup Races at Venice, Italy, I found so many of these bugs secreted in the ship that it was impossible fully to test it before the race.

I had flown this plane only three times. It was a new type of racing plane dubbed "the flying motor" because it was just that, its upper wing being barely twenty-seven feet. It was powered by a Packard, twenty-four-cylinder, X-shaped motor, capable of furnishing 1,250 horsepower at maximum revolutions of 2,700 to the minute. In those three flights it had flown beautifully; in spite of the weights of its pontoons, it had done better than 270 miles an hour, according to the speed indicator.

Still I was dissatisfied with it. Bubbles were collecting in the cooling radiators in the wings. Late one afternoon, when the mist lifted long enough to permit a flight, I took it up with the determination to fly it to the limit. When I had about 500 feet of altitude, I leveled off, banked and swung back over the electrically timed, three-kilometer course along the Long Island shore.

The motor hummed into action under full throttle. I must have been traveling better than four miles a minute then and still gaining. But I had no sensation of speed in the streamlined cockpit; the air, flung back by the propeller, flowed unhindered overhead. I glued my eyes on the instrument board, watching every flicker of half a dozen needles.

Then I saw the little column of mercury in the thermometer gauge move upward—up and up, and past the danger mark. It meant one thing—the radiators weren't functioning; the motor wasn't cooling as it should.

It meant too, at that high speed, that unless I cut the gun the $45,000 motor was going to burn to a crisp in no time.

### Brains and Luck

SO I drew back the throttle with my left hand. Nothing happened; the motor roared on unchecked. I gave it another yank. Still there was no response. The throttle control wire had jammed!

There I was howling along at full speed with a crippled throttle. I couldn't keep going because the motor was bound to burn up within a few minutes and fly to pieces, in which event I'd lose the motor and have to come down, anyway. And I couldn't land at that speed. The friction of the pontoons' contact with the water would be enough to skin them as if with a hot knife and send the plane to the bottom.

There was one chance—to cut the ignition and pray that the water, which looked mighty rough, would be soft and calm where we hit.

Landing with a "dead stick" is a mental hazard to a pilot in any plane, but in a new racing ship, the controls of which are as sensitive as a violin string, it is little short of an invitation to a crack-up, particularly when that plane is going to land you at a speed of 100 miles an hour and the waters you can't avoid are chopped up into swells twice as high as the pontoons.

There was nothing to do but stick tight. It seemed, as the plane went into a steep glide and air friction reduced flying speed, that nothing short of a miracle was going to keep the nose upright once we hit. A heavy swell kicked up by a big steamer added to my discomfort. Down we came, right into it.

It was tough, there, for a few seconds, while I jockeyed the plane a few feet above the water before daring to bring it down. I wanted to land it right between the troughs. But I was going too fast to judge distance. So I gave up that idea and took the gamble. Nothing to do but gauge my height above water and hold on patiently.

Well, the ship bounced easily on the surface, the pontoons held together like steel, and it was over within a few seconds. No damage, no one hurt. It was easy enough, I decided, when you keep your head and Lady Luck comes along to do the rest.

In 1925, shortly after I had been transferred from the Naval Air Station at Hampton Roads, Va., to the station at Anacostia, Washington, it was my job to take up a new type of training plane in the normal course of test duties. The plane had given flyers not a few difficulties. Nobody quite knew what was wrong. It would go into a spin and never come out of it. Several flyers had flown planes of this type, but never lived long enough to tell their experiences. They looked stable enough, but there was that bug in them, and flyers began to get shy.

I gave the ship a good inspection on the ground, saw it was structurally strong, and took off. The first thing I did was to collect a lot of altitude.

In this case I climbed 3,500 feet before I leveled off. A few simple maneuvers convinced me that, so far as controllability was concerned, the ship was O. K. I guided it into the same spin that had caused all the trouble.

Now, in the usual tailspin, the nose swings down by virtue of the weight of the engine; the plane dives vertically, wings spinning round and round on the axis of the nose, and the tail gyrating in an ellipse. Once the terror of inexperienced pilots, they are now simple stunt maneuvers that can be controlled by putting the controls in neutral until

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the spinning ceases and the plane falls straight.

A yank backward on the stick and, in obstinate cases, a push on the throttle, and the plane rights itself in level flight.

This plane, however, refused to go into the orthodox tailspin. Instead, it side-slipped a bit, then slid into a flat spin, nose and tail almost on the same plane and dropping fast, although not quite as fast as in a tailspin. Imagine yourself descending a 3,500 foot circular staircase and you have a slow-motion picture of what was happening to that plane.

About 1,500 feet from the ground, I decided I had had enough. I kicked the rudder to bring the ship out of the spin. The plane ignored it and continued its encircling descent. I gave the right rudder a push, but without effect. Then I tried both rudder and stick. I might as well have tried to steer a top.

I realized I was cornered. I had done everything I could think of; everything I had been taught. Here was something not in the books, and nobody on God's earth, except myself, was going to get me out of it. The plane was getting uncomfortably close to earth, and whatever was to be done, if anything could be done, was to be done quickly.

### Two Teeth Gone

FOR the first time in my life I thought of jumping. After all, I had a parachute strapped to my back, as navy regulations require. But I decided against it. The plane might fall straight down on top of me, fouling the 'chute. Besides, I had promised to land that plane.

I decided to give the motor full throttle. It might at least check the vertical fall, I figured, by spinning in a horizontal plane. It was at once a crazy but practical idea. By that time the altimeter showed less than 500 feet.

Contrary to the usual effect of resolving the spin into normal flight as in the tailspin, putting on full motor caused the spinning speed to increase. We spun crazily at eighty miles an hour, but the vertical fall was checked. I felt as if I were caught in the middle of a pinwheel. I didn't dare to get dizzy; a crash was inevitable, and I determined to make it as light as possible.

As I fell, I watched the ground. When the wheels were about fifty feet from the sand I cut the gun. That was the last I remembered.

They told me later, when they dug me out of the wreckage, that I had lost only two teeth, a fact not hard to verify. The plane was so badly damaged that they burned it on the spot. A strange aërodynamical bug—a defect in design—had caused the trouble. At a certain angle in the spin the air would eddy past the ailerons and rudder, leaving the plane as uncontrollable as a top.

The week following my own experience, Lieutenant Harold Brow, U. S. S. Saratoga, with whom I used to do a lot of stunt flying, got into the same kind of a spin and a similar crate, and got out of it in the same fashion, although at the expense of a nasty crash.

It was while flying with Harold in 1923 that I got into a tight corner. We were at Mitchel Field, Long Island, and Harold and I were after the world's speed record.

In those days diving was permitted. You can see what that means. It accentuated the normal speed of the plane by fifty to sixty miles an hour. Each of us would start from a greater altitude for each passage over the speed course and come hurtling down and across it at full speed.

A hundred or so feet from the ground we would yank back on the stick and sweep out into level flight. It was a lot of fun, for the planes were traveling better than four miles a minute. But I developed a bit of professional jealousy after a few dives. I wanted to show Harold a trick or two.

From an altitude of 8,000 feet I dived the plane straight downward. It trembled under the impact of air and the thrust of the motor.

The air-speed indicator needle zipped past the last mark on 250 miles an hour and started round again. It was the fastest speed I had ever traveled. One hundred and fifty feet up I tugged back on the control stick with all my might.

The plane flattened out with the abruptness of a snapped bowstring.

But it pancaked straight down, falling flatly, sucked down by the sheer momentum of its flight. The ground was a vast blur rushing up to meet me.

I never felt so helpless. Feet braced on the controls, yanking back the stick with all my strength, I could only wait. I doubt if there were two seconds of suspense, but they seemed as many eternities.

Then the propeller caught; the motor's power overbalanced the vertical, plunging momentum, and the ship, barely twenty-five feet from the ground, spectators later told me, shot ahead horizontally.

Just a year before, when I was getting my navy ship ready for the Pulitzer race in Detroit, I had had another close call. Curiosity was largely to blame. I was flying a new ship for this race, the most important aëronautical competition in the country, and I wanted to take it over the course for a few practice spins before the race.

The course then, as now, was triangularly shaped. Because of the great speed and momentum of their planes, competing pilots had been in the habit of rounding the pylons in long sweeping curves instead of cutting the corners.

Approaching the first turn at full speed—the plane was traveling about 200 miles an hour—I decided to shave the corner as closely as possible. It might save valuable seconds; perhaps mean even the fractions between winning and losing the race the next day.

As the plane scuttled across the pylon, I kicked the rudder hard; pulled the stick back sharply. The plane slapped to the left, almost vertically. I immediately felt myself in the grip of some terrific force. Specks danced before my eyes. My vision dimmed, and everything was in a blur.

I confess frankly that my brain registered not a thing during those moments. Mechanically I controlled the plane into a straight course, and the effects of nausea passed off.

It was my first important race, and I didn't dare to tell my flying mates about it for fear they might think I was trying to spring something new. Some time later, however, I asked questions and discovered other racing pilots had had the same experience.

I learned, however, not to take corners too sharply after that.

That incident, by the way, provoked considerable controversy among the laymen and was largely responsible for the fallacy that the terrific speeds attained by racing planes have a dangerous effect upon the brain; that the body and brain cannot stand much greater velocities than reached today.

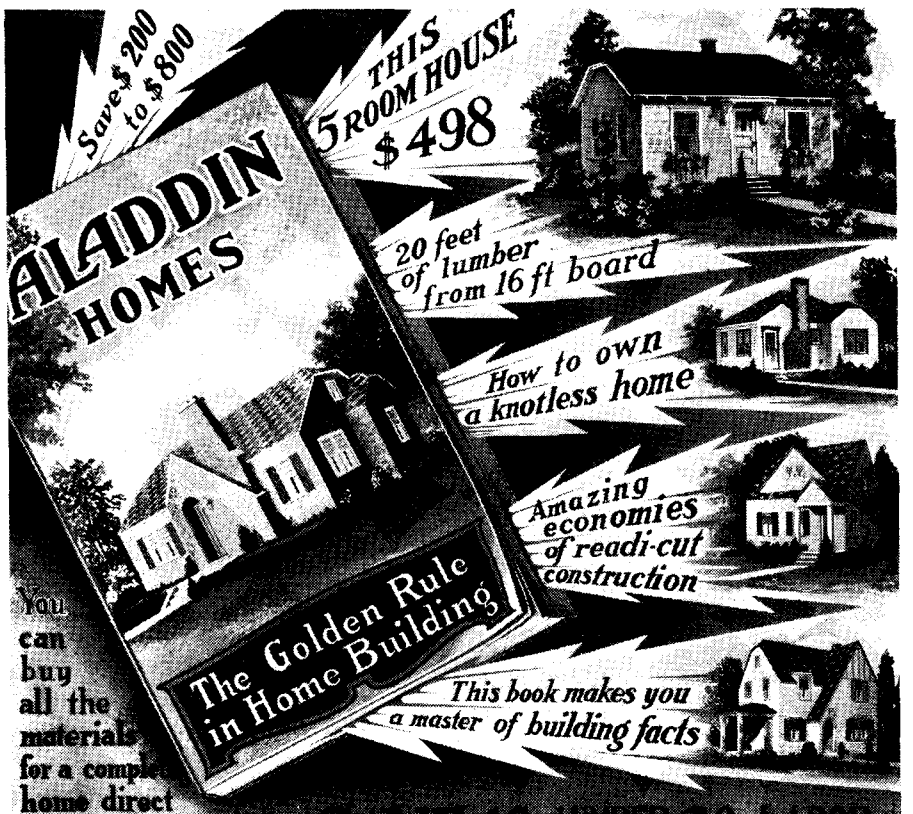
### 500 Miles an Hour

SINCE I began flying, back in 1922, I have seen the maximum figures on speed indicators increase from 170 to 200; from 220 to 250, and then to 300. On my own plane the high mark is 302—and then there is a wide space left blank.

It is my conviction that planes capable of 500 miles an hour will be built and flyers will have no great difficulty in handling them—at least in straightaway flight. It is only in the turns, the steep banks, that the brain is starved of blood. But there are ways and ways, as every racing pilot knows, of making high-speed turns without ill effects.

Nor will we need a new school of supertrained pilots for this era. The same men who fly our racing planes today will do, provided that day comes before they are running around in old men's wheel chairs.

All they'll need is the training that accumulates with experience; common sense; the sharpened anticipation for the problems of the impending moment—that alertness to see, hear and feel a tight fix, to form a decision and mental and muscular coördination that will execute it.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# Colossus of the North

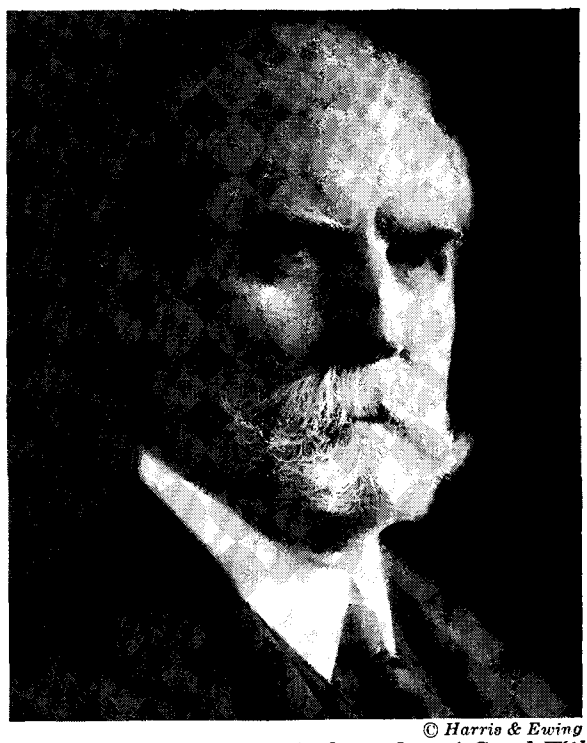
GET out your map and look at the land to the south of us. You will find the region studded with outposts of the United States. More than a hundred years ago Thomas Jefferson observed that the islands of the Caribbean Sea menaced or protected the mouth of the Mississippi River.

The islands do more than that in this airplane and submarine age. In hostile hands they might threaten the safety of the entire Eastern coast of the United States, not to mention the Panama Canal.

So, imperceptibly, our island relationships have become more intimate. We have a big naval station in Cuba, lawfully obtained. The Virgin Islands, bought from Denmark, defend Porto Rico. We have troops in Haiti and in Nicaragua and within the last few years we have been in Costa Rica and Santo Domingo.

Unfriendly critics say we are gradually grabbing all of the available lands to the south. Is it true?

The accusation is not true. We were in Santo Domingo but we departed when quiet was restored. We did not remain in possession of Costa Rica. We voluntarily left Cuba and later we accorded to that government control of the Isle of Pines. We shall doubtless get out of Nicaragua and Haiti in time.



© Harris & Ewing
*Charles Evans Hughes, Ambassador of Good Will*

But there is great confusion concerning our purposes in Latin America. At home and abroad our policy is called imperialistic. It is imperialistic but it is not for that reason bad. Empires, like parishes, may be good or bad according to their works.

We have two important jobs in the Caribbean. Both are imperialistic and both are good.

We must safeguard our own country against the military use of the islands by any enemy government. We must also exercise enough control over disorderly nations to prevent intervention by some other strong government.

This is not a simple policy but it has been adopted by every President in recent years regardless of his politics or his views concerning imperialism.

It is said now that the President is waging war in Nicaragua without the consent of Congress, the war-declaring branch of the government, according to the Constitution.

Under other administrations, troops were sent to Haiti and Costa Rica without the consent of the lawmakers. Congress might have recalled the expeditions but did nothing of the sort. Congress silently consented—consents now.

That is the condition which Charles Evans Hughes faced at the recent Pan-American Conference in Havana and he performed a difficult task with the highest skill and good will.

The United States cannot promise not to intervene if government in a Caribbean state breaks down and the lives of American citizens are menaced. Public opinion will compel intervention to protect the lives of Americans and foreigners. But we can pledge ourselves against selfish aggression and as spokesman for the United States, Mr. Hughes did that vigorously and splendidly.

Independent Cuba is the proof of the sincerity of our policy toward Latin America.

Remember the lands we fought to set free the next time you hear someone talking about the imperialistic intervention policy of the Colossus of the North.

# Favorite Sons

RUNNING through a stack of newspapers representing every state in the Union you will be amazed at the flaming headlines devoted to the Presidential ambitions of a score of favorite sons. Few of them will survive the first convention ballot.

Why these booms?

The active political experience of today's politicians and candidates dates from the McKinley administration. Every favorite son knows that until a few months before his nomination Major McKinley was a shy little man with less hope of reaching the White House than nearly any favorite son today. He got there.

So did Roosevelt, whom the politicians attempted to drop into political oblivion. He inherited the Presidency once, won it once, and handed it on to the favorite son he picked from Ohio.

Then a comparatively unknown professor from a politically unimportant state walked between the factions to the White House.

He was followed by Harding, a man who went into the convention with nothing but the primary vote of Ohio and fourth place in the Indiana primary, and came out first.

He was followed by a strike-breaking governor of a safe state to whom the Vice-Presidential nomination was handed by a lot of tired delegates who knew little more than his name until he was nominated.

Why these booms? Every favorite son knows that he has as good a chance to be nominated as half the national figures whose skyrockets are now blazing with the stars.

# Bay State Justice

THE Massachusetts trial, conviction and execution of two alleged murderers, Sacco and Vanzetti, so stirred the world that the reverberations were still rolling back Bostonward months later when a jury retired to consider the case of a man who asked damages for injury to his good name.

He accused a prominent woman of erroneously stating that he had been guilty of cruelty to animals. The jury cleared him with a verdict for $1. The man was Jesse Pomeroy, nationally known by reason of the fact that he has served more than fifty years of a life sentence for a monstrous crime.

Few states could promise a jury that would see that he had as much right to the good in his reputation, and as much right to defend it in court, as the purest citizen.

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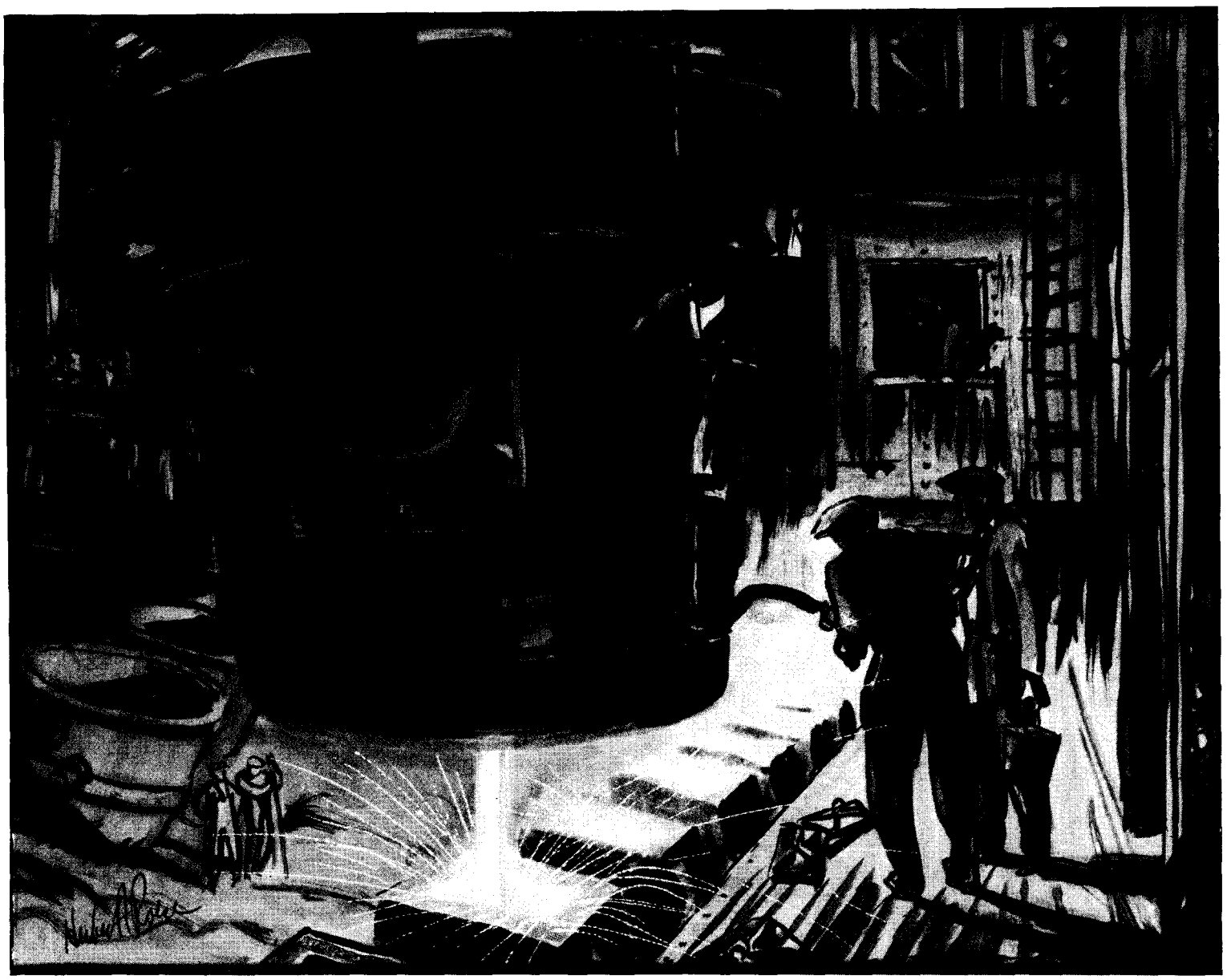

*Pouring the molten iron into the ingot molds, in the Armco mills*

# Fighting Rust-Fire

RUST is a fire that takes heavy toll from business. No flames or smoke give warning of its presence. Yet, day and night, rust burns away the busy equipment of industry; robs men's time; and piles up huge repair bills.

But every year, more executives realize that this terrific waste is needless; that they can protect their plant and product investment by specifying *Armco* ingot iron for all sheet metal work.

To meet this growing demand, wholly new manufacturing methods have been worked out in the Armco mills. They mark a new era in the iron and steel industry; increase the production of *Armco* ingot iron by thousands of tons.

No other metal gives such long-time, low-cost service in the walls and on the roofs of factory buildings; in tanks, stacks and boilers; and in manufactured products made of plate or sheet metal. For *Armco* ingot iron is practically free from the foreign substances that hasten rust in steel and other irons. Moreover, this pure iron is unusually ductile and easy to work.

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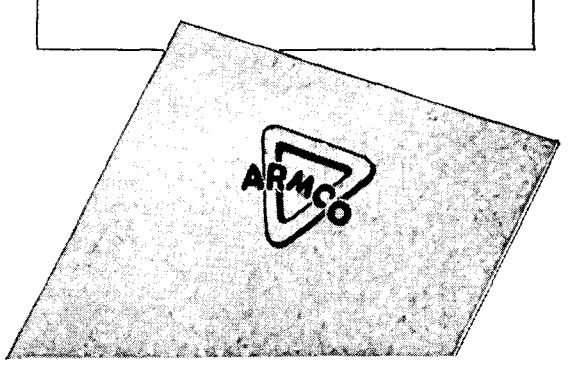


If you would keep rust out of your profit columns—or make a better product than your competitor—see that the Armco Triangle is stamped on every sheet of iron you use. This famous trade mark identifies the purest iron made.

***And in the* HOME** Home owners and builders, too, are saving the cost and annoyance of frequent repairs. They are insisting on galvanized *Armco* ingot iron for gutters, downspouts, metal lath, furnace pipes . . . and other metal parts about a house. When you build or repair, look for the sheet metal shop that displays the Armco sign.

AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY
*Executive Offices:* MIDDLETOWN, OHIO
*Export*—The Armco International Corp.
Cable Address: "Armco—Middletown"

**RUST-FIRE!** *The only difference between rusting and burning is time—both are oxidation. You can feel and see the fire produced by rapid burning. But when metal rusts, the process is too slow to see. Rust is the "ash" of this fire.*

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